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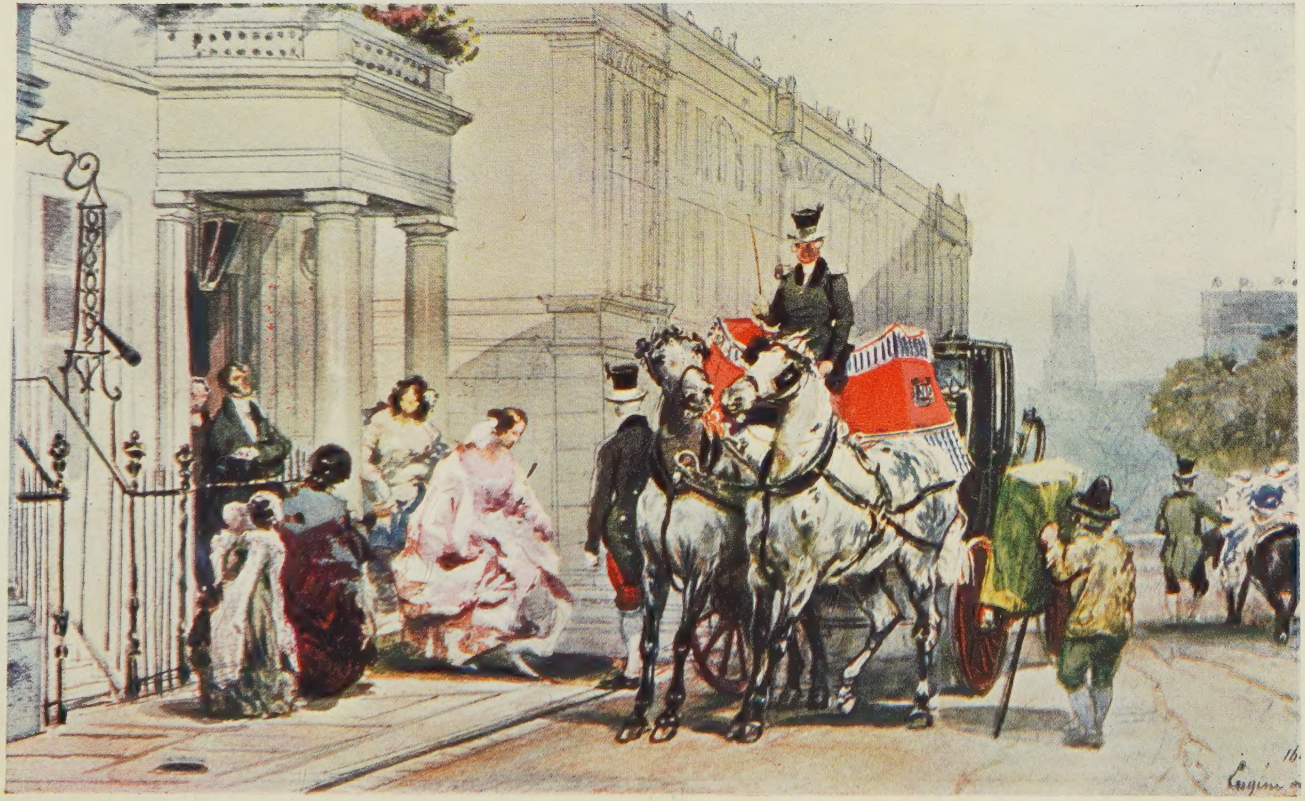
THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

FANCIES, FASHIONS AND FADS
MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE
THE MERRY PAST
YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

EDITED BY RALPH NEVILL

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
LADY DOROTHY NEVILL



MY LADY GOES DRIVING

A SCENE IN EATON SQUARE

From a drawing by Eugene Lami

THE WORLD OF FASHION

1837–1922

BY

RALPH NEVILL

WITH A FRONTISPIECE IN COLOUR
AND FOUR OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE WORLD OF FASHION
1837-1922

I

SOCIETY AND THE GREAT WAR

AFTER many years of tranquillity the Great War naturally came as a stunning blow to the surviving Victorians of Mayfair, most of whom were people who had never dreamt that it would be possible for an enemy to assail London.

Some of the old school, indeed, regarded the attacks of Zeppelins and aeroplanes mainly as an unwarrantable piece of impertinence with which the proper authorities should effectually deal, and when they heard the bombs fall, felt inclined to send out and call a policeman, as in more peaceful days they had been wont to do in order to banish unpleasant noises made by street singers and German bands.

Now, however, they found themselves confronted by a new and particularly unpleasant development of the latter nuisance which it was not so easy to suppress, and during the earlier part of the great struggle the poor old ladies and gentlemen were compelled to rely mainly upon the darkness and composure which the leading spirit of the Government of that day declared was the proper method of meeting such attacks.

Some aristocratic residents in the West End were rather inclined to regard the whole thing merely as another manifestation of the vulgarity inseparable from modern ways, and, treating the raids much as

they might the impertinence of some gutter-snipe, altogether ignored them by going quietly to bed.

To a number of stalwarts of the old school the war seemed almost incomprehensible, and only to be accounted for by the fact that Queen Victoria was no longer alive.

They remembered the wars of the Great Queen's reign, which had always been conducted more or less in a decent way.

First had come the departure of a few thousand troops, accompanied by Press congratulations on the efficiency of the military authorities in having got such a force together. Accounts of the journey out, the disembarkation and landing having appeared in the Press, news of a great and decisive battle had in almost every instance not been long in reaching England.

The casualties in such campaigns as a rule had been slight and the issue, fitly followed by the distribution of honours to the right sort of people, invariably successful.

Tel-el-Kebir and Omdurman were crushing victories purchased at comparatively small cost.

The Boer War, which had clouded the last days of Queen Victoria, had for a certain time, it was true, been unpleasant, but at its worst it had never been anything like as bad as this barbarous struggle with the horrid Germans!

It was tragic enough to hear of so many fine young men getting killed without being exposed to the aerial attacks of low foreigners who went sailing about in the air over Piccadilly and Mayfair for all the world as if England belonged to them!

The whole thing seemed outrageous! Meanwhile the new generation, just grown up, showed a tenacity and bravery beyond all praise. The boys all tried their hardest to get to the front, while the girls, a

number of whom would have liked to have fought with their brothers or lovers, took up all sorts of unpleasant occupations from which their predecessors of a past age would have recoiled.

Several hundred years, indeed, seemed to have elapsed since the days pictured by John Leech, when young ladies carried scent bottles and fainted at the sight of a mouse!

Old people looked at the youthful amazons striding about the streets or driving cars, while their thoughts wandered back to the sixties, when a young lady could not walk out unattended, go in a cab or ride in the park alone. Her amusements and literature had then been severely censored, newspapers and books being often read through by parents before she was allowed to have access to them. And here were mere girls in their 'teens rushing about in company with hordes of young men, to whom they had not even been introduced!

All things considered, the winning of the war was a marvellous achievement.

England, as Germany well knew, was quite unprepared for a great military adventure, and no one could have dreamt that she would improvise such a vast and efficient army.

Then there were the politicians and the Hidden Hand which some of them seemed rather inclined to grasp.

"What would happen supposing we lost the war?" somewhat hesitatingly inquired in 1915 one of these gentlemen occupying a high position of a distinguished general now unhappily dead. Leaning forward, a sardonic grin upon his weather-beaten countenance, the general tapped his questioner genially on the knee. "They'd hang you," said he—a retort which stopped further speculations.

Quite unconsciously, of course, Bismarck, by the

success of his pet schemes for the unification of Germany, brought about that country's downfall. Not that this would have occurred if more Chancellors like Bismarck had been available, but they were not, and the guidance of the ship of State fell into hands too feeble to steer a straight and satisfactory course.

The attitude of the English towards Germany had always been friendly, visitors from the Fatherland being well received by all classes of the population.

In the earlier part of the nineteenth century, it is true, Germans in England were comparatively rare, and very few English people ever thought of learning their language.

When, however, Queen Victoria had been married to the Prince Consort, German literature came into fashion, and after the war of 1870 music, art, finance, and commerce began to be affected by the influence of German culture and resource.

As time went on, England became a happy hunting ground for adventurous Teutons, who found there better chances of speedy prosperity than in their own country. In the eighties the invasion from the Fatherland, which substituted German clerks, merchants and tradesmen for English ones, was in full swing. In 1885 it was calculated there were some 150,000 Germans in London, but the number increased very largely in after years, and must have amounted to a considerable figure just before the outbreak of the Great War, when invaders from the Fatherland were elbowing Englishmen aside in all directions, underselling them in trade and in the humbler ranks of industry, while competing with them upon terms on which the latter with their higher standard of life found it difficult not to be beaten.

Bismarck appears to have had no particular dislike

for the English, but in his day, when Queen Victoria was alive, the points of friction between his country and England were comparatively insignificant.

What, however, the Great Chancellor did not like was any attempt on the part of his compatriots to import English Parliamentary institutions into Germany, while strenuously opposing any innovations tending towards Anglicizing its people.

This being so, it is scarcely strange that he looked upon the Empress Frederick with a certain amount of suspicion.

The Iron Chancellor, it has been said, was not an enthusiastic admirer of Gladstone, did not understand or approve the latter's action as to Home Rule, and was inclined to minimize his attainments as a practical politician. He admitted, however, that he was a great orator, but in conversation more than once hinted that the Grand Old Man, besides being absurdly humanitarian, was apt to be carried away by his own oratory.

Acts, not words, were what Bismarck liked; also he was a bitter enemy to political sentimentalism, a failing of which he himself had never been accused.

Even in 1913 the idea of a war with Germany seemed very remote.

The Germans, of course, kept up an enormous army, but that, it was understood, was for the gratification of an Emperor who was fond of presiding at great field days and, after they were over, reading lectures to Colonels and Generals on the art of war and the correct way to master the science of tactics.

A terrible martinet, he was, as some one said, a terror to his own soldiers in peace-time whatever he might prove to be to a foe!

His grandfather, the old Emperor William, had been much more apathetic about military matters, it having

been his practice to leave the conduct of warlike manœuvres in the hands of the staff.

It was a new thing for a German Emperor personally to make a minute inspection of his regiments and attempt to master every detail of the immense military machine which had been so laboriously built up.

When in his prime, William II was in the saddle every morning at six, rode from Potsdam sixteen miles into Berlin, reaching the Tempelhof Parade Ground about eight. Only after seven or eight hours on horseback, drilling and manœuvring, did he usually attend to affairs of State, which he appeared to regard merely as a diversion from the serious business of his life, which was the Army.

Though the Kaiser during his visits to this country appears to have made an effort to be genial, he occasionally made remarks which were neither happy nor in good taste.

The late Lady Paget, who was one of the most popular figures in London Society, having sustained terrible injuries in a lift accident, went abroad to be treated by a great German surgeon, with the result that the latter eventually succeeded in getting a badly broken leg into such a condition that with the help of a stick she was able to walk.

Some time later, she told me, the Kaiser, who knew this, seeing Lady Paget at a party in London, shouted to her—

" Hullo, Lady Paget ! How is your new leg ' made in Germany ' getting on ? "

Not unnaturally perhaps, both on the Continent and in England, a number of people had expected the German Empire to go to pieces directly Bismarck had been discarded by the young Emperor. The famous cartoon in " Punch," " Dropping the Pilot," summed up the situation in an admirable fashion. Without

the Pilot many feared that the ship of Germany would go on the rocks, and though for some years it steered a fairly good, if bold, course, that is exactly where it eventually landed.

Up to his dismissal in 1890, the Chancellor had adroitly managed to strengthen the position of the throne. Though at times he had appeared to make concessions to the rising tide of democracy, he had in reality raised defences likely to make the Imperial throne even more secure than it had been in the past.

It was well said that the political situation in Germany as arranged by Bismarck might have been compared to a man driving a team of horses, which his child, allowed to place a finger on the reins, liked to think it was guiding; the man represented the Emperor and the child a proletariat which had no real power.

Bismarck, though he passed a number of measures, disliked Radical Reforms. He left the House of Hohenzollern stronger than he had found it, and consolidated the ascendency of Prussia with an ultimate result which, astute and clever as he was, he could never have foreseen.

Of course while Queen Victoria was alive a war between England and Germany was almost unthinkable, for a man does not make war upon his grandmother any more than he marries her.

Also during the great Queen's reign the ties between the English and German Courts remained strong.

The Victorians had witnessed the marriage of their Princess Royal with the heir to the German Crown, and to many of them the fierce struggle between the two great nations appeared an unnatural thing.

Few of the older ones lived to see the end of the Great War. One of the last was Lady Georgiana Peel, a daughter of Lord John Russell, who had been a

favourite of Queen Victoria in her childhood and had been present at the first investiture of the Victoria Cross with which the Queen personally decorated a number of Crimean heroes in Hyde Park.

The recollections of this lady went back to the Chartist riots of 1848, when, according to her, the members of the Foreign Office improvised defences out of piles of Blue books in case of any attack by the mob.

Lady Georgiana was eighty-six at the time of her death, which occurred at her home in Hampton Court Palace, where another clever Victorian lady—the widow of Lord Wolseley—also had her abode.

It is curious to reflect that not very many years ago people were alive who had known celebrities who are now almost legendary. My mother, for instance, well remembered Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, who had been born as far back as 1763. I still possess a book of his poems—"Italy"—which he gave her as a wedding present.

As a girl she had been present at one or two of his celebrated breakfasts in Cleveland Row, where she had met Count D'Orsay and Tom Moore, the latter a most delightful man she said.

I have often heard her brother, Lord Orford, recounting how, as a child, his nurse had pointed at a gentleman in the street, and said, "Now, when you grow up you can say you have seen Byron!"

Recollections of celebrated people and historic events are generally treasured by those who have them.

Mr. W. C. Cartwright, of Aynho Park, Northamptonshire (who died during the Great War), a highly cultured and most interesting country gentleman with whom I often had the privilege of staying, prided himself upon having known a man who had been

present at the "Fête des Piques" during the French Revolution. He himself had known Cavour and Mazzini, and had been engaged in secret negotiations connected with the unification of Italy.

Though sadly depressed by the Great War, the surviving Victorians did not during its duration foresee how fatal it was to prove in breaking up ancient properties and country estates.

The period just before 1914 had seen many old Manor Houses restored to their pristine splendour.

Elaborate gardens had been laid out at great cost, and enormous sums expended upon turning tumble-down country houses into artistic and comfortable residences.

Little did anyone dream that before ten years should have elapsed a large proportion of these luxurious abodes would have to find their way into the market, grass and weeds grow up to their very doors, and a number of stately and historic mansions be put up for sale without anyone offering to bid!

For years before the Great War, however, the pomp and state which had once been the appanage of the English aristocracy had waned, while the prestige of the ruling class had been gradually fading away.

Nevertheless, though such political power as it possessed had for years been visibly weakening, up to the nineties Mayfair still retained a good deal of political influence which could be exercised when occasion arose.

The death of a number of the old school in the eighties was a serious loss to the class the privileges of which they had efficiently defended, while those who succeeded them, being cast in a less robust mould, were at best only able to swim with the rising tide of democracy instead of stemming it as their predecessors had generally been able to do.

A good reason for this, which has hitherto escaped notice, was that the new men had not received the education given to their predecessors in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, while having been brought up in a more pampered fashion.

The old English of the well-to-do class, while outwardly at least making little claim to the possession of culture, took care that their children should learn the subjects then considered essential in a thorough manner—the Classics, for instance, were inculcated in an effective way, and boys from the great public schools could usually read Horace and Virgil with ease.

There was then little pampering of small boys, all sorts of queer ideas prevailing as to the beneficent effects of Spartan methods as regards youth. Such a state of affairs of course was apt to press heavily upon sensitive or delicate natures, but with all its faults it undoubtedly developed self-reliance and pluck.

In the eighteenth century the great public schools contained a number of mere children. At that time, indeed, boys went to school very young, and even eighty or ninety years ago nine was quite an ordinary age for them to go to Eton, Westminster, or Harrow. A number practically grew up at school, remaining there for nearly ten years. On the other hand, many went into the army almost boys—in the Peninsula and at Waterloo there were quite a number of subalterns of sixteen or seventeen—who seem to have carried out their duties in an efficient manner. In those days by the time a youth had attained the age of twenty he was generally fairly skilled in worldly knowledge.

After the accession of Queen Victoria new ideas as to the education of youth began to prevail, and among

other reforms the school age was gradually extended up to twelve and even fourteen. It was on account of this that Lower School at Eton was abolished about 1868.

The boys of a subsequent generation, who went to school late and stayed there till early manhood, besides having been trained in a far softer manner, were of altogether different mentality and less fitted to go through the world "sword in hand," which, after all, is the only way that any class can hold its own. The men born before 1820 were certainly rougher and more robust than those who came into the world after that date.

A considerable though secret influence of a weakening kind was also exercised by the increase of life in towns, the children brought up in the latter not having the same vitality as those reared in the country, from which every race draws its finest fighting men.

The grandfathers of the present generation had a far rougher time at school than falls to the lot of the modern boy. For the most part they had been sternly taught obedience, and not coddled or pampered with luxuries. Games did not monopolize their time to anything like the extent which is the case to-day. On the whole their good influence has probably been exaggerated, too much time having been devoted to them in recent years. It must always be remembered, when people extol athletics, that it is only the boy who is an adept who gains any real benefit from devoting all his energies to cricket or football.

The majority of schoolboys who are not good at games merely play in a perfunctory fashion, getting them over as idlers do their schoolwork. The physical development of an ordinary boy of this sort is not in any appreciable degree improved by trotting about behind a cluster of his more active schoolmates kicking

a football. Physical drill, on the other hand, produces a marked improvement in the physique of even the feeblest lad. There is no comparison, it is said, between the condition of a body of young men trained in this way and that of others who merely play games.

The old-fashioned Englishman of the upper class, while not pampered at school, led a pretty rough life during his boyhood. Consequently he was self-reliant, ready to deal with most emergencies, and altogether well able to take care of himself.

His successor who went to school in the sixties was brought up in an entirely different way, with the result that when he reached man's estate he was more apologetic than militant, while prone to think that the best way out of awkward situations was to be found in conciliation.

This no doubt was one of the reasons why certain members of the aristocracy openly admitted that the days of its power had gone.

Lord Ribblesdale, in one of the debates preceding the voting on the Parliament Bill, once said that the country now no longer cared for Peers except to open bazaars and act as masters of hounds.

At a period when the aristocracy go about apologizing for their existence it is difficult to realize how arrogant some of them once were.

An American, having been introduced to a pompous and irascible old Peer, said, " I'm real pleased to meet you."

" I should damned well think you ought to be," retorted the old gentleman.

On the whole the aristocracy, both of the old and new schools, behaved extremely well during the Great War, though a certain number of its members who through age or incapacity were obliged to remain at home developed Puritanical tendencies which would

have astounded their predecessors of an earlier period.

All classes, however, seemed to have lost their heads at the idea of an era of universal happiness to be produced by the introduction of various hastily considered restrictions.

According to that emotional ecclesiastic, the Bishop of London, the New England was to be principally conspicuous for its heightened moral tone. It is likely indeed that if this ecclesiastic were to be entrusted with the remodelling of our ways, " gay dogs " would be treated with a fierceness unequalled since the time when the priesthood possessed and ruthlessly exercised complete powers of domination.

Quick to seize the propitious moment, the Puritans demanded the creation of an austere female police, lynx-eyed members of which were to keep a strict look-out to prevent any undue familiarity of speech or look between the sexes.

It was strange that no one thought of raising a subscription in order to defray the cost of that cruelly maligned champion of Social Reform, " Paul Pry ! "

The Bishop of London, needless to say, has always been enthusiastically in favour of maintaining every kind of restriction on the sale of alcoholic drinks, his views in this matter being shared by a number of others who are unable to understand why every one is not content with such refreshment as can be obtained from their own cellars. To many whose lives are cast in pleasant and comfortable places the desire to obtain drinks in public-houses seems almost a crime.

The following paragraph, culled from the columns of a popular illustrated " Daily," gives a good idea of how people were carried off their feet by Puritanism during the war :

" I hope after the war no return will be made to the

old hours for the sale of liquor," said a well-known Peer at a public meeting.

It is easily to be understood that the retention of the curtailed facilities for obtaining alcoholic drinks was not likely to cause the nobleman in question the slightest inconvenience, but those in a less fortunate position could scarcely be expected enthusiastically to endorse his views!

As for the music halls, the abolition of the lounges was warmly welcomed by a great proportion of the Press.

It was not only the "Night Life," however, which was to undergo a radical change; even in our sports the social reformer saw his chance of being at our elbow.

The demand of the future, said another Peer to a large assemblage, is to be for "clean sport."

"First of all (I quote from his speech at the Albert Hall, Leeds) betting should stop. Why should anyone spoil a good game or pastime by fleecing a friend or taking money from a bookmaker?"

His lordship must have been a very lucky man or else he forgot that, without backers, no bookmaker could make a living at all. Presumably, however, there was to be no place for either backer or bookmaker in his imaginary Utopia.

Seriously, however, why should it be perpetually necessary to recall Macaulay's immortal dictum as to our national idiosyncrasy of making ourselves ridiculous by indulging in fits of moral indignation?

Would that we would take a lesson from our gallant allies, the clever French. With them during the war there was never any talk of re-establishing the censorship of plays which the Republic swept aside, or cant about the purification of Paris.

The great personal liberty enjoyed by that vivacious

nation has without doubt added something to the already overflowing love of the Frenchman for his native soil.

Though the sale of absinthe (which in truth is but a noxious drug) has been prohibited, no one has sought to restrict the consumption of the red wine which sparkles in the citizen's glass, and no proposal to deprive him of it would have the faintest chance of success. Noting this, let us also remember the words of a clever Victorian Bishop, who, to his eternal credit, dared publicly to say "that he would rather see England free than sober." After all the sacrifices which this country has made, it is a sorry spectacle to see her suffering from a new and insidious form of that Prussianism which this country so successfully set out to destroy.

Social Reform, which is too often but a euphemism for poking the nose into other people's affairs, has indeed become a sort of recognized pastime for people with a little money and plenty of spare time—priggish men and middle-aged spinsters being always sure of attracting notice in the Press, provided the measures which they advocate are sufficiently drastic and absurd.

While a great deal is said and written about the beneficent influence of strong-minded females in modern life, no one seems to realize the complete disappearance of the fine type of patrician Englishwoman who in the past was often consulted by politicians and leaders of men.

Great knowledge of the world, combined with sound judgment and a tolerant view of human nature, were the characteristics of a number of these ladies who lived in the West End.

A typical example was the late Lady Cork, who died in 1912—one of the last of the great ladies of the Victorian Era. For many years before her death ill-

health obliged her to pass the day on a couch, but she never lacked visitors. Every one who enjoyed the privilege of her friendship was only too pleased to go and hear her shrewd aphorisms and comments on social life, for in spite of her infirmity she contrived to keep wonderfully in touch with the times.

A great authority upon the past, she was the only person alive who could give any definite information as to the 5th Duke of Portland, a recluse, of whom in her girlhood she had seen a good deal.

At the time of the Druce case Lady Cork never ceased protesting against the truth of the story which was finally quashed by Mr. Druce's exhumation.

Speaking of the various legends circulated about the Duke's eccentricities, she once told me that the underground galleries, which he was supposed to have made in order that he might walk in them unperceived by human eyes, came into existence from quite a different reason.

"The Duke," said she, "was a most conscientious man and very intent upon leaving Welbeck in an improved condition for his heir."

Originally his idea was to build above ground, but because this would involve the destruction of a number of fine trees, he decided to make the improvements he contemplated beneath the soil, the aspect of the grounds surrounding the house being thus left untouched.

I inquired whether any part of the rumours as to the Duke having led a double life contained a scintilla of truth.

"Human folly," she replied, "cannot be reckoned any more than one can count the sands of the sea. Believe me, the whole of this ridiculous story is based upon nothing at all—such fabrications are too preposterous for discussion."

A strange thing was that the obituary notices of this exceptionally clever lady's death made little or no mention of her high intellectual gifts and the great part she had played in London Society.

Her reminiscences, had she cared to write them, would have been of absorbing interest. Unfortunately her literary efforts were limited to a couple or so of magazine articles, but she furnished some valuable material to one or two of her friends.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century practically all the characters of the Victorian Era had disappeared.

One of the most original of these had been Lord Brougham, who actually sought to represent Cannes in the French National Assembly of 1848.

Offering himself as a candidate for the representation of the Department of the Var, the inhabitants at one time seemed disposed to support him.

Setting out for Paris, he addressed a letter to a minister of justice requesting an act of naturalization. The minister in reply apprised him of the consequences of the demand. "If France adopts you for one of her sons, you cease to be an Englishman; you are no longer Lord Brougham, you become Citizen Brougham. You lose forthwith all titles of nobility, all privileges, all advantages, of whatever nature they may be, which you possess, either in your quality of Englishman, or by virtue of rights hitherto conferred on you by British laws or customs, and which cannot harmonize with our laws of equality between all citizens."

This did not at all suit Lord Brougham, who preferred his peerage to a very visionary chance of the French Presidency.

The Peer in question lived at No. 4 Grafton Street, in 1830, which was the year he was made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Brougham and Vaux.

The mansion, the interior of which had many fine features, has long ceased to be used as a private house. The " Isthmian " Club was located there in the eighties, and it was afterwards occupied by the " New Club " ; within recent years, however, like so many other fine old buildings in the West End, it has become utilized for commercial purposes.

In the eighties died Lord Houghton, a well-known social figure and verse writer, who was known to Society as " the Cool of the Evening." As a political speaker this clever Peer is said to have greatly improved when he found himself opposed to his old leader, Mr. Gladstone.

" Ah," said the latter, alluding to Lord Houghton's oratorical attacks upon the Home Rule Bill, " he never spoke like this when he was speaking for his own side."

No man had a better knowledge of Society than this gifted nobleman, but latterly he seemed to have become rather tired of it.

" The most pleasant thing of all," said he, " is to be asked everywhere and go nowhere ! "

Like many of the older Victorians he much disliked music at parties. " Hang the music," one old statesman would say in a resonant voice when subjected to this form of social annoyance.

A typical aristocrat of a different kind was the fourth Lord Rosslyn, a nobleman with a very distinguished appearance, who had a keen eye for a good horse and knew exactly where to get the best of everything. It was said that if you wanted a cook, horse, house, or secretary, Lord Rosslyn would produce any of them in the shortest possible time.

A good judge of most things, he had a wide knowledge of the world, in addition to which he was a poet and the father of some singularly beautiful daughters.

Lord Rosslyn was an astute man, clever at managing his property, but a number of his contemporaries were just the opposite. Such a one was the luxurious nobleman who, when his affairs had become hopelessly involved and ruin was staring him in the face, blandly continued to be as extravagant as ever.

"My dear fellow," said an old friend, "I hope you won't mind my saying so, but it surely can't be necessary for you to keep an Italian pastry cook as well as a French *chef*?"

"Damme, sir," was the reply, "things have come to a pretty pass when a man mayn't have a biscuit with his glass of sherry!"

Another of this class who, though simple in his tastes, liked state even when alone never sat down to eat a solitary cutlet without three servants in livery and two out, standing around the table.

A number of great landowners and Peers had a habit of bewailing their poverty, but they did not live any the less luxuriously for all that. The first Lord Tollemache, for instance, having sustained serious losses owing to the cattle plague which played such havoc in Cheshire in the sixties, declared that he ought to sell his house in London and take lodgings in some slum, but he did nothing of the sort, and died with a mansion in St. James's Square, two large country houses, and a team of perfectly matched chestnuts which was the envy of the coaching world.

As a general rule the groans of the aristocracy in those days were not based upon any real foundation of poverty as they are to-day.

II

THE WEST END—THEN AND NOW

VICTORIAN Society, in spite of its members having abandoned a good many of the ceremonious customs of their forefathers, still retained in the sixties and seventies a certain amount of the state dear to a previous generation.

In the frontispiece, for instance, some ladies may be seen about to make use of the well-turned-out equipage then kept by people who lived in localities like Belgrave Square, a portion of which the artist, Eugene Lami, has represented.

The latter, it may be added, executed a number of charming water-colours representing phases of life in the West End of London during the time that Napoleon the Third was on the French throne. Some of these views, which are in France, having lost their original titles, have been renamed with quaint effect.

At a recent exhibition of *objets d'Art* connected with the Second Empire, the present writer saw a pretty water-colour by Lami entitled " Paddington Square."

As a matter of fact no square in London has ever been called by that name, which seemed to have been adopted merely because a watercart, which is shown wending its way round Berkeley Square, bore the name Paddington, to the vestry of which district it must have belonged.

During Napoleon the Third's reign the relations between France and England were on the whole good.

A number of French visitors seem to have visited London in those days, the Metropolis then being freer and more suited to Gallic taste than it has since become.

Foreigners in those days were well received by the fashionable world.

The West End then formed, as it were, a little coterie apart from the rest of London, and Society might indeed have been called a sort of club, the members of which, all personally known to one another, spoke the same language, indulged in the same amusements, and had their own special code of manners. Between this class and the middle classes a great gap intervened, only rarely bridged by the marriage into the aristocracy of some wealthy merchant's daughter.

Nevertheless, though the bourgeoisie rather prided itself upon its independence, it secretly admired the idle lordlings whose names were in the Peerage, while its womankind in the newspapers eagerly followed the doings of the fashionable world.

Gradually, however, various modern developments, the chief of which was the railway, broke down social barriers, and when later on younger sons of good family began to go into the City and into trade, the upper middle class began gradually to merge itself into the aristocracy, a number of whom, bereft of the privileges and advantages which had formerly fallen to their share, were only too glad to welcome anyone likely to enable them to continue living on the scale to which they had always been accustomed.

The introduction of the examination system came as a blow to young men of good family who, in order to obtain appointments under Government, found themselves obliged to learn a variety of tedious subjects.

In the early days of competitive examinations curious answers were often given.

"Why did Moses leave Egypt?" enquired an examiner of a young fellow seeking to enter the Civil Service, upon which the latter, looking very embarrassed, said, "Well, sir, if you must know, I suppose it was that little affair with Potiphar's wife!"

Another competitor said that John the Baptist was beheaded because he would dance with Herodias's daughter.

It is said that on one occasion Lord Randolph Churchill and some other politicians, who included Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, had a discussion about Civil Service appointments.

Lord Randolph attacked the state of the Indian Civil Service, while Mr. Chamberlain, who was a supporter of the examination system, took a different view.

"Mere theory," said Lord Randolph, who had but recently returned from India. "You ought to see the men at work as I have; they are good enough perhaps, but the old system was better!"

"The old system," exclaimed Mr. Chamberlain, "was a system of jobs and nepotism."

"Possibly," retorted the descendant of Marlborough. "No doubt people did job, but their nominees were at least gentlemen, whereas now we get men from Birmingham and God knows where."

A regard for convention, as will be observed from the above anecdote, was not one of Lord Randolph's strong points. Nevertheless, he never wittingly gave offence unless provoked, and his disposition was so vivacious that his own sallies or outbursts were generally willingly forgiven.

Apt to be somewhat hasty in forming his judgments, Lord Randolph for some reason or other came to the conclusion that General Boulanger was to become ruler of France. Probably he was deceived by French

royalists, who had great hopes of coming into power on the General's back. It is also possible that the meteoric rise to popularity of an obscure soldier appealed to the Tory leader's somewhat volatile mind.

Be this as it may, having pinned his faith to Boulanger, he did all he could to help him when he came to London and to introduce him to influential people.

To the consternation of some who knew it, the then Prince of Wales (Edward VII) was actually induced to meet the Pretender at dinner. On the whole, however, Lord Randolph was not successful, the more serious portion of London Society would have nothing to say to the General, and the latter returned to Paris without having made any effect at all.

Some one told Lord Randolph that Boulanger had been a failure, but the latter only replied, " I shall be his guest at the Elysée next November." Before that date, however, the General was a fugitive, his campaign having come to an ignominious end.

A man of great mental activity, Lord Randolph was a great contrast to a number of his contemporaries, who were well content to saunter through life doing nothing.

In those days, however, a young man about town easily contracted idle habits, there being little need for anyone with what would now be considered a small income to work, money going much farther than it does to-day.

A bachelor who had £500 a year was then considered to be not uncomfortably off, while one with anything over £1,000 per annum was looked upon as being a wealthy man.

Money went much farther, taxes were insignificant, and life less luxurious than it is to-day—a man about town being satisfied to live in chambers without a bath-

room and devoid of many accessories which are now deemed indispensable.

His only real extravagance, setting aside the expenses connected with sport, was hiring a smart hansom by the day, people liking to have this now obsolete conveyance waiting for them outside their club ready to take them anywhere at a moment's notice.

Many men of quite moderate means then belonged to several clubs, in which they spent a good part of their time, while indulging in house dinners at fixed intervals.

The functions in question would seem originally to have carried on the traditions of the Regency, when wild scenes sometimes occurred.

It is recorded that at a small dinner party at Carlton House, Colonel Hamlyn, one of the boon companions of the Prince, told a story which, like most stories of the Regency, was more distinguished by its point than by its propriety. When Colonel Hamlyn had finished, the First Gentleman in Europe filled his glass and threw its contents into his guest's face, saying, "Hamlyn, you're a blackguard." What was the Colonel to do? To challenge the Regent was treason, and yet to return the insult was to take a course which must have compelled the Prince, as a gentleman, to challenge the Colonel, or to ask some one to take up the quarrel for him. And yet to sit still was impossible. Colonel Hamlyn solved the difficulty by filling his glass and throwing the wine into the face of his next companion, "His Royal Highness's toast—pass it on." This was wit in action. It sealed Colonel Hamlyn's friendship with George IV. "Hamlyn," he said, with a slap on the shoulder, "you're a capital fellow."

As the years rolled on manners grew milder, and the clubmen of the last century abandoned all the wild ways which had been the characteristics of their predecessors of the Regency.

According to Mr. Gladstone, the accession of Queen Victoria had abolished swearing. No doubt this was the case in the circles in which the great politician habitually moved, but the mass of the people of England have retained a certain penchant for bad language up to the present day.

If the advent of a girl queen made no particular difference in the social customs of the proletariat, it certainly affected those of the men of the upper class, who previous to that date had carried on the tradition of certain Rabelaisian toasts, which probably dated from the Restoration.

In 1837 Lord Melbourne, though himself not at all prudish in his ways, deemed that the time had come to discontinue such usages. Bucks and bloods were told that the toasts of their forefathers must now be dropped, with the result that soon, falling into desuetude, the fact that such toasts ever existed is all but forgotten to-day.

The way in which the old statesman who had enjoyed life in a very unrestrained fashion sought to impose a higher standard of social morality upon Society once the Queen had begun to reign, is very characteristic of a certain side of the English character.

Lord Melbourne indeed, whose conversation had previously been interlarded with a multitude of "damns," became the pink of colloquial propriety, in addition to which he took care that only those who (outwardly at least) were noted for their unimpeachable morality should have access to the Queen's presence.

All this from some points of view was well enough, but there is no doubt but that the line Lord Melbourne adopted gave a great impetus to the hypocritical Puritanism which subsequently attained such power in political as well as private life.

The tradition of the Bacchanalian days of the

Regency lingered on for years after men had taken to more sober habits, which was no doubt one of the reasons why the majority of the fairer portion of Her Majesty's subjects cordially detested clubs and said so. Mrs. Grundy indeed was loud in her complaints that all that lounging, gossiping, and smoking deprived those "brutes of men" of the delight they would otherwise have taken in her intellectual society, and that club dinners made men such epicures, they actually turned up their noses at cold mutton. And even when at home, Mr. Grundy was always dull, and went about sulking with Mrs. Grundy. To be sure, all he wanted was to pick a quarrel and go and spend his evening in that "horrid club."

With the advent of Bridge, cards, which had before been played but little outside clubs, gained a wider popularity.

Old-fashioned people, who survived into the period when Bridge came to be the ordinary pastime of fashionable society, were apt to be scandalized at the way in which the new generation indulged in cards on Sundays.

On one occasion a player who, owing to the Sabbatarian principles of his hostess, found himself obliged to forgo his rubber, withdrew to his bedroom and there consoled himself with a quiet game of Patience. A Scotch housemaid having entered the room and found him engrossed in this harmless pastime, in awestruck tones afterwards told her mistress that she was afraid of the good-looking gentleman from town, who in her opinion was given to "playing cards with the devil."

To old-fashioned country people there seemed to be something dissipated about the "London Clubman," a number of squires in past days not being in the habit of belonging to a club at all. This was not very strange, considering that a great many London clubs

are of modern origin. In the middle of the last century, it must be remembered, White's, Brook's, and Boodle's were practically the only ones frequented by the fashionable world; though the Guards, which for over a hundred years after its foundation in 1810 remained in Pall Mall, was of course much used by officers.

The Naval and Military Club, which is housed in what was formerly Cambridge House, and at a yet earlier period Egremont House and Cholmondeley House, was up till the date of his death in 1865 the residence of Lord Palmerston, that popular statesman once described by Sir Henry Bulwer as not a prig or a coxcomb, but naturally grave and naturally gay.

It was at Cambridge House that Lady Palmerston gave the parties which indirectly so greatly assisted her husband in the successful conduct of public affairs. She possessed the gift of knowing exactly whom she should ask, together with an unequalled knowledge of the intricacies of the social and political in which she was wont to move.

The somewhat ornate-looking mansion next door to the Naval and Military, which is now the American Club, occupies the site of a smaller house, in which lived Mr. Jones, the famous Art connoisseur.

It was at Christie's, which he is said to have frequented for many years before he began to buy, that the donor of the celebrated collection, now at the Victoria and Albert Museum, acquired the knowledge which enabled him to accumulate that wonderful assemblage of French furniture and china which he bequeathed for the benefit of the nation in a will made some three years before his death. Though London has gained by the transfer of so many beautiful specimens of French eighteenth-century Art to South Kensington, one cannot help thinking of another great collector's testamentary dispositions.

"De Goncourt" in his will directed that his drawings, prints, curiosities, and books, things which he said had been the joy of his life, should not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by, but dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of everything in his collection had given him should be given again in each case to some inheritor of his own tastes.

The ancient aspect of Piccadilly, which has during recent years been much altered, is about to undergo another change by the demolition of Nos. 80 and 81, for some years occupied by the Royal Thames Yacht Club. No. 80 was previously the residence of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, who inherited the house from her father, Sir Francis Burdett, whose advanced views and vigorous opposition culminated in some lively doings in 1810. Sir Francis, who had rendered himself subject to arrest by the Speaker of the House of Commons, barricaded himself in his house the day the warrant was to be served, and a riot ensued, in which a man was killed.

Eventually the officers scaled the house with a ladder, and entering by the window of the drawing-room, found Sir Francis instructing his son in the intricacies of Magna Charta. Eventually he was imprisoned until the prorogation.

No. 81, previous to being occupied by the club, was the residence of the late M. von André, who some years before the Great War was noted for his hospitality, dry humour, and knowledge of the world. Monsieur von André acquired the house upon very favourable terms: an old lady to whom it belonged having been so alarmed by a stone being thrown through the window by one of the mob which marched from Trafalgar Square in the late eighties, that she was

anxious to get rid of the house with the greatest possible speed.

At the beginning of the last century No. 81 was Wattier's Club, where for some twelve years, in the early part of the nineteenth century, dandies of the Regency lost their money at Hazard and other games, after dining sumptuously on the fare provided by Labourie, a celebrated *chef* of that day. Brummell was supreme dictator here.

The members of Wattier's Club were not very pleasant neighbours for quiet people, being apt, after huge potations of champagne—effervescent like themselves—to throw the empty bottles into the courtyard of Bath House immediately adjacent over the way.

The tendency in Piccadilly for some years past has been for private residences to become clubs. No. 107, now the Savile Club, for instance, was formerly the abode of Baron Meyer de Rothschild.

The tone of this prosperous little club is essentially literary. It is probably unique in having adopted selection in contradistinction to election as regards candidates, who are consequently not exposed to the danger of being blackballed.

The Great War in some degree altered the club life of the West End which had gone on more or less in the same way ever since clubs were first founded.

During the years of the war there was a great increase in the number of members taking lunch. This in a great measure was caused by so many Londoners past military age being employed in offices some distance away from their homes.

The war is over, but without doubt a far larger proportion of members lunch at clubs than was the case five or six years ago.

In the evening, on the other hand, fewer members

come to dine, while after eleven o'clock smoking- and sitting-rooms are more or less deserted.

Five o'clock tea in clubs is of course a modern fashion, dating from the latter years of the nineteenth century ; before that time brandy and soda was a good deal more drunk than tea. On the other hand, not so much importance was attached to liqueur brandy, though the one or two kinds to be obtained in old-fashioned clubs were probably better than anything to be got now.

It is curious to note that the term " Fine Champagne," as applied to the best kind of liqueur brandy, does not appear to be an old one, for in Littré's great dictionary it is only to be found in the supplement of 1877.

A better description than Littré's is that given under " Cognac " in " Le Dictionnaire des Dictionnaires," edited by Paul Guérin, published about 1886 :—

" Les crus se divisent en six catégories bien distinctes : Grande Champagne ou Fine Champagne, Petite Champagne, Borderies, Très bons Bois, Bois Ordinaires, et enfin Troisième Bois ou Dernier Bois."

" Champagne," in French, it may be noted, is always feminine when it denotes the province of that name.

About the highest price ever paid at auction for liqueur brandy was possibly £5 12*s*. a bottle for three bottles of the year 1789 sold at the Hotel Drouot in 1906.

Four years before this some 1793 brandy belonging to the late Lord Chaplin fetched £3 12*s*. a bottle at auction, but of course these prices have often been exceeded in the course of private sales.

Within the last half-century the spirit of London Clubland has imperceptibly changed. This is best realized by perusing Thackeray's account of the social institution in question in the " Book of Snobs." Clubs

in his day, indeed, were gigantic and solemn places, in which such members as knew one another rarely engaged in conversation, while addressing anyone to whom one had not been introduced was unknown.

The ideal of a first-rate club in those days may be said to have been to resemble "a Duke's house with the Duke lying dead upstairs," a definition once applied to Brooks's, which, aristocratic and exclusive, was formerly noted for a solemnity which the progress of time has done little to modify.

From what Thackeray says it may be gathered that the clubs of his day were well managed and luxurious institutions which, like the class for whose wants they catered, were unaffected by any considerations of having to make both ends meet.

At that time, indeed, taxes were light and conditions such as to make the task of managing a first-class West End club comparatively easy. The Great War has unfortunately changed all this, with the result that quite a number of formerly prosperous clubs find it difficult to keep their doors open. The halcyon days of Clubland may be said to have been in the quarter of a century anterior to 1914, a year which, from a social point of view, ushered in an entirely new state of things.

A London club in the olden days generally had a revenue which, after allowing for very easy-going methods of administration, might be relied on to produce a small surplus at the end of the year. Subscriptions were then light, averaging as they did between eight and twelve guineas, and well-to-do men thought little of having their names on the books of three or four clubs, the majority of which they rarely used; some, indeed, were always threatening to resign, but as the cost was comparatively small, and the subscription paid by an order to their bankers not an

obtrusive or serious item of their annual expenditure, most of them let things remain as they were.

Those were the golden days of the easy-going gentleman secretary, who had often drifted into that occupation owing to the depreciation of land or to losses on the turf, or even to general mismanagement of his own affairs. "Poor old So-and-so," would say men who had known one of these individuals since boyhood; "whatever can we do to help him now he is broke?" and the secretaryship of a first-class West End club often provided a satisfactory answer.

Even when he knew little of business and was clearly inefficient, members were reluctant to object to one of their own class being entrusted with the administration of a club's affairs. In any case, as they were fond of saying, it was a relief to feel that a gentleman was at the head of things, and indeed the social standing of a club secretary was in a good many cases certainly an advantage. In the management of servants, for instance—in seeing that the rooms were well kept, and above all in keeping a *chef* up to the mark—the gentleman secretary was by nature and training apt to be more efficient than a man who had been brought up in the suburbs and knew little of the more luxurious side of daily life. At the end of the year, perhaps, a thousand pounds or so, which an individual with business training might possibly have saved, had occasionally been more or less needlessly spent; but in days when a club's revenue was more than its expenditure, few felt disposed to make a fuss about such a trifle. To-day, however, members are faced by a far more serious state of affairs. Taxes, rates, cost of living, servants' wages, and other items of general expenditure, all have risen, with the result that the annual balance-sheet of a number of formerly prosperous West End clubs has become disquieting reading.

Every one who knows anything about clubs clearly realizes the need for retrenchment and economy, but even when the greatest care is exerted a return of prosperity to a number of these institutions under present circumstances seems almost more than anyone but a confirmed optimist can hope for.

One of the chief reasons for this is that so many of the men who formerly belonged to a number of clubs now find themselves compelled to cut down their expenses, with the result that they have to limit themselves to being members of one or two clubs instead of half a dozen, as was not infrequently the case in the years before the war.

A married man not unnaturally curtails his expenditure in this direction rather than in any other, while the youthful bachelor of the present time, besides attaching little importance to the social prestige conferred by membership of the more exclusive West End clubs, does not see any necessity why he should belong to more than one. He has indeed a different outlook upon life from that of his predecessor of thirty or forty years ago, who was a leisurely easy-going man about town, who ignored golf and dancing, while spending most of his time getting into and out of scrapes.

Just before the outbreak of the Great War, however, West End clubs in general seemed to have entered upon a period of assured prosperity ; at that time no one could have foreseen that before ten years should have elapsed a certain number would have found it imperative to close their doors.

A club which found itself in this sad predicament at the close of the Great War was the Isthmian, which, originally started some forty years before in Lord Brougham's old house in Grafton Street, after a migration to Walsingham House, had settled down in what had been Sir Julian Goldsmid's fine mansion in Piccadilly.

This had originally been built by Novosielski in the eighteenth century, on the site of John Van Nost's figure yard, for the Earl of Barrymore, and was left unfinished on the death of that nobleman, after which Sir Robert Smirke added a Grecian Doric porch. After a fire, it had then been opened as the Old Pulteney Hotel. Here, in 1814, the Emperor of Russia stopped during his stay in London, and on the 6th of June he showed himself to the people from the balcony.

In 1829 the mansion, on coming into the possession of the Marquis of Hertford, became Hertford House. In 1851 the old building was partially pulled down and rebuilt with Portland stone, at which time the character of the front was much improved and raised some fourteen feet, while the interior was entirely re-arranged.

Another club which shared the same fate as the Isthmian was the Raleigh, for many years well known as a popular resort with sporting men about town.

Armageddon, however, killed it. Had there been no war, the members would have either obtained an extension of the lease, or have secured a new club-house in some other part of the West End. The times, however, had become difficult, and the Raleigh, a place of many amusing memories, disappeared.

In the hey-day of its prosperity, some of the members kept very late hours indeed, and the servants were astonished at nothing.

A new member, it is said, having to catch an early train, went to the Raleigh at 7.45 one morning to try and get breakfast.

"Any chance of something to eat?" he inquired of a tired-looking waiter whom he found in the coffee-room.

"Very sorry, sir," was the reply; "you've come just a quarter of an hour too late—no suppers served after 7.30!"

A great deal of billiards used to be played in the old club, while a certain number of members were noted for their fondness for cards and the turf.

Some of the younger ones were reckless plungers, like the young sportsman who, describing his system, said, " You begin with a tenner and double up. The odds are that you touch a winner in the course of the day, and if you don't, you touch the Pater, so you're all right anyhow."

The premises which the Raleigh occupied in Regent Street had been part of the house which John Nash, the designer, had built for himself. The building, like other portions of what used to be described as the most artistically satisfactory thoroughfare in the West End, has now been demolished.

The original idea of Nash was to have carried Regent Street in a straight line down from Portland Place, the great sewer beneath the roadway being so constructed. Owing, however, to a disagreement between the architect and Sir James Langham, the crooked street named Langham Place was built to connect them. Portland Place was not originally a thoroughfare, but was terminated at the south end by Foley House, and at the north end by an open railing looking over the fields towards the New Road. Park Crescent and Upper Portland Place were added later.

The Quadrant grew out of a change of plan, owing to the erection of the County Fire Office, by Robert Abraham, in 1819, and was by far the most elegant portion of the whole street.

Its original appearance before the colonnade had been taken away was extremely handsome, and it is a matter for regret that there is no indication that the new buildings which are replacing Nash's work will at all equal it in dignity.

Those already erected certainly do not do so, being

for the most part over-embellished with pseudo-classical ornamentation, a failing which was already conspicuous in the newer London of Victorian days.

"Never," said Theophile Gautier, speaking of the West End at that time, "have there been seen so many columns and pediments even in an antique city. Surely the Greeks and Romans were never so Greek and Roman as the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty? You walk between two rows of Parthenons—you see nothing but temples of Vesta and of Jupiter, and the illusion would be complete if among the columns you did not read such inscriptions as 'Gas Company' and 'Life Insurance.'"

This was written long before a great number of the present ornate buildings had been erected; since then the mania for what may be termed "architectural Cosmopolitanism" has produced some veritable triumphs in the strangest confusion of styles.

The fact is that, though a number of English architects possess considerable ability, there is a lack of innate taste among the majority who understand the useful and the comfortable more than harmony and beauty.

Gautier, who in some respects was very severe upon the English, declared that at least they themselves realize that, notwithstanding their prodigious material civilization, they are merely varnished barbarians.

He maintained that the plastic gift was refused to the nations of the North, and that the Parthenon bas-reliefs brought by Lord Elgin to London had inspired nobody.

Though at the time of its erection the public were led to believe that the late Mr. Norman Shaw had designed a masterpiece of architectural skill, it cannot be said that London has gained in beauty by the Piccadilly Hotel, which first destroyed the distinctive character of Regent Street. Like so much new work,

it is too full of pseudo-ornamental and meaningless detail. Modern sculptors as well as architects seem obsessed by a mania to indulge in such over-ornamentation: witness the memorial to Queen Victoria opposite Buckingham Palace. Its position to begin with is unfortunate, the Queen having had a strong dislike for this Royal Residence, where she stayed as little as possible—a historical fact which should have prevented the erection of any monument to her on that particular site.

Perhaps this is one of the reasons why her face wears an expression of amazed disgust? It seems strange that a sovereign noted for her love of propriety should have been portrayed sitting with no hope of escape (steps having been omitted) in close juxtaposition to frolicsome mermaids, and mermen attired in a way which would certainly not have been tolerated at Balmoral.

The exact character of the building in which the Queen is seated is obscure. It has affinities to several constructions of domestic utility, but perhaps most of all it resembles the glorified box office of a colossal music-hall: the likeness in question is further emphasized by the gilded statue of a lightly clad dancer which trips presumably for all time above the Queen's head.

Though we have gained a number of monuments, we have lost a number of quaint old buildings and shops which were relics of another age.

One of the best of these was Lambert's, the well-known Silversmiths at the corner of Coventry Street, which has now given place to the palatial premises of Messrs. Lyons' Corner House.

Lovers of Georgian London miss its small old-fashioned window-panes, glazed with a purple-tinted glass that gave an air of mystery to the silver plate

displayed inside. The old iron railings that protected the basement windows, the brass plates long polished bare of inscriptions, and the general effect of the low doors and windows recalled the eighteenth century.

The business as a matter of fact was founded in 1803 in the corner shop, by Francis Lambert, and five years later growth of trade enabled him to take the two adjoining shops. Then was built the long shop front, for the display of gold and silver plate, which up to recently was one of the best specimens of an old-world shop front in the West End.

The whole effect, though good, was unobtrusive, and belonged to a vanished age when West End tradesmen and the fashionable world which dealt with them lived in a leisurely and quiet manner.

Life among the well-to-do classes in the middle of the last century was a good deal less luxurious than is at present the case, the joys of the home then making a greater appeal to married people than they do to-day. Except for the rather formal dinners and parties which were given during the London season, and occasional visits to the theatre, husbands and wives were content to pass most of their evenings together in their own houses. There were no fashionable night clubs, while going out to supper at a restaurant was only indulged in by elderly roués or by young men sowing their wild oats. As a matter of fact there were practically no supper places to which ladies could go, the latter being then in many ways allowed less social freedom than they now enjoy.

The majority of young married ladies were content to spend a great part of their time doing fancy needlework or painting, at which they were rarely successful.

A cynical husband, speaking of his wife's somewhat crude efforts in this direction, said: "She thinks because her name is Rosa that she is another Rosa

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Bonheur, but if I spoke the truth Rosa Malheur would be a better name for her."

Very prim and demure as a rule looked these ladies walking to church, with a footman carrying their prayer books behind them.

What would they have said to the present day when ladies smoke and bet without exciting adverse comment, some of them even owning racehorses, like the charming and successful Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who was actually fifth among winning owners last year.

Two things I remember aroused the disapproval of the old Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, the last absolute ruler of Persia, during his visit to England in 1889. One was the great social freedom of women, the other horse-racing. He did not indeed think much of the European turf. On a previous sojourn in England, having been told of the great crush of fashionable people who flocked to Ascot, he remained entirely unmoved and merely remarked, " That one horse can run faster than another is absolutely true, but why make a journey to see it ? "

The Oriental monarch, however, did not realize the speculative side of European racing; nor the social attractions of Ascot, where ladies vie with one another in the beauty of their dress and plungers in the amount of their losses.

Ascot, indeed, seems to be almost invariably fatal to plungers. A vast number of hot favourites have " gone down " there, the Heath being strewn with painful memories of good things which never came off.

Not many devotees of the turf would feel inclined to write as did the " good Lord Shaftesbury " in 1841 : " It was a dull affair and I hope harmless."

Though the Victorians prided themselves upon the strictness with which they brought up their young ladies, the ultimate results were not very much more

satisfactory than those produced by the far freer system of education now in vogue.

The proceedings in the divorce court indeed occasionally caused a run upon the papers then as they do to-day—the fact being that social morality or immorality changes but little. For the last hundred years a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the frequency of divorce in aristocratic circles.

As a matter of fact, by far the greatest number of matrimonial cases are connected with unfashionable people.

As, however, the principal personages are neither rich nor distinguished, little or nothing is ever heard about such divorces, the drab details of which are not calculated to make spicy reading.

It is only when some well-known names occur that the Press thinks it worth while to devote much space to a divorce case.

The public is then worked up into frenzied indignation at the immorality of the rich, whereas in sober truth as a class they are not a bit more vicious than the humbler sinners whose lapses are not worth reporting.

The Victorians, as has been said, were fond of staying at home, and in their own way had a good idea of making themselves comfortable.

Old-fashioned drawing-rooms, it is true, were seldom highly luxurious or very artistic, with their furniture covered with old and often faded silk, but there clung about them a singular air of patrician refinement and good society, often enhanced by some eighteenth-century picture, the seductive grace and prettiness of which charmed the eye and stimulated the imagination.

Nevertheless, the interior of houses in Mayfair tended to be of a rather depressing character, brown

being a favourite colour for entrance halls, while wall-papers were too often inartistic in design.

The Victorians were fond of plush as a covering for furniture, including chairs. Curtains were of a crude shade, while antimacassars and odd little mats ornamented with worsted balls gave drawing-rooms a stuffy appearance.

The worst abomination of all, perhaps, were mirrors, on which were painted flowers and fruit.

Though many people possessed pictures, which would now fetch large sums, the majority scarcely discriminated between real works of art and oleographs. There was usually little attempt at artistic arrangement or decoration on walls, where almost invariably figured monstrous brackets crammed with good, bad, and indifferent china, or, worse still, some geometric arrangement of worthless plates.

The cult for eighteenth-century art only came in as a result of the æsthetic movement, which though much laughed at eventually had very educational results.

One of the worst artistic outrages perpetrated by Victorians was the painting over of fine old English or French furniture with a coating of black.

For some reason or other an idea prevailed that French furniture, with its brilliant mounts, was vulgar. As for chairs and tables made by Sheraton or Chippendale, they were usually consigned to the servants' hall or to the attics, where many fine specimens of the cabinet makers' art went to destruction.

This form of vandalism was particularly rampant in country houses, which were often refurnished from top to bottom in the modern style.

There are very few old houses in the West End, the internal arrangement and decorations of which remain as they were in the eighteenth century when they

were built. A number were altered in the Mid-Victorian period, and the craze for French woodwork and the like which prevailed in the years anterior to the Great War wrought havoc in a great many of the larger and finer mansions, the rooms of which, it was forgotten, were never intended to be adorned with imitations of the Louis XV and Louis XVI styles.

In some cases fine old English mantelpieces of classical design have been removed to make way for indifferent work supposed to copy examples in the Petit Trianon or Versailles.

Chippendale and Sheraton furniture only began to be properly appreciated after æsthetic decoration had become fashionable.

Certain phases of the "Greenery-Yallery" craze were ridiculous, but it certainly did a good deal to improve English taste.

Why fine old furniture should ever have been discarded in favour of the heavy horsehair abominations of Victorian times seems a profound mystery in these more enlightened days. Some of the old eighteenth-century designs are graceful in the extreme, whilst many examples of the time of Queen Anne—the finest period perhaps of all for English furniture—are superb in their delicacy and exquisite finish. Next to this in beauty must be placed the early Chippendale, certain specimens of which display artistic qualities of the very highest kind.

With the coming of the æsthetic movement, which certainly improved taste, there arose a certain indifference to the work of the old French ebenistes—"Bankers furniture," as William Morris contemptuously called it.

This was the period when Burne-Jones began to be appreciated.

During the earlier portion of his career the talent

of this artist was ignored by the general public, while there were not wanting Philistines who openly jeered at it.

The painter, however, filled with a just confidence in his own powers, would make no concession to those who derided him. His reward came towards the end of his life, when his merits were more fully recognized than even his most faithful admirers could ever have hoped.

At the present time I believe pictures by Burne-Jones do not command the large prices which they realized some years ago. In all probability, however, some of them at least will prove of great value in the future. In addition to beauty of execution there is a subtle symbolism about this painter's work which will assure it an enduring popularity with a certain section of lovers of Art.

Where Burne-Jones was sometimes supreme was in his designs for stained-glass windows and tapestry; a set of the latter executed for the late Mr. D'Arcy, hung at his house at Stanmore, were especially beautiful.

The flaw in Burne-Jones's work seems to be a certain lack of virility. He was essentially a dreamer and his paintings and designs are all more or less ethereal, having little to do with the actual life of the world.

The painter himself, a kindly, gentle, and cultivated man, in his latter years at least was quite out of touch with the hard facts of human existence.

His kindly nature, indeed, led him to sympathize with every one who seemed to have a hard time in the world—as a matter of fact he was something of a socialist in his convictions. He never, however, mixed himself up with politics, though a close friend of William Morris and other people of advanced views.

A short time before he died I met the painter of the "Wheel of Life" at dinner and heard his extraordinary

views as to wars being out of date, and mankind only anxious to live in amity with one another!

He was such a charming man that it was difficult to contradict him, besides which, though none of us agreed with his views, we were all somewhat under the spell of his charm. He was a delightful companion, to whom it was a pleasure to listen.

Sir Edward, it is said, was offered a Baronetcy more than once before he made up his mind to accept it, which he eventually did only after strong representations had been made to him by Mr. Gladstone who, though not too keenly interested in art, had a warm appreciation of the beauty of this painter's work.

It is curious that though Watts does not appear to have held any very advanced political views, he should have declined a Baronetcy (more than once it is said), while Burne-Jones, a Home Ruler and a Radical, with strong leanings towards Socialism, should have eventually accepted one!

III

SOCIETY AND THE PRESS

HALF a century ago or so the Press was not in favour in high quarters. It is said that an audience of Queen Victoria is an unsatisfied ambition of Mr. John Walter, the proprietor of "The Times," who died in 1894.

"I have known nearly all her Ministers," he is once reported to have said, "I have a very profound respect for her as a good woman, and I should like before I die to have five minutes' talk with her."

Nevertheless, Mr. Walter appears never to have been received by the Queen, probably because the old prejudice against newspaper men prevented any of her entourage from even mentioning the subject.

In the days of Delane the latter's right-hand man and assistant editor was his brother-in-law, Mr. G. W. Dasent, who only retired in 1870, while till 1874 the business side of "The Times" was in the hands of Mr. Mowbray Morris, who also conducted the relations of the paper with its foreign correspondents. Like Mr., afterwards Sir George Dasent, Mowbray Morris was a brother-in-law of Delane, in consequence of which cynics said that "The Times" ought to change its name to "The Family Herald." Sir George Dasent's son, Mr. Arthur Dasent, is the well-known writer of interesting and erudite books, two of which deal with Piccadilly and St. James's Square. The son of Mr. Mowbray Morris, who bore the same name,

was also a literary man who for a time acted as theatrical critic of "The Times." This post, however, he eventually abandoned and devoted himself to other work, in the course of which he became editor of "Macmillan's Magazine," an excellent and high-class monthly, which ceased to appear after the editor's death.

The father of the latter had been a hunting man, and from him his son had inherited what amounted to a positive veneration for old-world sport. His interest in the Turf however did not go beyond 1840, up-to-date racing not interesting him at all.

Mr. Mowbray Morris hated all modern improvements, which he called by another name. He would not even go in a hansom, using only four-wheelers, in one of which he was once upset—a somewhat strange accident which he accepted with comparative equanimity.

Mr. Mowbray Morris in congenial society was a delightful companion and excellent conversationalist. As a small boy he figures in one of Leech's hunting scenes in "Punch."

In the middle of the last century no one connected with the London Press foresaw certain of its modern developments.

In 1855 the circulation of "The Times" was about 60,000 copies daily, a figure then considered enormous, as it equalled the combined sales of the four other chief London papers of that date.

In November, 1922, it is interesting to record, Lord Northcliffe had increased the circulation of the paper to no less than 180,000.

There was, however, a good deal of enterprise shown by "The Times" in long-past days. Before railways, for instance, when the communications between great cities were liable to interruption, "The Times" had

organized its own system of couriers, and for a long time it competed with the " Morning Herald " as to speed in the conveyance of the Overland Mail from Marseilles to London. At one time " The Times " had the best of it ; on another occasion the couriers of " The Times " were beaten by the couriers of the " Herald." The agents of the papers sowed their money broadcast on the route between Marseilles and Calais ; they outwitted one another in retaining all the post-horses, until these expensive manœuvres were finally rendered unnecessary by the railway service and the submarine telegraph. In this respect, too, the most fabulous stories were long current on the Continent, where it is generally believed that " The Times " has its score or so of special trains steaming away on all the railroads of England from year's end to year's end.

In the easygoing old days newspaper offices were apt to have queer visitors whom they were soon glad to be rid of.

On one occasion a particularly trying philanthropic crank having called upon the editor of a great daily exhausted the editor's patience. The latter wrote steadily on, occasionally giving a growl of impatience as the caller poured out his unpractical schemes. Finally, turning round, the editor said, " Tell me exactly what you want as quickly as you can." " I want a subscription, sir," said the man, " for a cause which will prevent a thousand of our fellow-beings from going to hell." " Enough," almost shouted the editor, " I will not give you a farthing. There don't half enough go there now." And the crank crept sadly away.

Mad visitors are, of course, the most troublesome of all. The Directeur of the Paris " Figaro " once declared that " the average was about half a lunatic

in the course of every twenty-four hours." The Archangel Gabriel generally called on Mondays; Wednesday was the day for the gentleman in a straw hat with a blue ribbon, who had discovered Perpetual Motion. He was usually succeeded on Fridays by a humpbacked individual in an olive-green cloak, who had ascertained to his own complete and triumphant satisfaction the feasibility of aerial navigation. Luckily for every one the great-great-grandson of the Man with the Iron Mask only called occasionally to ask for the address of the son of Louis XVI the Dauphin who had died in the Temple!

In the middle of the last century there were few special reporters for the proceedings of the law courts. Such reports were generally sent in by barristers who practised in the courts.

The police-reports, too, were not furnished by special reporters; but "The Times" and the other London journals took them from a man who kept his own police-court corps, and who, in his relations with the papers which employed him, was personally responsible for the correctness of the reports.

The records of local events and accidents were furnished by the so-called penny-a-liners, for the most part vagrant journalists, who were up by day and by night, and who were present at all the police-stations in order to obtain the first news of any "Horrible Murder." These men rushed all over London and hastened along with the fire-engines to the scene of every "Extensive Conflagration," taking notes which they made as long and as interesting as they possibly could, and selling them to the various journals. They were strange persons, active and shrewd. They flourished during the recess; for at that time the London journals not being too choice in their selection of matter quite a number made large sums of money

from the sale of papers containing details of "Atrocious Murders," and other crimes and accounts of "Extraordinary Friendships" between "dogs, rabbits, and water-rats," or from their chance reports of the proceedings and public addresses of some successful worker in the fields of philanthropy.

"The Times" gained a great deal of fame and influence during the Crimean War owing to its excellent correspondent, Mr. W. H. Russell. Indeed, at the end of that struggle it might have been said to stand alone, while its authority in matters of trade and finance were probably greater than they have ever been before or since.

The provincial Press was then comparatively poor and business men in the Midlands relied on "The Times" for the news of the day.

Gradually, however, competitors began to appear who challenged the hitherto undisputed supremacy of the "Thunderer." Mr. Walter, the proprietor, took a very disdainful view of rivals.

Asked whether he realized how much the "Daily Telegraph" was gaining in circulation and popularity, "Sir," said he, "I do not know of the existence of the 'Daily Telegraph'!"

But he knew all about it before he had done!

In 1870 "The Times" was outstripped from the start as to war news, the "Daily News" for a time obtaining the best information. American enterprise had come very much to the front and created an appetite for early news which the older section of the English Press only reluctantly gratified.

A regular feature of the autumn season thirty or forty years ago was the appearance of a number of letters on some social topic in the columns of one or two of the great London dailies.

Those were the days when great newspapers sought

to increase their circulation during the " Silly Season " by encouraging some epistolary controversy, or others which called forth a regular torrent of correspondence.

" What shall we do with our boys ? " I remember seemed to excite a large section of readers almost to frenzy. This, however, was a comparatively sane topic compared with others, some of which were frankly idiotic.

Anything, however, seemed good enough to excite the public. Though the majority of people, goodness knows ! are simple enough as to placing faith in the absolute veracity of anything they see in print they are not so easily moved by newspaper " stunts " as were the Victorians to whom that sort of thing was comparatively novel.

I well recollect the sensation caused by the late Mr. W. T. Stead in 1885 when under his editorship the " Pall Mall Gazette " came out with a series of revelations as to vice in London.

" The maiden tribute of Modern Babylon " was a very exaggerated description of the perverted debauchery which in great cities was said to flourish unchecked, quite young girls being, it was asserted, bought and sold without hindrance from the authorities.

Mr. Stead, I believe, gathered the material for these articles at a Bohemian café in Leicester Square, where various disreputable characters, with whom he had managed to get in touch, filled him up with an assortment of sensational stories of the kind which they perceived he had come there to hear.

Mr. Stead, who in some things was as simple as a child, stoutly maintained that the people who gave him his facts had no idea who he was, but merely took him for an aristocratic pleasure-seeker out to see life.

In order the better to sustain this part of a patrician

man of pleasure, as he afterwards told a friend, he had put on patent-leather boots for the occasion, " this, said he, made them think I was a nobleman."

The whole crusade, like most crusades, started by well-meaning social reformers out of touch with the true facts of life, probably did as much harm as it did good.

An amusing thing connected with the agitation aroused by Mr. Stead were the number of people who wrote offering to make researches into the darker side of London life.

One cosmopolitan (presumably of rather limited means) declared he was ready to sacrifice himself and proceed abroad, there to obtain material for an exhaustive report upon Continental vice.

His idea was to travel as a wealthy debauchee, to support which character he proposed that Mr. Stead should furnish him with funds.

The offer ended by a solemn assurance that as long as the money lasted regular reports of unmitigated debauchery should reach the " Pall Mall " office—but the editor of that paper not being enthusiastic about the idea, the expedition never came off.

One disconcerting result of the 1885 Purity Campaign was that a certain Member of Parliament who took the lead in calling for new and drastic measures with which to deal with vice had two or three years later to serve a term of imprisonment for having abducted a girl under the legal age as fixed by the new law he himself had helped to pass.

Though a fanatical Puritan, Mr. Stead was sensible enough about Imperial Defence and the strength of the Navy ; in this direction he did good work, for he was a remarkable journalist with enormous capacity for hard work.

Towards the end of his life, however, he got bitten

by Spiritualism. He came, I remember, to lunch with my mother one day when I was present and would talk of nothing else. "Julia," he alluded to as if she were someone actually alive; there was no question as to his unbounded faith.

Mr. Stead had a very striking face, which much reminded me of certain of the old Scripture characters pictured by Blake.

One of the most remarkable productions with which he was connected was the "Review of Reviews," which under his direction was sometimes of absorbing interest.

What this clever journalist would have thought of the Great World War, which his death in the *Titanic* prevented him from seeing, it is difficult to say.

His humanitarian tendencies would have been sorely lacerated, but his patriotism, which was very real, would probably have made him approve of England's action in entering upon the war.

The Victorian Era saw the birth of a number of comic papers, of which our old friend "Mr. Punch" now alone survives—"Fun," "Judy," "Pick-me-up," and some others having long joined the great majority.

The editor of "Judy" in its palmy days was Charles Ross, who, with his wife, contributed a number of drawings representing, among other humorous subjects, "Ally Sloper," a well-known humorous character who was created about 1867; his adventures with "Ikey Mo" were often very amusing.

So popular did "Ally Sloper" become that a paper bearing his name was brought out in 1884. At first Mr. W. G. Baxter was employed to illustrate the adventures of the hero, but later on Mr. W. F. Thomas took up the task and furnished sketches of "Ally," his friends and family, for more than twenty years.

During this time it is said a great number of people came to believe that "Sloper" was actually a living person.

In order to test this the staff on one occasion announced that "Ally" was ill, and put up bulletins signed by a doctor outside the office in Shoe Lane. The result was a number of sympathetic callers, while many inquiries were made as to whether "Mr. Sloper" was any better that day?

After "Ally Sloper" had recovered, an "Ally Sloper Museum" was opened at Shoe Lane, where could be seen the famous hat, umbrella, and whisky bottle, together with a number of miscellaneous articles and curios, associated with the popular favourite.

In 1904 the paper changed hands. It has I believe recently been revived after having ceased to appear for fourteen years.

The decrepitude which finally overcame "Judy" and "Fun" never seems to have affected "Punch," which under the cultured and judicious guidance of Sir Owen Seaman seems indeed to have found the secret of perpetual youth.

In the eighties, however, "Mr. Punch" may be said to have suffered from a slight attack of "anæmia," the editorship of the late Sir F. C. Burnand not having been conspicuously successful—a rather extraordinary thing, for the latter, who was generally recognized as a witty and amusing man, besides doing a good deal of light work for the stage, had been a prolific writer of amusing books. "Happy Thoughts" and "More Happy Thoughts" achieved great success in their day, but as editor of "Punch," in spite of his undoubted ability, Burnand never succeeded in making that lively weekly so popular as it has since become.

"You have no idea of the number of good things people send me," said he one day to W. S. Gilbert.

"Why not put some of them in, then?" was the latter's cutting retort.

At that period indeed "Punch" had begun to be rather dull. Burnand's burlesques of plays and novels, though amusing enough, being rather too long and not altogether to the taste of a number of readers.

The secret of humorously interpreting the events and sentiments of the passing hour has probably never been more effectually attained than by the present editor, who has not only maintained the best traditions of England's one comic paper, but increased its circulation beyond any figure which could have been dreamt of thirty or forty years ago.

Another Victorian weekly which may be said to have renewed its youth is the "Saturday Review." This was founded in 1855 as an Independent Conservative organ by Mr. Alexander Beresford Hope, the youngest of three sons of Mr. Thomas Hope, of the famous banking family of Dutch extraction. The first editor was John Douglas Cook, who, having plenty of capital at his command, got together a talented staff, which included the still surviving Lord Morley, the late Lord Salisbury, Henry Maine, Goldwin Smith, Fitz James Stephen, and Sir William Harcourt. According to Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Lord Clarendon," when Sir William wanted to marry Miss Lister, this nobleman's niece, the Earl forced him to sign an undertaking to have nothing more to do with the "Saturday Review," otherwise the marriage should not take place. Sir William, who was very much in love, appears to have agreed to this condition, which was the more monstrous as Miss Lister's younger sister had married Algernon Borthwick, afterwards Lord Glenesk, who was connected with the "Morning Post," notoriously an ultra-Conservative organ, the principles of which must have been far more repel-

lent to a Whig like Lord Clarendon than those of the more moderate "Saturday." The real reason, however, appears to have been the bitter attacks of the latter upon the Crimean policy of the Whig Government, which Lord Clarendon was anxious to defend. In its early days the "Saturday" was trenchant and not infrequently fierce in some of its articles which dealt with men and things.

Quite a sensation, for instance, was created by the onslaught of Mrs. Lynn Linton upon "The Girl of the Period," a young lady whose successors have since come in for further torrents of abuse.

Though in view of modern developments of feminine frivolity Mrs. Linton appears to have been somewhat unduly severe, she was a tower of strength to the "Saturday," her contributions to which were eagerly read. The paper soon secured a strong hold upon the intelligent public of that day, and became recognized, as Matthew Arnold put it, "as a newspaper aiming at being an organ of reason." Its considerable influence, it should be added, was on the whole exercised for good.

Whether the "Saturday" paid at this time was another question. Its proprietor, in any case, was probably indifferent to such a consideration—Mr. Beresford Hope, an enthusiastic High Churchman, fond of ecclesiasticism and archæology, being a wealthy man, who, as an editor of later years remarked, paid for the production of the paper as he would have done for the painting of a glass window in his parish church. Douglas Cook died in 1868 and Mr. Beresford Hope in 1887—the editors between 1868 and 1894 being Mr. Philip Harwood and Mr. Walter Pollock. In the latter year, however, Mr. Lewis Edmunds, K.C., who had acquired the paper, sold it to Mr. Frank Harris, who for four years occupied the editorial chair.

The latter, though he had a fine literary style of his own, was temperamentally unfitted to edit such a paper as the " Saturday," nevertheless he, to some extent, revived its former prestige. In 1897, on the occasion of the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, this editor published a very noteworthy article warning England against the military designs of Germany, and besides the trenchant productions of his own pen, he gathered together a very remarkable staff.

Bernard Shaw was first musical and afterwards dramatic critic, while Max Beerbohm, Harold Frederick, Will Rothenstein, and Arthur Baumann, the last editor but one, were among a highly talented band of contributors.

Though Frank Harris made a success of the paper both from a literary and financial point of view, he eventually sold his shares after four years to the late Lord Hardwicke, and the latter, in 1898, having interested a number of his friends in the " Saturday," confided the editorship to Mr. Harold Hodge.

The latter, who was an ardent High Churchman with a leaning towards socialistic philanthropy, seems to have had an idea of reviving the Beresford Hope tradition, but the High Church party failed to respond. Beyond his partiality for ecclesiasticism he was a good editor, who wrote well himself and knew where to find others who did the same.

Mr. Max Beerbohm remained on the staff, Mr. Runciman was a most effective musical critic, while Professor Selwyn Image, Mr. Hewins, Mr. MacColl, and the present editor, Mr. Filson Young, furnished a number of well-written and brilliant articles.

On Lord Hardwicke's death in 1904, the " Saturday " was purchased by the Hon. Sir William Gervase Beckett, who, on the retirement of Mr. Hodge in 1913, himself assumed the editorship, being assisted by Mr.

G. A. B. Dewar. This arrangement lasted till 1916, when Mr. Arthur Baumann, an old Balliol man and ex-Tory Member of Parliament, having acquired a number of shares, assumed the direction of the paper which shortly afterwards passed entirely into his own hands, in which it remained till 1921, in which year a well-known financier purchased the "Saturday" to which Mr. Filson Young returned as occupant of the editorial chair.

Both Sir William Gervase Beckett and Mr. Baumann were men of wide interests and high intellectual ability; the former, however, was handicapped by being a Member of Parliament, by his connexion with banking, and later by military duties entailed by the Great War.

Mr. Baumann, who in addition to being a clever man of the world was a scholar of extraordinary brilliancy, and had taken honours at Oxford, had entered upon the editorship at a most difficult time; nevertheless, he made a gallant fight to maintain the high tradition of the "Saturday," for which he did much good work.

When in 1921 the paper was acquired by the well-known Canadian financier mentioned above, fears were expressed lest the style and tone of the paper should undergo a complete change in a direction far removed from that contemplated by the founder. Such anticipations, however, have been entirely falsified, the "Saturday" being now carried on in consonance with the best traditions of its past.

The new editor, Mr. Filson Young, the brilliant author of a number of books and an exceptionally fine writer of English with a clear and lucid style of his own, well understood the kind of articles suitable to the columns of the "Saturday," to which in the past he himself had been a most valuable contributor.

Besides getting together a staff of highly capable writers he has brought the paper into close touch with the intellectual side of modern life. Rightly judging that a paper like the "Saturday" should reflect the best English thought of the day, he has been ready and eager to learn the opinions of people of widely differing views. It was with this end in view that he inaugurated the series of "dinner parties" at which have been entertained so many men of note.

The catholicity of the editor's taste in this direction may be gauged from a list of the guests who have partaken of his hospitality, including, as it does, Lords Younger, Salisbury, Haldane, Buckmaster, and Birkenhead, Dean Inge and the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, Sir John Lavery and Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Sir Lenthal Cheatle, and a number of other people well known in the world of politics, literature, science, and art.

The agreeable and interesting gatherings in question, it may be added, usually take place at the St. James' Club, of which curiously enough the last three editors of the "Saturday" have been members.

The St. James' in the past was connected with another literary venture which for a time created quite a sensation by the brilliancy with which it was written. This was the "Owl," two of the principal contributors to which were Mr. Algernon Borthwick (afterwards Lord Glenesk) and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, both of whom were members.

The paper in question, like many successful modern enterprises, had its beginnings in a dinner which three friends interested in social and political life ate after they had made a trip to the Crystal Palace in 1864. That evening, as it happened, they were full of bright talk, repartee, and pointed criticism of passing events. Indeed, so many good things (it seemed to them) were

said that they declared it would be a sacrifice of wit and humour to hide them for ever under a bushel.

"Why not put them in the 'Morning Post?"' asked Evelyn Ashley.

"Impossible," replied Algernon Borthwick, who was that paper's editor.

"Then let us print something on our own account," said James Stuart Wortley.

The idea was carried out, and thus came into existence the "Owl." The first number appeared on a single sheet, and consisted of a few smart political sayings, squibs in verse, and general chit-chat. It was published in a little insignificant shop in Catherine Street at the prohibitive price of sixpence, the object of the promoters really being to sell as few copies to the general public as possible. Accordingly it was sent privately, in the first instance, to a number of persons whose names were on the visiting list of a well-known leader of London Society. To the great amusement and satisfaction of the authors, the "Owl" was the topic of conversation throughout West End drawing-rooms on the night of its first issue. When the second number appeared, Catherine Street was thronged with carriages full of people from Mayfair, who came to buy this "new thing" in journalism with an avidity which fairly surprised its originators, who were at first quite amazed at the result of their idea.

Perceiving that the success of their venture was assured, they decided to enlarge its scope. The circle of contributors to the "Owl" was increased, and men of all shades of political opinion joined the staff, of which Mr. Laurence Oliphant became a leading spirit. A dinner was started every Monday, at which the "Owl" letter-box was opened, and its contents read aloud by Mr. Borthwick, contributions

being criticized, condemned, altered, amended, or rejected by those present. Very soon the paper became a financial success. Money poured in, and the staff spent it royally in entertaining and giving presents to ladies. There was no certainty about the publication of the paper. If the writers wanted to go anywhere, they went, and the "Owl" did not appear. The public took it all as a piece of aristocratic literary eccentricity, and were delighted to buy it whenever it appeared. The political news was of the best description. Indeed "The Times" was glad to reproduce its first page of intelligence, which was picked up by men moving in the highest political circles, intimately acquainted with the lights and shades of diplomacy and Parliamentary life. Such was the "Owl," the political plaything of a small but cultivated clique of men of the world, and the origin of a number of so-called Society papers which intermittently flourished for years after the publication which had furnished the original idea had ceased to exist.

Perhaps the nearest approach to the "Owl" in after years was "Vanity Fair." In its early days the weekly in question, in addition to containing notes and articles written by people who really were in Society, had the advantage of containing clever caricatures of celebrities done at first by Carlo Pellegrini ("Ape") and afterwards by Sir Leslie Ward ("Spy"), the clever artist who survived up to a short while ago. For some time, however, before the latter's death "Vanity Fair," like other papers of a somewhat similar kind, having fallen out of favour with the new generation, had ceased to appear.

The disappearance of the so-called Society paper is probably due to the wider outlook of readers of the present age, in addition to which anyone who wishes

can now learn the doings of fashionable Society by reading a special column in the Daily Press.

Of all the Society weeklies which were popular at the end of the last century, "Truth" now alone survives, and, what is more, flourishes, remaining as bright and lively as it was when it had to keep pace with a number of cleverly written rivals, all of which have passed away.

One of the most amusing of these was the somewhat scandalous little "Hawk," which more than once got itself into trouble.

Written in a cynical and outspoken style it sometimes made amazing attacks.

A certain lady, well known in Society, having joined the Roman Catholic Church, the "Hawk" came out with a series of small cartoons supposed to depict her "first confession."

The first scenes showed the priest growing more and more horrified at the revelations poured into his ear, till at the end of the series he had fallen over with his confessional box and lay in a state of collapse!

One of the successors of the "Owl," the "Queen's Messenger," got into trouble in 1869, but in 1874 appeared the "World," conducted by Edmund Yates as a journal for men and women. "Truth," which still flourishes, first came out in 1877, after which a number of publications purporting to be written by persons in Society were to be found on railway bookstalls, from which practically all have now long disappeared.

It was the brains and original personality of Mr. Labouchere which ensured the immediate success of "Truth," which the aristocracy abused and eagerly read, its social information being remarkably correct. This, it may be added, was not owing to the personal efforts of the paper's proprietor—Mr. Labouchere, though

his birth and education gave him the entry into the best Society, being seldom, if ever, seen in it. This was partly by preference, and partly by necessity, for the very revolutionary views which he liked professing had brought him into very bad odour with the hostesses of Mayfair.

Nevertheless, every one liked to hear of his latest joke, while the very name of the " Christian member for Northampton," as he called himself, in contradistinction to his colleague Bradlaugh, might be relied upon to raise an appreciative laugh on any stage or platform whenever anyone mentioned it.

Mr. Labouchere had quite a number of queer ways and habits. For some reason or other he could never find any set of false teeth which did not cause discomfort. Owing to this, when he was alone in his study he would take out his *ratelier* and lay it on the ground. " Take care," he would say when anyone called, "don't tread on my false teeth," and move them on one side.

After his death he was found to have possessed no less than one hundred and twenty sets. They constituted quite an important item at the sale of his effects.

A feature of " Truth " up to recent years was a column or two devoted to " The Letters from the Linkman," signed " Marmaduke," otherwise the late Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, who, originally a man about town, had become a writer, and developed an agreeable style.

In his latter years at least Mr. Jerningham may be said to have acted as a link between the West End and the London Press.

Originally intended for the Guards, his first efforts in journalism were made in " Vanity Fair " in the days when that periodical had been started by the late

Mr. Gibson Bowles and achieved a great success. In the course of time, however, he migrated to "Truth," in connexion with which as a chronicler of social doings he became widely known.

The information he gave was generally correct, his English was good, while all that he wrote was kindly and always devoid of bad taste—altogether, considering the long period of time these letters appeared, "Marmaduke's" connexion with "Truth" was worthy of admiration.

Though a perusal of the letters of "Marmaduke" led one to believe that he mingled much with Society and took part in all the gaieties of West End life, their writer in his latter years at least very rarely saw anything of the fashionable world, never went to a theatre, and never dined out. During the last twenty years of his life I remember seeing him in evening dress but two or three times.

As a matter of fact he had got into a habit of dining early at home and going to bed at nine. At the same time he did his best not to lose touch with the social world, for he came to his club every day, knew a number of people, and kept his ears open, besides having a considerable *flair* for interesting news.

Nevertheless, though the Press regarded him as an oracle on the ways of Society in the West End, he was rather behind the times as to its ideas and doings, perpetually harking back to the seventies and eighties, when he had been a smart young man about town, a frequenter of the old Gaiety, and a welcome guest in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair.

As the younger son of an ancient Catholic family, he had had the entrée to London Society, at that time an exclusive circle requiring credentials not asked for to-day.

About the first thing I remember hearing about this

kindly, vivacious and original personality was that after a luncheon party at my mother's, when the ladies had left the room, a cousin of mine had only been prevented from throwing Mr. Jerningham out of the window by the combined efforts of the other guests.

This was owing to the latter's chaff, which my cousin, a wild fighting subaltern of the old-fashioned sort, had taken much amiss. However, they were good friends afterwards.

Mr. Jerningham at various times made collections of prints of the London parks, of old English glass, and of many other things connected with the social life of the eighteenth century.

The glass in question is now at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the prints of the parks were presented by their owner to this or some similar institution.

Mr. Jerningham was quite an authority on the latter subject, and possessed a number of curious old passes and keys which in a former age had been issued to privileged people.

He spent a good deal of his time hunting all over London and its suburbs for curiosities, and sometimes made quite valuable finds. Among these was a French coloured print of the eighteenth century, which he bought for five shillings and sold after it had been cleaned for twelve pounds, a sum which is a good deal below what it would fetch to-day.

He was an explorer in several minor fields of collecting, such as Pinchbeck jewellery and old watch stands, and though he was rather apt to call his geese swans, certainly got together a number of interesting things.

In spite of a love of chaff, Mr. Jerningham was an excellent fellow, who would take any amount of trouble for a friend. In an imperfect world, indeed

his efforts in this direction had sometimes been rewarded with gross ingratitude, which a little soured him in his later years.

I remember how a wealthy friend of "Marmaduke," having sustained serious losses in the City, became quite reckless and went to the Continent, leaving a number of debts behind him which, though not enormous—about £1,000—would, unless looked to, have produced bankruptcy and ruin.

Mr. Jerningham, hearing of this, went round to friends and, in spite of many rebuffs, actually succeeded in collecting the required sum, with which everything was settled.

In the course of time, the individual he had saved returned and, to his surprise, found himself free from his debt.

Jauntily entering the club to which he and "Marmaduke" belonged, he nodded to the latter and went upstairs to lunch—nothing more.

Convulsed with rage at this ingratitude, Mr. Jerningham, who had saved him, sat down and wrote off eight pages, telling the ungrateful one what he thought of his behaviour.

The next day, while sitting in another club, a servant told me Mr. Jerningham had called. The latter was in an agitated state, the recipient of his letter having, he said, sent back word that he would kill him. Whether the latter, who was hot-tempered, really meant violence, I do not know, but the man was certainly in a great rage, and poor "Marmaduke" had to lie very low for some days till mutual friends effected a reconciliation.

Gifted with a bright and observant mind, there is no doubt but that Mr. Jerningham could have written volumes of social sketches which would have been of permanent value—but he was lazy and, directly the

immediate need for endeavour had passed, showed great disinclination to exert himself.

I had good reason to know this when we agreed to write a book together, nevertheless I must say he furnished me with a quantity of excellent material which largely conduced to the success of the volume.

As for actually writing any part of it himself, however, that was out of the question, and I soon abandoned all attempts to get him to do so. In common justice to my collaborator, however, I thought he ought to read through the proofs, so after I had received them, sent him on a copy.

At first "Marmaduke" was evasive as to letting me know if he approved of what had been written, but later on I realized that he was not reading one line of my MS.

At last, after I had entreated him to take at least a glance at the completed volume before it went to press, he returned the proofs with a letter, which ran much as follows :—

My dear Ralph,—

I have been too unwell and too busy to revise the proofs you sent me, but my washerwoman, who kindly consented to go through them, tells me that, in addition to the construction being faulty and the whole book very dull, it is distinctly vulgar.

I need not tell you how mortified I feel that my name, which for so many years has been associated with decent writing, should appear in conjunction with such stuff. I have, however, made my bed and so I must lie upon it, but I cannot say how deeply I regret having embarked upon anything of such an unsatisfactory kind.

Yours,

C. E. J.

Far from my being annoyed, this letter made me laugh. I condoled with "Marmaduke," who soon softened after he had found the book proving a success.

This was the only way to take him. At heart, he was the best natured of men, but he had a queer tendency to adopt wrong-headed views, which landed him in many needless squabbles.

A good friend and a bright and vivacious companion, his death was a real loss to those who liked and understood him.

Curiously enough, though according to his own account he was for years assailed by various more or less fatal maladies, his death came through a drive taken in a thick fog, which literally choked him. He loved London, but London caused his end!

As a young man Mr. Jerningham had for a time shared rooms with Mr. W. H. Mallock, a political philosopher and writer, who died in April, 1923.

Together with a friend the two once went to Monte Carlo, where they took turns in playing a system which, as is almost always the case, entirely failed to justify expectations.

Mr. Mallock, who was a grandson of Archdeacon Froude and a nephew of the historian, was really a serious-minded man who at Oxford had won the Newdigate with a poem on the Isthmus of Suez. Unlike most Balliol men, however, he had no admiration for either the teaching or personality of his tutor, Dr. Jowett.

Not very long after he had come to London, Mr. Mallock created something of a sensation with "The New Republic," a book describing a country house party largely consisting of well-known people somewhat thinly disguised. Under various names, Jowett, Pater, Ruskin, Huxley, Tyndall, and other celebrities were made to discuss various moral and religious

problems, the whole volume constituting a brilliant satire upon the best thinkers of the day.

I well remember Mr. Mallock coming to my mother's luncheon parties in Charles Street—at that time he was quite a social lion in Mayfair.

My mother sent "The New Republic" to Lord Beaconsfield, who after having read it lost the book for quite a long time, and then sent it back with a letter expressing his appreciation of the author's talent. I have the volume with the letter pasted in it now.

Mr. Mallock, who was something of a poet, wrote a pretty epitaph on one of my mother's pet dogs, which appeared in a volume of his verse. "Is Life Worth Living?" was another of this writer's books, which, becoming widely known, incidentally formed the subject of music-hall songs and gave rise to many jokes on the lighter stage. Socially, Mr. Mallock, though at times brilliant, was not particularly popular.

Contrary to the anticipations of many who predicted a brilliant literary future for this writer, his subsequent efforts, though always cleverly written, fell rather flat.

A philosophic Conservative and bitter opponent of Socialism, his writings were too serious in tone for modern readers. His chief claim to fame may be said to have been the clever way in which he contrived to catch the spirit of the seventies. "The New Republic" is indeed a valuable document of a period which from an intellectual point of view is to-day almost as far distant as is the jolly unrestricted England of the days of George the Third.

IV

SOME GREAT JOURNALISTS OF MODERN DAYS

I REMEMBER quite a number of the older school of London journalists who have now long disappeared—George Augustus Sala, who in his day was one of the principal lights of the "Daily Telegraph," occasionally came to lunch at my mother's, where he made himself agreeable enough. His rubicund countenance was made familiar to a past generation by thumbnail sketches and caricatures, which appeared in the Press, G.A.S., as he was facetiously called, and his doings being always good for a certain amount of copy. In addition to a reputation as a facile and voluminous writer, Mr. Sala was known as a gastronomist whose opinions as regards food and feeding were always worth having. In some of his many readable articles about Paris, he used to deal very agreeably and wisely with the restaurants of his day, indicate dishes for which certain of them were justly renowned, and recommend the proper wines by which they should be washed down.

As he had a very red nose, captious people were inclined to think he drank too much of the latter, which was far from having been the case.

At a Bohemian club Mr. Sala once told a friend that he had been brought up solely on milk, to which the latter, with a glance at the speaker's rubicund countenance, retorted, "'Ma Sala,' I suppose?"

Mr. Sala knew a great deal about life in Paris, in which city, I believe, he had passed his early years; he was an authority on a good many things besides being well up in modern European history. Nevertheless, "Sala's Journal," a weekly paper, of the success of which he had great hopes, proved a failure. The truth was that the generation which had regarded its editor as an authority, had practically passed away, and, not being in touch with its successor, his last years were clouded by disappointment, not to say misfortune, which a long life of arduous journalistic toil did not deserve.

Willie Wilde (a brother of Oscar) was a clever journalist who, had he been less careless and less Bohemian in his habits, might have achieved considerable success. As it was, a number of the articles which he wrote for the "Daily Telegraph" were little short of brilliant, while as a talker few could equal him. He was, however, his own enemy, and could not resist the attractions of the moment or settle down long to regular work—in truth, though not very old in years, he belonged to the now almost extinct school of journalists which, taking "sufficient is the day for the evil thereof" as their motto, never gave a thought to the future (or to anything else) if they happened to have a few pounds in their pockets.

When I was attached to the Shah Nasr-ed-Din during his visit to England in 1889 I saw a good many journalists, one of the most energetic of whom was the late Mr. Bennet Burleigh, whose special line had been acting as a war correspondent in a number of the "little wars" waged during Queen Victoria's reign.

The majority of the journalists of that era could hardly have been called such educated men as are their successors of to-day.

Journalism was then rather a " Blind Alley " profession into which men who were constitutionally unfitted for regular work somehow managed to drift. There were of course exceptions, but on the whole newspaper men enjoyed nothing like the social status which they have since rightly attained.

In Society, which with occasional sincerity then professed an intense dislike for seeing its doings chronicled in the papers, there was a strong prejudice against journalists and indeed against writers of any kind as being persons likely to take notes of what they saw and heard, and get paid for sending them to some rag or other ! The prejudice of course did not extend to well-known literary people or to Editors of London Dailies. The latter indeed were supposed to possess considerably more power than they really had.

Though a few received good salaries, in the case of a number of newspapers the staff was not too well paid.

The methods adopted by the late Lord Northcliffe undoubtedly altered things for the better in this respect, while within the last twenty years or so the status of journalists has been considerably raised.

The character of newspapers has also changed, London journalism in particular having been profoundly affected by the coming of what has become known as the Northcliffe Press.

For most of the present generation of Londoners it is difficult to realize that papers such as the " Daily Mail " and the " Daily Express " are of comparatively modern origin, the form of journalism in question having been entirely the creation of the late Lord Northcliffe, who thirty years ago or so was alone in divining that an entirely new class of readers had come into existence owing to the effects of the Education Act of 1870. This had an enormous influence in

moulding the minds of the proletariat, many of whom had formerly had little opportunity of learning to read and write.

The Harmsworth newspapers and magazines soon achieved a widespread popularity.

Discussing the merits of various London papers with the late Mr. Harry Cust one day in the nineties, the latter said to me, " There's a new little paper I should advise you to have a look at—it's called the ' Daily Mail ' and is very light and vivacious."

Before long the paper in question had taken its place among the great Dailies, and gradually people began to speak of its founder—a wonderful young man called " Harmsworth."

In due course some one introduced me to him, and I went to stay at Sutton Place, near Guildford, which he had put into good repair and decorated with discriminating taste.

The fine old house, filled with appropriate furniture, was delightful, while the host, who retained a certain boyish vivacity which had much charm, made all his guests feel thoroughly at home.

We were a jolly party, and after an admirable dinner, having adjourned to the Great Hall, Father Dolling, who was one of the guests, proceeded to display his powers as a mesmerist, his experiments on myself, which evoked roars of laughter, being entirely unsuccessful. In the case of one or two others, however, he did produce some sort of result.

The " Good Father," as Alfred Harmsworth called him, had carried on philanthropic work at Portsmouth, where the strenuous nature of his labours had gained the whole-hearted admiration of our host at the time he was seeking to represent that town in Parliament. Father Dolling, though a very earnest divine, had a reputation for being bright and amusing at social

gatherings, and he would smoke his cigar after dinner like any frivolous layman.

Though obviously in poor health, he was in high spirits that evening, which happened to be very warm —so much so indeed that, being thirsty, I kept running off to a tray of bottles and filling my glass with soda-water.

After two or three of these excursions I perceived that Father Dolling was eyeing me with growing disapproval, and at last, having drawn me aside and laid his hand on my shoulder, he said in a low voice :

" Give it up, young man, and change your habits— it is terrible to see the way you are going ! "

" Perhaps," I rejoined, showing him my glass, " you would prefer me to drink brandy ? "—upon which every one roared with laughter, which I must say he took very well.

Alfred Harmsworth achieved his extraordinary success mainly by confidence and concentration. As a youth he was animated by a buoyancy which nothing could quell.

I remember an old school friend of his told me that, coming down from Hampstead with young Harmsworth on a bus, the latter, who had only his return fare and sixpence in his pocket, on reaching the Strand spent the sixpence on a buttonhole and went off as gay as a lark.

In later years, while staying with Lord Northcliffe, I happened to say that it must be very difficult to make a fortune.

" Not difficult at all," said he. " Anyone can make money if they really set their mind upon doing so : it is merely a question of concentration."

Though as his interests grew greater the proprietor of the " Daily Mail " and " Times " had little leisure for social relaxation, I continued to see him at intervals.

I paid other visits to Sutton Place, and from time to time we met in London, on the Riviera, and at my mother's house in Charles Street, where he often came. My mother and he had become great friends, she having been much attracted by the essentially modern young man, whose cleverness she admired, and he by her original cast of mind and her memories of long-vanished people and things.

He frequently wrote to her when he was abroad—the following, which she received just after the publication of her volume of Reminiscences, "Under Five Reigns," in 1910, is of considerable interest as showing how thoroughly Lord Northcliffe had studied the age which had preceded his own:—

Hôtel Ritz,
Place Vendôme,
Paris.

My dear Lady Dorothy,—

You must not think it wrong of me to send you a printed letter like this. I am not writing very much at present, and if I had to wait until I could use my pen, it would be a long time ere I could reply to your delightful letter of the 10th September.

Your letter amused me vastly, and you might tell Ralph that it caused me to at once send out to Galignani's to get your book. I am not at all sure, after reading through this, that it is not the best of the books.

If you will allow the humble opinion of a diligent student of back numbers of newspapers (which I have had to do in order to learn my trade), may I say that I do not believe the world changes very much.

As to the morals of the Mid-Victorian Period, read the "Times" of that period, and the Law Court Reports thereof!!

As to vast changes in Society, are they not merely a little more obvious? If one reads the files of the "Morning Post" and "Times" during the forties, or the lists of guests at the great parties, I do not believe there is a great difference in the class of people that go to them. Certainly at the parties given in 1849, and for some years afterwards, one-half the people seem to have been railway promoters, and our august Victoria herself was a guest of Mr. Hudson.

As for stock-jobbing, I do not think Society ever had so much to do with it before or since, and, as far as I can gather, the thing lasted for about ten years—till they had all burned their fingers. It was a passing phase, similar to the phase that followed the South African boom. Now there is practically no Society stock-jobbing, I understand, much to the gloom of the stockbrokers.

What have increased are fishing, shooting, and hunting. I was fishing in Scotland lately, and the chief Scotch fishing agent told me that the "idle rich" now fish rivers that were never thought worth touching years ago—that fishing has increased a hundredfold in a hundred years. The amount of game shot in the three Kingdoms each year is fifteen times what it was in 1860. Hunting, owing to the growth of railways, has also vastly increased.

The whole thing is a little like what the people call the "old-fashioned Christmas"—quite a new invention, which came in with Washington Irving and was rehashed by Dickens. If you read eighteenth century memoirs, you will find that Christmas Day was rarely celebrated. Going farther back, you will find that Pepys just touched on it.

Your previous book seems to have given pleasure all over the world, for I heard of it when I was on the other side of the Atlantic. I hope this will not be the last.

It was a great disappointment to me not to lead you to my dinner table at Sutton Place this year. Perhaps you will honour us by breaking bread in Samuel Rogers' dining-room soon.

I read you every night, and have now got as far as your reminiscences of Lord Lytton, page 244. His letters about the Parnell Commission and the "Times" explain much that happened before and since in the history of that journal, which has now emerged from its difficulties.

If my papers have not dealt with your book fully, I will see to the matter on hearing from Ralph.

Yours respectful and affectionate
(Sgd.) NORTHCLIFFE
November 5th

For a time Lord Northcliffe lived in Berkeley Square, next door to Lord Rosebery, in a moderate-sized house, which he afterwards left to go and live in Cleveland Row, under the same roof which had once sheltered the banker-poet Samuel Rogers.

The Napoleon of the London Press was inclined to suffer from his nerves and nocturnal noises were apt to disturb his sleep.

During the period of his residence in Berkeley Square he complained bitterly of the noise made by carts and vans which were driven at a great pace past his house at night.

With a view to the abatement of the nuisance he finally made representations to the authorities. It was then discovered that the disturbance of which Lord Northcliffe had complained was caused by carts carrying the "Daily Mail" speeding from the office of that paper to Paddington Station, the road through Berkeley Square being a quick and favourite route with the drivers.

Living not far away, Lord Northcliffe would often come to Charles Street to see my mother, and very bright and boyish he used to be on such visits, running up the stairs and greeting her in an affectionate manner, while often full of chaff and fun.

She who had passed her early years with people who for the most part had been born in the eighteenth century got on extremely well with this ultra-modern newspaper proprietor who seemed able to put away the business side of his nature in social relations with people of whom he was fond.

Nevertheless, most of his life was passed doing very hard work. Highly industrious and efficient himself, he would not tolerate idleness or inefficiency in others —a great part of his success no doubt arose from his aptitude in choosing the right men.

If he deemed a young fellow worthy of notice he never hesitated for a second in giving him a good post.

At Carmelite House, indeed, anyone who furnished copy of a kind likely to attract readers might be sure of rapid promotion, but an equally rapid degradation or even dismissal was sure to be his fate did his work begin to show signs of falling off.

This habit of singling out promising men and placing them in a position of responsibility was well known to the journalistic worlds of England and the United States.

A visitor from the latter country being shown over the "Daily Mail" office by its chief, was observed by the latter ceremoniously to take off his hat to the lift-man.

"Why did you do that?" inquired Lord Northcliffe.

"One never knows," was the reply; "he may be one of your editors next!"

In certain of his Lieutenants, however, Lord North-

cliffe reposed unwavering trust—notably in Mr. Thomas Marlowe, whose transcendent ability, strong character, and many sterling qualities he was much too clever a man not to value at their proper worth.

A great part of Lord Northcliffe's success was no doubt due to a faculty for getting clever people to work with him; in this, as in some minor characteristics, he resembled Napoleon.

Lord Northcliffe cared little for fashionable Society, while club life, for which he was too busy a man, appealed to him not at all. At the time of his death, I believe that the only club to which he belonged was the Beefsteak; but he had not been to it for several years. Formerly, however, I used to meet him occasionally at dinner there. He presented an old ring connected with the "Sublime Society of Beefsteaks" to the club, and showed his interest in it in other ways.

During a certain period of his life, Lord Northcliffe had been a member of the Carlton; but when one of his papers entered into a somewhat acrimonious controversy with the War Office, and with Lord Lansdowne, the proprietor removed his name from the members list.

The last time I had a talk with Lord Northcliffe was at Elmwood, just before the operation which he underwent previous to his voyage abroad.

He asked me to come for a stroll in his garden, musical with the singing of the birds he loved to attract, and spoke seriously of his health.

"I don't think," said he, "I have long to live, but I am in strict training for my operation, which I hope may turn out satisfactorily." "How old are you?" and he told me his own age.

"Bah!" said I, "what nonsense; why, I am nearly a year older than you are. What you want is to be

taken out of yourself; you've had too much work and not enough play!"

He talked to me of many subjects—at that time his principal interest appeared to be "The Times," which he told me was going wonderfully well.

According to his wont, he inquired what I thought of it, and whether I had any suggestions to make?

"I should give less prominence to ridiculous letters from ecclesiastics and social reformers," said I with recollections of long and tedious epistles.

"I rather think you are right," was Lord Northcliffe's reply; "they get too much big print."

We returned to the house, and having taken me into the moderate-sized dining-room he said, "I should like to know if this wallpaper (green as far as I can remember) affects your eyes—I sometimes think it hurts mine."

I told him such an idea was all moonshine; but he was evidently nervous and full of notions, and I don't fancy he attached any importance to what anyone said except himself.

Throughout that afternoon he was most genial, and, after having had some tea, I said good-bye and drove away.

Only once again did I set eyes upon him—through the half-open door of a cabin on a Channel steamer when I saw him lying apparently in a semi-comatose state with a nurse in attendance.

A tragic fate, that of this Napoleon of the Press, cut off practically in his prime with everything material which mortals value at his command!

Though in certain circles it was the fashion to abuse the Harmsworth Press and its founder, in the long run he probably did a great deal more good than harm—anyhow his unostentatious acts of personal generosity relieved much sorrow and suffering.

Lord Northcliffe has sometimes been represented as a tyrant eaten up with ideas of his own power. Such was not the case. This clever, energetic and astute man was certainly a dictator in his own line, but on the other hand he was a slave—for in his latter years at least, he was entirely dominated by the vast journalistic enterprises which he had founded and which were never out of his mind.

My advice to him was sound: he needed "more play."

The late Mr. Kennedy Jones, another great journalist, who was associated with Lord Northcliffe in some of his most successful enterprises, was a man of a totally different kind.

I met him first through a mutual friend, and was at once attracted and amused by his frank outspoken way, and by the enormous confidence which he had in his powers. Oddly enough, he and Lord Northcliffe, both of whom had attained prosperity only by strenuous work, were always most charming to me, notwithstanding that I was more or less of an idler, who while they had been slaving to make their way in life, had sauntered through Eton and Cambridge, and as a young man had enjoyed most of the pleasures which a sufficient competence, carelessly administered, could afford.

I think they realized that, lounger as I appeared to be, I had never lost an opportunity of acquiring knowledge, was interested in everything, and, though it sounds conceited to say so, had a wide outlook upon the whole absorbing drama of human existence.

Anyhow, with Kennedy Jones—a rough diamond in his way, and one whose early years, as he would sometimes boast, had been passed in queer places—I was just as much at home as with my friends from Piccadilly. We saw a fair amount of each other, and

on one occasion he wanted me to accompany him on a tour on the Continent.

He had a great sense of humour, and could be a most amusing companion.

Though nominally a Conservative, Kennedy Jones had very definite ideas as to the sovereignty of the people, while adopting a somewhat cynical attitude towards the pretensions of the aristocracy, as to whose efficiency in politics and in business he was apt to be sceptical. At the same time, he was ready to admit that a number of people belonging to it had rendered services to England in the past, and that its members were no worse than other classes of the population which now, owing to various causes, were gaining control of political power.

Journalism he believed was destined to do great things in the modern world; as a matter of fact he was inclined to form too high an estimate of its influence with the masses.

Nevertheless, he was not given to indulging in high-flown phrases as to the mission of the Press, which one would rather have inferred from his conversation was primarily an industrial concern devised to attract the largest possible number of readers and to make money.

"We sell a new kind of cocoa every day," he once said to me, "and must watch what sort the public likes best." There is no doubt but that he was very astute at observing journalistic features which were likely to be popular, and equally astute at dropping any subject which, judged by a fall in circulation, was not in accordance with readers' tastes.

Kennedy Jones was an adept in the modern newspaper trick of getting up a campaign to demand something which he knew beforehand was certain to be done.

Some one connected with a newspaper obtains reliable information that a Reform of some kind or other is shortly going to be carried out, upon which a violent Press campaign is inaugurated, calling out for the reform in question and fiercely denouncing a number of people supposed to be opposed to it.

The excitement having been cleverly worked up, a torrent of letters one way or the other appears, while announcements that the Reform in question will or will not be carried out stirs readers up to fever point.

Eventually the Reform is brought about, according to the newspaper, entirely owing to the campaign which has been carried on in its columns. Whether readers believe this or not matters little, for in any case they are left with the impression that the paper in question is powerful enough to "get things done." Numberless are the stunts of this kind which have been played upon a careless and indulgent public.

Kennedy Jones no doubt was responsible for having inaugurated a number of really useful movements. He had a great belief in the omnipotence of the Editorial "We."

He always spoke of what "We" were going to do, "We," in his imagination, having been a sort of projected "Fascisti" of which he, Kennedy Jones, was to act as chief. Nevertheless, though a great journalist, he was no "Musolini"—he did not possess that leader's gift of swaying men, at least he did not show it during the time he sat in the House of Commons.

As the years wore on, Kennedy Jones's health, already weakened by hard work, began to fail.

For a time he took great interest in the Turf, and I well remember his prediction that he would soon own a winner of the Derby. But it was not to be, and he died without having secured any of the great prizes of the English Turf.

Where this journalistic genius, for he was little less, was at his best, was when describing early incidents of his career as a reporter, during which time he had heard many of the "Victorian giants," amongst whom Bradlaugh seemed to have impressed him most by his fire and his sincerity.

He lent me this great Freethinker's[1] life to read, and I agreed with him that it was a book of surpassing interest.

Kennedy Jones was a man of strange moods.

Lunching together one day, he said to me, "I think of going in for Society—don't be surprised if you hear of my moving from Finchley to Grosvenor Square. Also I think of sending my son to Eton—tell me about it."

He had, it appeared, while abroad, recently made the acquaintance of a charming lady well known as a leader of fashion, who, he told me, had greatly impressed him by her wit and learning.

They had visited an old-world town together, and, contrary to his idea of a Society butterfly, she had appeared to know everything there was to be known about its history.

This had greatly impressed him, and he had formed the opinion that it might after all be worth while to cultivate the class to which she belonged.

Kennedy Jones once went yachting with a party of very fashionable people. "It was lively enough the first two evenings," he said; "but after that it was rather dull." I inquired why? "Well," said he, "they played baccarat and stuck me in the bank; but after two sittings, having won all the money there was to be won, I didn't think it would be good for them to get into debt, so our games came to an end. They seemed upset, but I told them it was better so."

[1] By his daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner.

His social aspirations, however, soon died away. His son was not sent to Eton, and Kennedy Jones remained at Finchley, where he died.

In his last years indeed, though a Conservative, he rather returned to his old "I'm as good as you and better" style.

"I've had an impertinent letter," said he to me one day, "from the Duke of ——. What do you think he has had the cheek to do? I've never set eyes on the man and he asks me to his house! Look at this," and he showed me a card inviting him to the Duke's mansion, where the latter was giving a lunch to prominent representatives of the London Press.

"Why, this is all right," said I. "What was your answer?"

"I wrote back saying that 'Mr. Kennedy Jones was not in the habit of taking his meals in the houses of persons he did not know!'"

When I first knew Kennedy Jones there was great joy of life about him, and he obviously looked forward to enjoying the fruits of the years of toil which had landed him at the top of the journalistic tree.

At times almost boyishly exuberant, he would declare that the future of England lay with the Press. He seemed to have an idea that those at the head of the latter could steer any enterprise with which they might become connected into the radiant haven of success.

Kindly enough in private life, he was I believe inclined to be ruthless in business; but what successful man in any walk of life has ever shown any laxity in this respect?

As the years wore on, however, Kennedy Jones, though almost as cocksure as ever, lost a good deal of the social buoyancy which had formerly been one of his chief characteristics. The acquisition of wealth

did not seem to have brought him the ease and happiness which he had once so frankly anticipated.

Another newspaper proprietor to whom riches had certainly not brought happiness was the late Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the " New York World," whom I first met in the nineties, when I lunched with him at Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, which he had taken for some weeks. Owing to his nerves, he was always seeking for an abode where no noise could be heard, which was the reason he preferred the suburbs to the fashionable part of London.

At that time he was already much of an invalid and almost entirely blind, the result I believe of frenzied application to work in his earlier years.

An emigrant from Russia, he had fought in the American Civil War, during which, I believe, he was on one occasion so insubordinate that his life was spared only on account of his having shown extraordinary skill at chess, which he used to play with officers.

After the war was over, having followed various occupations, he took to journalism, and by sheer hard work and ability became the owner of the " New York World," a paper which in its early days at least was " very yellow indeed," though its proprietor in private life deplored sensationalism. By the time I knew him Mr. Pulitzer had become a millionaire; but hard work and worry had prevented him from reaping any tangible fruits except wealth from his industry, and his life was probably sadder than if he had remained in poor circumstances.

He travelled about with a regular suite of secretaries, doctors, and all sorts of attendants, every one of whom seemed to be afraid of him—his habit of sending off people at a moment's notice being notorious.

For some years past he had had an English private

secretary or rather companion, who in return for a somewhat high salary was expected to go for walks and rides with him, read to him, and be in attendance night or day whenever wanted. It was an arduous post, which one or two men I knew had held. Though the remuneration was good, people generally ended by making a sudden departure—the chief whom they were expected to serve being exacting and occasionally dictatorial, while apt to treat anyone dependent upon him as a purchased slave.

Mr. Pulitzer for some time had an idea of getting me to act in this capacity, but after I had seen something of him I felt sure that anything of the sort would prove a fiasco. I told him this, and he rather liked me for having done so. We remained good friends, and he always asked me to come and see him when he paid a visit to England.

In addition to this, during his lifetime, every year I received the "World Almanac" with my name specially stamped upon it.

Mr. Pulitzer when I first met him, though he prided himself upon his general knowledge, had a very queer idea of the way in which England was governed.

He appeared to think that Peers had peculiar means of oppressing the people, and conceived the country to be groaning under a sort of mediæval tyranny.

Among his staff was an elderly journalist, who I believe had originally supplied tit-bits of information to the "New York World" and other papers.

If you mentioned any ordinary article, say a pin, he would reel off the story of its invention and give you an estimate of how many pins were made and lost during a year.

Historical facts were also at his finger-ends—indeed his knowledge covered a very wide field, and was fairly accurate, except in the case of the United

Kingdom, of which he took a warped and distorted view.

He was an oldish man and generally dressed in a curious frock-coat with dingy duck trousers, having not changed his style of costume since the days of Abraham Lincoln I should say!

Mr. Pulitzer was extremely unconventional in many of his ways, liked dining and going to bed early, while apt, I believe, to rise in the night and summon his secretary to read to him—a habit induced by inability to sleep, part of the penalty he paid for having overtaxed his energies in the struggle for success.

He was particularly fond of music. On one occasion on my arrival at a house he had taken at Bournemouth, I was surprised to hear frantic piano-playing from the first-floor landing, where I found a man banging away at "Wagner" in a determined manner.

Mr. Pulitzer was sitting with the door open beating time to the music when I was announced, while he rapturously drank in what I thought were extremely discordant strains.

The music having eventually stopped, he said to me, "I hire that man from a music shop to play to me for a couple of hours every day without stopping." He was delighted with the idea.

A curious thing was that, although almost blind, he liked going to the theatre, even when pieces without music were being played. As he was very hazy about time, he generally arrived long before the performance had begun; however, as he saw practically nothing, it made little difference.

Mr. Pulitzer was rather humorous about the English aristocracy, a number of the young scions of which had from time to time served him as personal secretaries or tried to do so. Their lack of bustle and push, together with their love of pleasure, left him dazed.

After all, however, as I used frankly to tell him, it is better to enjoy one's life while one is able than to slave away piling up a huge fortune which when gained finds its possessor unable to enjoy the benefits which great riches are able to bestow.

V

VICTORIAN COUNTRY-HOUSE LIFE

THE London season during the Victorian Era brought the majority of territorial magnates and squires up to town, while the country house was more of a social institution than it is to-day.

The week-end party, it is true, did not exist; but certain great mansions were recognized meeting-places for politicians and people interested in art, science, and literature.

Pencarrow, for instance, the seat of Sir William Molesworth in Cornwall, was in his day a great centre of philosophic Radicalism. Here, among others, came Jeremy Bentham and James Mill, father of John Stuart Mill, and here Sir William spent six years editing Hobbes, during which time various experts in politics and philosophy were constant visitors.

After Sir William's death, his wife, who was a well-known figure in Society, often filled Pencarrow with celebrities of the fashionable world and leading politicians, and to some extent strove to maintain the continuity of the intellectual traditions with which the house had been so honourably identified. It was, it is said, at Pencarrow that Captain Gronow—the diverting chronicler of Waterloo days—met Charles Lever, to whom he furnished some of the most exciting episodes to be found in the latter's vivacious novel "Harry Lorrequer."

Lever was ever a welcome guest in Society, where

his brilliant sallies and sparkling wit ensured him great popularity. The writer's mother, who had known both Lever and Thackeray, always declared that as regards conversational brilliancy the former stood easily first.

Another nineteenth-century meeting-place for literary and political celebrities was the Grange in Hampshire. Here Carlyle was a frequent visitor and sent forth many mordant utterances within its walls, while his wife sat quietly in a corner with her workbox, more or less ignored. Lady Ashburton, however, was kind to her, as she made a point of being to all the mild females who accompanied lionized husbands on their country visits.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe, much to Carlyle's disgust, spent some time at the Grange, and among others who enjoyed its hospitality were Lords Canning, Houghton, Clarendon, Granville, and Aberdeen, Sir Henry Taylor, Sidney Herbert, Venables (who had broken Thackeray's nose at school), and many other men of note.

Lady Ashburton was well able to cope with her guests. When Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, defended certain somewhat revolutionary views which he had put forth in a pamphlet by saying, "The writings of your friend Carlyle are much 'redder,'" the lady at once retorted, "Say rather they are 'more read.'"

It is seldom remembered that one of the greatest services to Europe was performed by the first Baring to own the Grange. It was the Right Honourable Alexander Baring, afterwards first Lord Ashburton, who freed France from the incubus of an occupation of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian armies of 50,000 men each by the loan of a large sum of money. This financial feat occasioned the saying of the witty French Premier, the Duc de Richelieu, "There are six great

Powers in Europe—England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Baring Brothers."

Though as the nineteenth century waned the tendency was for country-house parties to become more frivolous, a certain number of people still maintained the old traditions, and among the latter were the Honourable [1] Charles and Mrs. Lawrence, who as tenants of Ford Castle, Northumberland, in the nineties dispensed much pleasant hospitality.

The old border stronghold in question had originally consisted of four towers, connected by curtain walls, into which, when the Scotch were known to be contemplating a raid, cattle could be driven. King James IV of Scotland, whose room is still preserved, stayed here just before Flodden, the field of which not far away forms part of the estate.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when Ford had fallen into great disrepair, one of the Delaval family, to whom the property belonged, restored it to a habitable state. Louisa Lady Waterford, however, who went to live there after her husband's death in 1859, set about making far more drastic alterations to the fine old place, and, undoing all that Sir John Delaval had done, practically erected a modern mansion in the castellated style, with which was incorporated some of the ancient work which connected two of three towers which remained more or less intact. There is a good deal about Lady Waterford's doings at Ford in "Two Noble Lives," by the late Mr. Augustus Hare, a rather cultured writer who may be said to have specialized in old ladies, with whom he made himself extremely popular.

Mr. Hare, who came of an old Sussex family, wrote

[1] Now Lord Lawrence of Kingsgate. Son of the great Viceroy and chairman of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, after having been chairman of the London and North Western.

a number of books, some of which deal with Italy, a country he knew well. One of his specialities, as I well remember, for he occasionally came to stay with my mother, was the telling of ghost stories, he being celebrated for the way in which he was able to make his hearers' flesh creep.

I do not fancy, however, that he did this to Lady Waterford, who was a very autocratic old lady, expecting and getting a regular stream of adulation from guests who, like Mr. Hare, were in the habit of making protracted sojourns beneath her hospitable roof.

It is a pity that the latter in his book has left no description of the nature of the alterations which his hostess carried out at Ford. Such pictures of the place as he gives are posterior to this restoration, and there is indeed nothing which throws any light upon the condition of the castle when Lady Waterford took it in hand.

In any case the latter spent a very large sum upon the property, for in addition to restoring the castle she made a new approach which involved building a stone bridge; she also rehoused the villagers who lived near her home in a model village.

The school-house when I last saw it, in the nineties, was still adorned with the designs which the old lady, who was quite a good artist, had painted for it. They were then, however, in bad condition, unlike the village itself, which, with its trim little gardens and picturesque forge with a horseshoe-shaped doorway, was most pleasant to the eye.

Though Lady Waterford was very kind to her dependents, she was autocratic in the extreme, and the inmates of the pretty cottages which she built were not allowed a public-house. In addition to this, the old lady on her visits to the cottagers never failed to impress upon them the advantages of abstaining from

alcoholic drink. With this they warmly agreed, every one more or less being ostensibly a teetotaller and every one more or less, as I was told by an old inhabitant, having a whisky bottle or two safely stowed away in his cupboard.

Be this as it may, Lady Waterford did a good deal for the people of Ford. Altogether what with her charities and her alterations to the castle at the end of her life she must have found some difficulty in keeping the place going at all.

When Lord and Lady Lawrence lived there in the nineties the house, though comfortable enough, was lacking in bath-rooms and other modern conveniences. The dining-room was also small, Lady Waterford having sacrificed much space to make a large entrance hall, which she had panelled in stained deal, for which Lord Joicey, the present possessor, has since substituted oak.

The external amenities of Ford were very great, the grounds being admirably laid out and the views superb.

In addition to this, it was a fine sporting estate with plenty of rough shooting of a most attractive kind. An adjoining property is Fenton, belonging to the Honourable F. Lambton, from whom my host leased additional shooting one year when we had many delightful days. Besides the excellent sport, there was the beauty of the country-side and of the swift-flowing Coquet, the latter a most attractive stream.

Though it was before the days of the motor-car, there were many excursions to be made from Ford, including Melrose, Dryburgh, and Holy Island. Chillingham Castle, the seat of Lord and Lady Tankerville, with its famous herd of wild cattle, was not very far away; while other border castles, or at least the remains of them, formed an object for pleasant and interesting drives.

One of these close by was Etal; while Norham, a

magnificent ruin of an imposing kind, was a favourite excursion.

Then there was fishing in the Tweed, and sport on the slow-flowing Till, which at the proper season abounded in duck. Altogether the estate was and is one of the most desirable properties in England, and none the less pleasant by reason of its long distance from London, which gives the feeling of being in the real country, so much of Southern England having become more or less suburban and covered with villas.

During Lord and Lady Lawrence's tenancy of Ford, which lasted some years, they entertained a large number of guests, the castle being very rarely without visitors. In addition to their profuse and generous hospitality, the natural beauties of the place, and the sport to be obtained there, it was notorious that there was an admirable cook. Altogether there was much to attract even confirmed Londoners notoriously averse to long journeys.

It was while on a visit to Ford that the late Canon Rawnsley, singing the praises of the place, wrote :—

"I've travelled all the wide world through,
Blue Greece and gold Arabia's sand,
But never saw such gold and blue
As in your dear Northumberland."

Several tributes to the delights of Ford were also paid in verse by the late Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin. One of these alluded to King James's sojourn at the castle previous to Flodden :—

"In days of old unto this fair retreat
James from the tented field untimely came,
And fondly dallying at a siren's feet
Lost life and fame."

Mr. Austin, though his gifts as a poet were sometimes questioned, was undoubtedly a clever man, and a first-class conversationalist.

He had seen a good deal of the world, having acted as special correspondent for the "Standard" in the Franco-German War, and had other experiences of an interesting nature.

Although somewhat decided in his opinions, he would discuss most subjects with impartiality; the mention of other poets, however, was apt to ruffle him, and his opinion of most of his rivals of the Victorian Era was not high.

I can see him now in my mind's eye, wearily replacing a volume in one of the shelves of the castle library.

"I've been glancing at Browning," he told me; "it's sorry stuff."

I am afraid there were not wanting critics ready to apply the same remark to a good deal of Mr. Austin's own verse, but as a prose writer he stood high, as may be seen from "The Garden that I love" and other of his works which possess considerable charm.

For years he wrote excellent leading articles in the "Standard." It was said that his services to the Conservative cause in that newspaper had led to his being appointed Poet Laureate!

Mr. Austin was a good-looking man, but extremely small in stature, and, like many small men, he was touchy and apt to get upon his dignity.

One of the ladies at Ford Castle, having taken the poet to call at a country house close by, thought it would be amusing to have Mr. Austin taken for her husband.

Accordingly, she bade the footman announce "Mr. and Mrs. X." In vain the little bard tried to correct the mistake. The lady told the host and hostess that what he said was merely a joke, and eventually the irate poet thought it best to leave things as they were.

On the return journey, however, he was in a very sulky mood, and, once back at Ford, went to his bedroom, which he never left that evening or all the next

day, his meals being sent up to him, as he declared that he was unwell.

The poet was very apt to get into such moods if people upset him, and was especially susceptible to fancied slights from ladies whom he liked to think were all at his feet.

A message he sent one winter's day to a house party in Kent as to the condition of a pond near his pleasant abode, Swinford Old Manor, was a good example of this idea.

"The ice bears," wrote he; "tell the ladies I shall be there!"

As I have said, Mr. Austin was not too fond of his brother poets; but this antipathy did not extend to the late Mr. Austin Dobson, who was a guest at Swinford Old Manor on one occasion when I stayed there.

Mr. Austin, according to his wont, favoured us by reading some of his own poetry after dinner, and had the field to himself, as Mr. Dobson manifested not the slightest desire to let us hear any of his own dainty verse.

As a matter of fact, the latter's delicate, easy-flowing lines, redolent of the eighteenth century, would have come rather as a relief after the somewhat laboured and grandiloquent compositions of our host, who, though cultured enough, was in reality not a natural poet at all.

Swinford Old Manor had a delightful garden, which originated one of the Poet Laureate's best prose works: "The Garden that I love." It was perfectly laid out; for, whatever may have been its tenant's shortcomings in the poetry line, as a practical gardener he was quite supreme, being only eclipsed in that line by Mrs. Earle, whose gifts in this and other directions can be gauged by a perusal of "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden" and other charming books from her graceful pen.

As far as I can recollect, Mr. Austin never wrote his memoirs—a pity, for he had known many interesting people and been more or less behind the scenes in the councils of the Conservative Party, of which he was always a stanch and valuable supporter.

All who knew him were saddened when the poet died. Posterity, while passing over much of his verse, will probably recognize that he was the writer of some pretty prose.

Mr. Alfred Austin was not by any means the only one to pay a poetic tribute to the amenities of Ford. The Hon. John Hay, then American Ambassador to England, on leaving, wrote:—

"Pleasures too hastily tasted grow sweeter in fond recollection,
As the pomegranate plucked green ripens over the sea."

Sir Henry Lucy—the clever Toby M.P.—after going over the field of Flodden, indulged in some poetry in lighter vein, while making some humorous allusions to his Northern visit in "Punch."

The late Mr. Andrew Lang, during a visit to the old border castle, also left some verses about the battle:—

"THE BITTER DROP.

Much, much have I moaned for the battle of Flodden,
Where the Flowers of the Forest [1] were a' made away,
But though I'm more sorry perhaps for Culloden,
Yet Branxton beheld a most weariful day;
And the pen of the Poet and Patriot [2] owning
That broken our shield was and shattered our spear,
Is especially apt to be loud in his moaning
When one thinks how the Englishmen collared our beer! [3]"

A. L. (*Scotus*).

[1] *Flowers of the Forest*, the bowmen of Ettrick, the cradle of the poet, many of whom fell at Flodden.

[2] *The Poet and Patriot*—the author thus elegantly describes himself.

[3] *Collared our beer*—see the contemporary letter of the Bishop of Durham.

Interesting and clever people were always succeeding one another as visitors to Ford. A particularly agreeable personality among them was a survivor of another age—the Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower, third son of the first Lord Granville by a daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire. For years Mr. Leveson-Gower had been a highly popular figure in Society, and as a child in the seventies I had often seen him during his visits to our house in the country, for he was a great friend of my mother, who had known him ever since her girlhood.

Nothing could have been more agreeable than the short strolls I took with this charming survivor of the old school about the lovely grounds of Ford, for Mr. Leveson-Gower was full of memories of celebrated people. As a boy he had been presented to Sir Walter Scott at the British Embassy in Paris, had been a playmate of the Comte de Chambord, then Duc de Bordeaux, and well remembered the great days of Holland House. Later on he had been a smart young dancing man at the time of Queen Victoria's accession, in which year he went to Christchurch. Ruskin, who was at Oxford at the same time, Mr. Leveson-Gower described as a recluse, fond of taking solitary walks and reported to be rather crazy.

The Oxford movement, which was in full swing during the young man's sojourn at the university, made no impression upon him. He took a "Nobleman's Degree," as it was called, and then spent some time in France, where, owing to his father, then British Ambassador, he came in contact with a number of interesting people —Thiers, Talleyrand, Eugène Sue, and others.

Called to the Bar in 1843, Mr. Leveson went the Oxford Circuit, his last and only effort to reach the Woolsack to which George Canning had once predicted the young barrister would attain.

His father having died and left his son well provided for, the latter, having abandoned the practice of the law, married Lady Margaret Compton, by whom he had an only son, Sir George Granville Leveson-Gower, K.B.E., formerly Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone and Commissioner of Woods and Forests since 1908.

Devonshire House in the time of Mr. Leveson's uncle, the sixth Duke of Devonshire, was a great social centre, frequented by all the well-known people in London. Here and elsewhere Mr. Leveson had met most of the celebrities of the Victorian Era—Charles Greville, Count d'Orsay, Disraeli, Carlyle, Macaulay, Lady Jersey, Lady Canning, and Lady Ashburton, Gladstone, Bright, Thackeray, Motley, Tennyson, Browning, Paxton, the builder of the Crystal Palace, and Hudson, the railway king. He had known them all, not to mention Mario, Grisi, Rachel, Lola Montez, and Mademoiselle de Montijo, who, after having captivated Napoleon III, became Empress of the French and died at Farnborough only a year or two ago, having lived just long enough to see the French recover their lost provinces and avenge the disasters of 1870.

Though Mr. Leveson-Gower belonged to the past, he fully appreciated the present.

A gourmet of a discriminating kind, his dinners in London had at one time been celebrated for their excellence, and his cook, Monsieur Béguinot, renowned as a noted *chef* all over London. For this reason his warmly expressed approval of the cuisine at Ford was the more appreciated by his host and hostess.

In South Audley Street and later on at Holmbury, a pleasant house in the Surrey hills, Mr. Leveson-Gower dispensed a pleasant and discriminating hospitality, which those who, like the writer, had been privileged to enjoy did not easily forget.

The sitting-room at the latter abode was one of the

sunniest, brightest rooms it has ever been my lot to see, full of well-designed white and gold bookcases, in which a small but admirably selected library, largely composed of memoirs, stood ready to hand.

Every year Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone paid Mr. Leveson-Gower a visit in his Surrey retreat.

The latter had had some Parliamentary experiences in his day, having been returned for Derby in 1847, Stoke-upon-Trent in 1852, and Bodmin in 1859. Always a stanch Liberal, Mr. Gladstone had twice offered him office, but Mr. Leveson had always declined it because, said he, " I was afraid people might think my getting anything a job ! "

The truth was that, though he was very proud of being a stanch Liberal, he had no political ambitions. As he himself occasionally admitted, by nature he was not inclined to hustle, and though endowed with great abilities, he lacked the energy to make use of them, while antipathetic to the chicanery and bickerings of a political career.

His real mission in life, as he probably realized, was to be a perfect gentleman and cultured man of the world. Suave, gentle, polished, and a good friend averse to saying an unkind word about anyone, Mr. Leveson-Gower attained to a universal popularity which it is given to very few to enjoy.

Gifted with an old-world manner, which was the perfection of courteous ease, and a soft and harmonious voice, always careful not to ruffle anyone's feelings, well read and with a memory stored with pleasant anecdotes, he was the perfect type of what an English aristocrat should be.

Even in his last years, when he had reached a very advanced age, he seemed to be endowed with perennial youth. He died aged eighty-eight in 1907.

Another agreeable visitor to Ford was the late Duke

of Norfolk, who was naturally much interested in the place owing to the close proximity of the castle to the field of Flodden, in which battle the Duke's ancestor, Lord Surrey, had played a distinguished part on the English side, with the result that he had received a perpetual pension. This, which, in modern money, only amounted to a very small annual sum, the Duke had commuted only a few years before. A most unassuming and conciliatory man, the latter was a conspicuous example of a high-minded aristocrat who realized the obligations of his position—one of the busiest men in England, most of his time was occupied in well-doing. No absentee landlord, the Duke had served as Mayor of Sheffield at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and carried out all the duties of the position. He was popular in the cutlery town, where he was a ground landlord, and where he possessed a house where he occasionally lived.

Though he could bear himself with considerable dignity the Duke's appearance did not exactly coincide with that of a great nobleman as depicted by popular novelists—a rather long and straggly beard made him look rather like a Nonconformist preacher, and people who did not know him were sometimes puzzled as to who he could be.

A woman at Arundel Castle, seeing the Duke walking on a grass lawn where a notice bade the public to " Keep off the grass," shouted out " Hie, get off there ! It's your sort who get these places closed for the likes of us ! "

The Duke, who was the most courteous of men, meekly obeyed, but he got some fun by describing the incident later on.

There was a great difference between this Duke and his predecessor of a hundred years before, the Prince Regent's Duke of Norfolk, of whom so many

droll stories were told. It was said that His Grace, who was wont to dress very shabbily, and who thought twice before washing himself, strolled late one evening into the coffee-room of the Old Hummuns, in Covent Garden, and ordered dinner and a cucumber. It was the middle of winter. The waiter—he was a new one—mistrusting the looks of the guest, went to confer with the landlord. "There's that shabby old fellow," he said, "has ordered a cucumber, and you know, sir, that they're half a guinea a piece in the market." The landlord peeped round the corner of his little private hatch, recognized his customer, rubbed his hands, and said, softly smiling, to his servitor, "A cucumber, John? A cucumber? Yes, John; give him six."

The fifteenth Duke, on the other hand, spent very little on himself, though he lavished large sums on various charities and on gifts to the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was such an ardent supporter.

He must also have expended large sums upon restoring or rather rebuilding Arundel Castle, the greater part of which is now of nineteenth-century date.

The keep, I believe, is at present almost the only portion for which any real antiquity can be claimed.

Though a great deal of time and money were expended upon the so-called restoration of Arundel, the general effect is acknowledged to be somewhat depressing and cold.

The fact is, any modern attempt to rebuild a Gothic castle is foredoomed to failure.

During the Duke's visit to Ford he was taken to see another restored mediaeval stronghold—Bamborough Castle—on which the first Lord Armstrong also expended vast sums. Though a more scholarly restoration than Arundel, the work here could scarcely be called an unqualified success. The best thing ever done in this

line was probably Carcassone, the mediaeval walls of which certainly give a good idea of what a fortified city looked like in the Middle Ages.

Viollet le Duc, whose work this was, possessed a vast knowledge of architecture—nevertheless, the Chateau of Pierrefonds, which he also restored (on the initiative of the Empress Eugénie), has been accounted a failure.

Over ornamentation is the pitfall into which restoring architects are apt to fall, and Viollet le Duc, though a genius, was not entirely immune from such a failing.

A very different kind of visitor from the Duke was the late Lord Charles Beresford. The latter, though in his latter years aspiring to be a serious politician, had in the eighties been chiefly noted for his practical jokes. He was in high favour with Royalty and enjoyed a good deal more licence than other people who moved in such an exalted circle.

On one occasion, when at the eleventh hour he had been summoned to dine with the then Prince of Wales, he is said to have telegraphed back:

"Very sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."

This story has been told of several other people, but Lord Charles was the real originator.

Among the notable folk whom Lord and Lady Lawrence welcomed at Ford were a number of distinguished soldiers—among them Lords Roberts and Wolseley, General Sir Henry Brackenbury and the late General Grierson. On one occasion the first two, together with Sir Alfred Lyall, after having called upon Colonel Wauchope at Yetholm, went with the latter to call upon the recently crowned King of the Border gipsies, whom they saw in all his tinsel glory in his cottage at Kirk Yetholm. At Ford Lord Wolseley was always sure of meeting people in sympathy with him, which was not elsewhere always the case, for though very popular in Society and a thorough man of the world,

he was looked upon with distrust by officers of the old school, who mistrusted his love for reform.

The epithet "Wolseyite," applied to a number of the followers of this go-ahead general, though in reality complimentary, was also used as a term of reproach. Nevertheless, time was with the active-minded and vivacious general, and he and his devoted followers eventually succeeded in greatly improving the organization of the British Army.

Lady Wolseley, like her husband, was mentally a good deal ahead of most of her contemporaries. In addition to this she was a fine judge of art and had been a collector at a time when few ladies went in for that sort of thing. As the recently published volume of correspondence ably edited by Sir George Arthur, Bart., shows, she was an exceptionally gifted letter writer, never failing to keep Lord Wolseley, who also shone in the same direction, well posted as to the news of the day when he was absent abroad.

I remember on the occasion of a visit to this lady, at Hampton Court Palace, being much struck with the absolute adoration which she lavished upon her General's memory.

One little room she had fitted up as a sort of temple fitted with relics of his career.

Here were to be seen his uniforms, his Field-Marshal's baton, his orders, and various mementoes of the campaigns in which he had taken part.

It was indeed a veritable shrine, which she showed with a simple pride, speaking the while of him in whose honour she had arranged it, which showed that husband and wife had been true lovers to the very end.

One of the most interesting people whom I met at Ford Castle was that talented artist of the Pre-Raphaelite school, the late Mr. Frederick Sandys.

Of him Millais once said, "He is the greatest of us

all," and there is no doubt that, had Mr. Sandys been less of a Bohemian, he would have left a great name as a painter.

Though he executed a considerable number of excellent paintings, I am not sure that one of the best things he ever did was not the "Old Chartist," a woodcut full of life and imagination, which appeared in the "Cornhill."

Mr. Sandys had come to Ford in order to paint a couple of portraits. He was then an old man, tall and of striking appearance, but with rather a careworn look.

I remember that he arrived at his destination with no luggage but a hundred cigarettes, everything else he had brought with him having gone astray. He told us that he had also lost the connexion between two trains, and in consequence had passed half the night smoking in a station waiting-room.

As regards the material facts of life he was careless and inconsequent to a degree, especially indifferent as to society; he scarcely spoke at lunch and dinner. When, however, every one else had gone to bed, he would sit with me in the smoking-room till any hour —and no one could have been a more agreeable companion. An excellent talker, full of anecdotes of interesting people, I listened to him with great pleasure. A number of his contemporaries had achieved wealth and fame, but he spoke of them all without bitterness or envy in a detached and impartial manner, which generally rather accentuated their merits.

Irving he had known in the former's struggling days, and Swinburne had been his companion in many wild nights.

Frederick Sandys told me that he believed that Sir Frederick Burton (quite unwittingly) was responsible for the poet having for a time plunged into dissipation.

Burton was a giant with a constitution of iron, which enabled him to do as much as half a dozen ordinary men without feeling fatigue. In the way of sitting up late, of eating and drinking, there was no one who could keep up with him.

Swinburne himself, of extremely frail physique, had an enormous admiration for the great Oriental traveller, and sought to copy him in many ways. What, however, was mere child's play to the latter was death to the poet, while the potent draughts which Burton carelessly tossed off like water had a most pernicious effect in the case of his admirer.

Frederick Sandys also told me that Swinburne's most ardent and most improper love poems were all written before the latter had had any personal experience of amatory adventure.

Directly he became more sophisticated in this direction the fire of his verse slackened and grew more restrained.

Mr. Sandys was a Norfolk man and as such had a great admiration for a number of East Anglian worthies, including Jem Mace, the prize-fighter, and my own grandfather, the third Earl of Orford, a sporting character of a somewhat original kind.

I think it was this relationship which made the old man so pleasant to me. He hated British respectability with a bitter hatred, and had a conception that the career of a painter should be purely Bohemian.

The idea in question certainly prevented him from achieving the success which his talents deserved, as well as from making any large sums of money.

I well remember how on behalf of a wealthy friend I approached Mr. Sandys with a view to getting him to paint one of the semi-allegorical pictures at which he was notoriously very clever.

It was to be a classical subject, and Frederick Sandys

rather liked the idea; but what he did not like was being pinned down to do a certain amount of work before receiving an advance, besides signing a stipulation to finish the painting by a fixed date.

"Your friend," said he to me, "treats me as he would a cobbler when ordering a pair of boots. The artistic temperament cannot be shackled in that sort of way."

The terms were generous and Mr. Sandys was not too prosperous from a financial point of view. Nevertheless, he could never be persuaded to come to any definite arrangement and the whole thing fell through.

After Lord Lawrence's tenancy of Ford Castle had come to an end, he rented Apthorpe, which, though then still the property of the late Lord Westmoreland, was in a somewhat dismantled state. It was soon, however, filled with good furniture of the right period. Lady Lawrence, having excellent taste and being an expert in artistic decoration, the fine old house gradually recovered much of its ancient splendour. The long gallery, for instance, was once again furnished and brought into use, while judicious renovations made the house almost as habitable as it had been before it had been stripped of its pictures and *objets d'art*.

Here as they had done at Ford Lord and Lady Lawrence entertained a good deal. Mr. Joseph Choate, the brilliant American Ambassador, Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, General Sir Kelly Kenny, and Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley were some of their distinguished guests, while Sir William Harcourt, who had not been at Apthorpe for fifty years, spent ten days there in the year before his death. The place had many memories of old days for Sir William, one of whose greatest friends had been Julian Fane, and he was full of recollections connected with the estate and with Fotheringay,

the scene of the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, which lies not far away.

Though somewhat unpopular as a politician, the veteran Liberal leader in private life was a delightful conversationalist with an unrivalled fund of anecdote stretching back to the days of a bygone generation.

As a politician his strength, it was said, lay more in the House of Commons than in the country itself. He was, of course, a most accomplished and capable Parliamentarian with an unrivalled knowledge of procedure. He also understood the moods of the House and could command its attention. Some of his methods, it was said, were modelled on those of Disraeli, of whom, however, he was never a slavish imitator. In spite of the divergence in political views, the latter and Sir William had been on terms of easy friendship.

With my host and some of his house party I once paid a visit to Deene Park close by, where we found its mistress Lady Cardigan in the best of spirits.

Dressed in white like a bride, with a gaily coloured ribbon or two in her amazing blonde coiffure, she showed us over the house. We were taken to see her summer bedroom and her winter bedroom, and a number of other apartments not in too good repair, with newspaper cuttings pasted on the walls, and all sorts of odds and ends lying about. Her great pride, however, was the entrance hall, where in glass cases Lord Cardigan's uniforms, medals, and other insignia made a brave show. A relic of Crimean days—the stuffed head of the horse he had ridden in the Balaklava Charge—presented quite a lifelike appearance.

It was evident that the somewhat flighty old lady had a great veneration for her husband's memory. She spoke of him in an affectionate way as one of the great ones of the past, the like of whom had ceased to exist.

We had some execrable tea (Deene was noted for its indifferent cuisine) and were then taken to the little church or chapel in order to see the sepulchral monument over the tomb in which Lady Cardigan was one day to be laid by her husband's side.

Herein in full uniform lay the recumbent figure of the leader of the great charge, his wife at his side dressed in a costume which somewhat suggested a musical comedy Marguerite.

I suppose the poor old thing lies there now, anyhow she looked forward to being buried by her husband, for though she took another mate after his death and according to rumour remained about as flighty as she had been in her youth, her heart had been really given to Lord Cardigan, her early love, for whom she had sacrificed so much.

The recollections which Lady Cardigan published in 1909, a few years before her death, besides being injudicious, contained a number of libels upon dead people who had no one to protect them. My mother, however, whose memory extended as far back as Lady Cardigan's, was able to confute several statements which had given pain to relatives of those who had been attacked.

The writer of these memoirs, it must be remembered, was very old and seems not to have actually put pen to paper herself. The recollections were taken down and hashed up into a book by a lady who specialized in that sort of thing. Lady Cardigan was very unrestrained in her conversation, and no doubt a good deal of quite irresponsible gossip found its way into print.

When Lord Cardigan died, his wife was said to have been left an income of £17,000 a year clear. Possibly this was an exaggeration; anyhow she was very well off.

Nevertheless, as time went on she contrived to be always pinched for money and never had any to spend.

Probably she was as haphazard in her finance as she was in many other things. She expended, I believe, an enormous sum upon dress and upon her wigs, of which she possessed a great number.

Though looked upon askance during the greater part of her life, Lady Cardigan was probably really no worse from a moral point of view than many of her contemporaries. But she did not dissimulate or yield to the somewhat stern social conventions by which early Victorian Society was bound. In ordinary matters she appears to have been no better nor worse than anyone else. Anyhow, as she boasted, she had enjoyed life, which is a good deal more than could be said for some of those who were hard upon her.

The social boycott of Lady Cardigan lasted for years after her husband's death, but the old lady continued to go racing, to hunt, and to put in an appearance at Cowes.

She kept up the pretence of hunting long after time had deprived her of the strength necessary to manage a horse.

Dressed in a riding habit with top hat she would drive to meets, where a groom would appear with a hunter which its mistress never bestrode.

Once the hounds had found, Lady Cardigan would drive home again, making some excuse or other—sometimes she would make out that she had actually taken part in the chase.

The first time I saw Lady Cardigan was at Newmarket, while I was an undergraduate at Cambridge in 1884. She sat, I remember, in an old-fashioned chaise drawn by a pair of horses, one of which was ridden by a postillion. The chaise was stationed on the other side of the rails and its occupant, with a head

of tow-coloured curls, all alone presented rather a desolate appearance.

My fellow undergraduates did not know much about her; they thought she was rather eccentric, and knew she had had a peculiar past.

The unlucky thing for the poor lady was that she had been born too early. In these days the vagaries of her girlhood would have been far more leniently viewed.

The late Lord Clanrikarde told me that as Miss de Horsey she had outraged the rules of Victorian propriety by riding in the Park without a groom, an unheard-of thing for a young lady to do; later on she rode with Lord Cardigan, then still a married man, which set many tongues wagging.

According to Lord Clanrikarde, her pre-nuptial flirtation with this dashing soldier eventually ruined her reputation, and her marriage to him, which took place as soon as was possible, did little to clear it.

She had been hardly treated, Lord Clanrikarde thought, but the society of her day would stand no tampering with social conventions.

When quite a young lady she would appear to have been noted for running after eligible men. Lord Clanrikarde indeed said she had tried to catch him, and she had certainly been anxious to marry Lord Beaconsfield, to whom she was once supposed to be engaged. She was also credited with having had designs upon Prince Soltykoff, who, she declared, had laid siege to her heart. According to his friends, however, all he had wanted to do was to keep out of her way!

Her marriage to Lord Cardigan under ordinary conditions would have given her a great social position; nevertheless, though the Châtelaine of Deene Park, none of the county people called upon her, and when invitations were issued for a great ball to be given

in the newly built hall, she and Lord Cardigan found themselves alone with the band, for not a soul came!

Only rather fast bachelors from town came to the shooting parties at Deene, which was not considered a reputable place for ladies to go to.

In the early part of the twentieth century Lady Cardigan, having reached a great age and the younger generation being possibly more lenient as to moral lapses than those which had immediately preceded it, a certain number of people began to be conciliatory towards the hostess of Deene, who had come to be looked upon as something of an institution.

In these days it seems strange to recall the fact that Lady Cardigan's first husband, the well-known *sabreur* of Balaklava fame, only went into the army when he was twenty-seven.

Before the abolition of the Purchase system, there was no examination in order to become an officer—then merely a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. An ensign's commission in a regiment of the line cost something under £500, the cavalry cost more, and to obtain a cornetcy of hussars necessitated the payment of about £800.

On the whole, though indefensible in theory, the system in question worked fairly well. In those days great latitude was allowed to certain individuals, and Lord Cardigan's promotion was very rapid.

A cornet in 1824, he became a lieutenant in the next year, a captain in 1826, a major in 1830, and a lieutenant-colonel in 1834—thus, in the short space of ten years, rising to the command of a regiment. Purchase officers, it should be added, when they had means, often spent their money very freely. Lord Cardigan, during his lieutenant-colonelcy of the 11th Hussars, is said to have spent no less than £10,000 a year upon that regiment.

Many curious stories were told about this aristocratic soldier—a man of somewhat overbearing manner who was wont to pitch his remarks in everyday life in the same key as a general giving the word of command to a brigade.

As a commanding officer he was unconventional in his ways, though always more or less autocratic.

Kindly enough at heart, at times he would be exceedingly generous, anonymously sending cheques for considerable sums to subalterns whom he knew were in difficulties. Occasionally, on the other hand, he would be unduly severe.

In his day it was the practice for subalterns who had been up late the night before to throw their long military cloaks over their pyjamas, and thus arrayed go their early morning rounds.

Lord Cardigan, having learnt of this, seized the first opportunity of shaking the first young officer he met so vigorously by the hand that his cloak became disarranged, showing the deshabille beneath.

This done, he went on without saying a word, but the subaltern suffered for it later on, when he was severely punished.

From the point of view of morals the leader of the Balaklava Charge was inclined to be exceedingly lenient.

A young officer having applied for three days' leave, his commander pointed out that as he was on the roll for some special duty the matter would be rather difficult to arrange.

"You had better let me know why you want the leave," said he.

"Oh! But I couldn't do that, my lord."

"Well, let me know, not as your commanding officer, but as from one man to another."

The subaltern then admitted that he wanted to run away with another man's wife.

"Most 'hussarlike,' you shall have your leave," said Lord Cardigan, and proceeded to fill up the necessary form in high good humour.

As a country gentleman the hero of the Balaklava Charge did not altogether abandon his military ways. At shooting parties guests and beaters were expected to submit to the strict discipline maintained by the host, who while partridge-shooting would give the word of command to advance across a field just as if he was going into action.

Lady Cardigan continued to preserve game after her husband's death and entertained a good deal at Deene.

Though the cooking was bad, the shooting was good, and a number of men of the younger generation were glad to accept her invitations. As she was fond of youthful society, her parties were pleasant enough. The hostess indeed sometimes enlivened the evening by song, while occasionally she would favour her guests with a Spanish dance, her favourite having been the Cachuca.

A drawback, however, of which some young fellows complained, was that the hostess would sometimes take a violent fancy to one of them, when she would assume coquettish airs with him and expect him to meet her advances in a generous spirit.

Some said that they could tell when such a mood was coming upon her, for she would appear with a little light blue bow in her wig—a danger signal which was known as "hoisting the blue Peter."

It was often, they said, difficult not to laugh at the girlish ways which the old lady would assume on such occasions, and the situation required a good deal of tact, as some young sportsmen had found to their cost.

One of the latter who treated his hostess's advances

with coldness and disdain found a dog-cart at the door with his luggage upon it early next morning.

He was never asked again. "A piece of bad luck," said he. "I couldn't help being a bit sulky—I'd had such a damned bad dinner!"

Lady Cardigan, though an attractive woman in her prime, had never been a beauty—her picture can be seen in one of the "Keepsakes" published in the middle of the last century, and a bust, which used to be in the hall at Deene, probably gave a very good idea of what she had been like.

Her greatest attraction was her beautiful figure, which on horseback set off by a well-cut riding habit had fascinated many an admirer, and had captured Lord Cardigan, who was notoriously susceptible to feminine charms.

VI

SOME ORIGINAL CHARACTERS OF RECENT TIMES

AT the end of the last century there were still a number of original characters, one of whom was the late Mr. Justice Day, a fine judge of pictures, whose collection, for which he had paid very moderate sums, realized a large sum when sold after his death. A connoisseur of port and the last judge who rode on horseback round his circuit, there was something about him which attracted caricaturists, one of whom did a playful sketch of the Judge toying with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and called it "Whittington and his cat."

Mr. Justice Day would sometimes enliven the tedium of a long trial by having a look at "The Times," and the same artist produced another caricature representing the Judge with that newspaper, which he entitled "A Day behind the Times."

But the subject of these jests was anything but that; anyhow, during the eighties he stamped out robbery with violence in Liverpool in a most effectual manner.

Leniency towards brutal criminals indeed was not one of his failings—prisoners who had been convicted of a serious offence he would order to stand down, only passing sentences upon them at the end of the Assizes.

He told some one who was puzzled at this that the reason was that, on one occasion, after he had sentenced

a criminal to be flogged, the jury, which included some so-called humanitarians, acquitted the next batch of prisoners, and he did not want to risk anything of the sort occurring again.

His mode of passing sentence was characteristic and apt to cause unpleasant surprise.

"John Brown," he would say, "you are a healthy, able-bodied young man, and therefore I do not see why the country should be put to the expense of keeping you for a long period of time." Here the prisoner would naturally brighten up. "The sentence of the court is that you be kept in prison with hard labour for six calendar months and receive twenty lashes at the commencement and twenty more at the end of your sentence, so as you may have something to show your friends."

A low whistle from those of the latter who happened to be in court not infrequently greeted the announcement of this unexpected penalty.

Though a stern man, Mr. Justice Day was once much moved by hearing certain details concerning the execution of the three Fenians, known as the Manchester martyrs, who were hung at Salford in November, 1867. At that time feeling among their friends ran so high that there was some reason to believe that there would be an attempt at rescue or an attack upon the executioners after the hanging. The houses looking out upon the place of execution were filled with soldiers. Nevertheless, as soon as the trap had fallen, the officials who had been obliged to be present and the hangman and his assistant, fearful of reprisals, bolted, leaving the priest, Vaughan by name, alone with the swinging bodies of the men.

It was a cold morning, and to his horror the priest thought he saw breath coming from beneath the cap over the head of one of the victims. Going up to him

he said, " If you know me, press my hand "—the man did so, and the priest prayed with him till he died.

Father Vaughan, after dining one evening in after years with Mr. Justice Day, told this story, and the latter was so much moved that he burst into tears.

A character of quite a different kind from Mr. Justice Day, who might have been called the embodiment of stern common sense, was the late Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, a sentimentalist and a striking instance of a clever man affected by the tendency always to take the wrong side.

The tendency in question, though not of entirely modern growth—for there were instances in the eighteenth century—seems to be the result of over-civilization acting upon a sensitive mind, and producing an emotional enthusiasm for anyone who looks like getting the worst of it, no matter whether their cause is just or not.

Analogous tendencies, found mainly in Anglo-Saxon countries, is a disposition to depreciate one's own class, and the discovery of all sorts of noble qualities in peoples and persons who do not possess them.

The " Social Purity " craze, on the other hand, is a more pathological obsession, being often produced by a distorted sexuality, unconsciously attracted by everything connected with the vices from which the people dominated by it believe themselves immune.

In his time Mr. Wilfrid Blunt played many parts—Sussex landowner, Oriental traveller, ex-diplomat, poet, and a stormy petrel in politics, his experiences of life were very varied.

One of the many peculiarities of this gifted man was that he seemed ever ready to champion any movement in India, Egypt, Ireland, or any other part of the British Dominions provided it was directed against the mother country—England.

This, of course, brought him into constant conflict with the authorities, who, though they made considerable allowance for Mr. Blunt's erratic temperament, were sometimes obliged to take action. In 1888, for instance, mischievous activities in Ireland led to his getting two months' imprisonment.

While living in Egypt, where he affected native ways, he never ceased to denounce Lord Cromer. Nevertheless, the latter gave Mr. Blunt's daughter away when she married, which her father, I believe, desired him to do.

Mr. Blunt, it has been stated, was mainly instrumental in saving Arabi Pasha from being executed, after the rebellion which was crushed at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Living on the edge of the desert, he warmly espoused Arab grievances of every kind; but the Arabs were not always in sympathy with their defender, and I believe that on one occasion he had to seek protection against them.

Not content with fomenting attacks upon whatever Government might be in power, he twice sought to enter the House of Commons, in both cases failing to be elected.

Curiously wrongheaded, this clever man was apt to pray for the defeat of England whenever she was involved in war.

This may be seen from his very interesting and unconventional diaries published two or three years before his death in 1922.

In 1897, for instance, he wrote:

"The whole of our public life is rotten and will remain so until we have received a serious defeat in war." He spoke of "Kitchener and his scoundrel officers"; called Stanley, the explorer, a contemptible humbug, and Roosevelt a swine.

I remember Mr. Blunt, a tall, handsome man in a tightly buttoned frock-coat, coming to see my mother one day in the eighties.

"What mischief have you been up to now, Mr. Blunt?" said she, for, though admiring his many gifts, she always refused to take him seriously as regards his political fads.

He made some good-humoured reply to her chaff, but I thought at times I detected a rather wild light in his eyes; there was indeed the making of a fanatic in him.

In spite of his idiosyncrasies, he had numbers of friends in both political camps, and Crabbet Park was a country house which clever young men esteemed it a privilege to visit.

The late Mr. George Wyndham was his dearest friend, and Mr. Blunt frankly adored him. Though to some extent the latter lived like an Arab and wore Arab dress, he was not very perfect in the language; on the other hand his wife, Lady Anne Blunt, a granddaughter of Byron, knew it well.

As a result of their travels in Egypt, the couple started the Crabbet Park Arab Stud in 1877, and for years Mr. Blunt sang the praises of this breed of horses in private and in the Press.

He bothered the Jockey Club so much that they became sick of the whole subject; but when Arabs ran with English thoroughbreds at Newmarket, the latter outdistanced all of them with the greatest ease.

Nevertheless, the Crabbet Arabs were valuable horses. The ownership of the Stud indeed was the subject of litigation between Mr. Blunt and his daughter in 1920.

As a poet the owner of Crabbet Park might possibly have achieved considerable distinction, much of his verse giving indications of real talent.

Though the vast majority of political crusades in which Mr. Blunt indulged were either misguided or futile, he was always quite sincere and devoid of any ulterior motive, having nothing in common with those skilful agitators who make a practice of finding out what is likely to happen before they begin to shout for reforms.

The philosophy of this many-sided Englishman—a philosophy with which his turbulent resentment against the established order of things can scarcely be said to have been in consonance—was felicitously expressed in some lines from one of his poems :—

"Take thy joy with the rest, the bird, the beast of the field,
Each one wiser than thou, which frolic in no dismay, which seize what the seasons yield,
And lay thee down when thy day is done, content with the unrevealed."

In addition to being a poet, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was a sculptor of no mean merit. A monument to the memory of his brother, Sir Francis Scawen Blunt, who died in 1872, recalls the wonderful sleeping soldier at Ravenna, resembling as it does one of the great masterpieces of the Renaissance. What makes it the more remarkable is that it was done from memory. This full-length recumbent figure of the poet's brother in the Franciscan habit lies in the Franciscan Capuchin Friary at Crawley.

Mr. Francis Scawen Blunt (who had been a lieutenant in the 60th Rifles), a Tertiary of the Order to which he was much attached, founded the Friary and built the chapel.

There can be little doubt but that in the future the sculptor will be esteemed as having fashioned a supreme and noble work of art.

According to instructions left by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, he himself was buried at a certain spot in Newbuildings

Wood on his estate. Here, wrapped in his old Eastern travelling carpet, without coffin or casket of any kind, this gifted, if erratic personality, sleeps his last sleep.

Another original figure in English politics during the late Victorian period was Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, who survived the great majority of his contemporaries and lived for some time after the Great War.

Unlike Mr. Blunt, he sat for many years in the House of Commons, where he showed himself to be a master of Parliamentary procedure and most accurate in his statements. Those, indeed, who appreciated his great mental attainments were inclined to wonder why he had never been given office. Though no one disputed Mr. Bowles's ability, a good many people who had suffered under his acerbity of reply were not too fond of him, while others resented a certain intellectual contentment which always made him the most prominent figure in any discussion into which he might enter. The truth was that he simply could not keep his own personality out of any story he might tell—a great pity, as he had seen many interesting things and people during his long and busy life.

I remember him at the house of a mutual friend describing how he had been accorded a special audience by one of the Sultans at Constantinople. His account of the ceremonial and the preliminaries of interview was most interesting, and having lightly touched on Turkish history he told us a great deal as to what he had said to the Sultan; but we heard practically nothing of what the Sultan had said to him. Probably very little, for interviews with the Commander of the Faithful are not of lengthy duration.

When he had done, we understood why no further interviews had taken place!

In spite of certain idiosyncrasies, Mr. Bowles did a good deal of admirable political work. He defeated

the iniquitous Declaration of London, was an authority on naval matters, and understood a good deal about banking, as a certain bank had good reason to realize.

There was no more able or more stanch defender of the British Navy, which without doubt owed him a great debt of gratitude.

Endowed with enormous energy, he himself wrote practically the whole of the "Candid Quarterly," a well-written and instructive publication, which was rather above the heads of the general public.

In lighter forms of literature Mr. Bowles had been extremely successful; "Vanity Fair," which was originally started by him, having achieved great success under his direction.

I believe that he also did very well out of a paper for ladies. He was an indefatigable worker, who would generally begin the day long before the rest of the world had dreamt of getting up.

As a raconteur he could be extremely interesting, but his stories were too often spoilt by the defect mentioned above—he simply could not abstain from long descriptions of what he, "Mr. Bowles," had done or said, with the result that the main thread of his story became lost.

The last time I saw him was in Paris, where we dined together at one of the vast caravanserais where pleasure-seekers congregate. It was a gala evening.

The noise of the band and the behaviour of the guests, who, according to the modern fashion, pelted one another with decorated missiles furnished by the management, annoyed him intensely, with the result that he retired at a very early hour.

The next day he left for the South of France, and I never saw him again.

The disappearance of this clever man has left a void, which at present no one else seems fitted to fill.

Something of a character in the House of Commons in former days was the late Sir Blundell Maple, well-known for his geniality and love of sport.

Sir Blundell, greatly to his honour, never made any pretence of being ashamed of his connexion with the great Emporium in Tottenham Court Road: indeed he frequently went there and was often to be seen showing people he knew over various departments. Though every one admired this attitude, some old-fashioned folks pretended to be shocked when he was made a Baronet. A good many jokes were cracked, about the best of which was a suggested crest and motto.

In this King Richard was depicted looking wistfully through prison bars, while the lines "Blondel m'appelle" were beneath! Not such a bad imitation of the punning mottoes belonging to some ancient families!

Every year in English life people of original ways and appearance are getting rarer and rarer. No old gentlemen are to be seen wearing swallow-tailed coats, while even the top-hat maintains a somewhat precarious existence.

The sporting characters who were once to be seen about the West End of London have disappeared, and eccentricity of attire once common on the turf is now a thing of the past—even the bookmakers presenting the appearance of ordinary gentlemen, or of respectable tradesmen.

Almost the sole representatives of the good old school are Lord Coventry and that veteran sportsman Sir Claude de Crespigny, fit and erect despite his seventy-six years.

In a humbler sphere of life, one character has somehow managed to survive. This is "Old Kate," the old lady with her cry of "Racing up to date," who

sells race cards, and is so well, and one might say affectionately, known to all patrons of the turf.

For something like half a century " Old Kate " has travelled all over England, selling her race cards and " Form at a glance."

She never misses a meeting, whatever the weather may be, though how she gets to a race-course seems something of a mystery, it having been said that no one ever sees her on a train.

During her long experience of racing, " Old Kate " has seen one generation of plungers succeed another, and sold cards to the vast majority of Turf Constellations, including King Edward, who, with characteristic kindness, bought his race card from the old lady, giving her, like many other old race-goers, a very liberal price.

In the world of art the eccentric characters who formerly haunted Christie's are almost all forgotten. Who remembers the wealthy collector who, though he purchased a great number of pictures and *objets d'art*, never looked at them again once they had been delivered at his house? Unconsciously he followed the example of Russian rulers of the past, for it is said that quantities of unopened packing-cases containing presents to former Czars, some as far back as the time of the Empress Catherine, were discovered in the cellars of certain palaces by the Bolshevists after they had succeeded in coming into power.

Fine judges of art seem naturally inclined to be unconventional in their ways. A striking example of this was the late Lord Clanrikarde, and in another sphere of life the well-known printseller, Mr. Pollard, who died but a few years ago. While in the prime of life the latter was probably one of the finest judges of English prints who ever lived. A number of great collectors relied almost implicitly upon him, and he

was invariably consulted by the late Mr. Montague Guest and other connoisseurs to whom he rendered great assistance, including Mr. Frederick Behrens, whose collection of old English colour prints, though small, is probably the finest in existence.

Thirty years ago or so, Mr. Pollard was in partnership with another printseller in Green Street, Leicester Square. When, however, the latter died, his partner set up on his own, having shops in Panton Street, Orange Street, and Spur Street, the latter a quaintly named little thoroughfare which for no particular reason has been more or less recently deprived of its name.

Print collectors would frequently drop in to have a talk with the old man, discuss forthcoming sales, and have a look at any new discovery Pollard might have made.

Not a few had learnt all they knew about prints there, for Pollard had a great deal of valuable information to impart to anyone whom he liked; if, however, a customer appeared to be unsympathetic, he would get nothing out of the old man at all—indeed the latter was capable of being quite brusque to anyone who treated him as if he were an ordinary shopman.

No one appeared to know very much about the early days of this character, but it would seem that he had been connected with the print business all his life.

He vaguely remembered the Chartists, and in a queer sort of way himself held rather radical views. Nevertheless, he had a real respect for the aristocracy, with many members of which he was on intimate terms. For this reason he realized that the much abused upper classes were not so overbearing or stupid as demagogues were fond of making out.

He was also partial to seeing Royal processions, and made a practice of going to have a look at the Queen or King passing in state to the opening of Parliament.

Mr. Pollard, though mainly self-educated, appreciated good literature. He was, indeed, well read, and, knowing much of Milton and Dryden by heart, was quite ready to recite passages from them if encouraged to do so.

He had also a fairly extensive knowledge of English artistic life during the last two centuries, and was something of an authority on early Victorian customs, the ideals of that period being pretty well his own.

Notwithstanding that he was a great reader and had given himself a good education, his h's were rather a weak point.

He talked about the " 'Olbein 'Eads," and always called the painter whose work he esteemed so greatly " 'Enry Walton."

The rare print of Mrs. Curtis after the latter Pollard always declared was really Mrs. Walton, the latter's wife—other connoisseurs, however, said he was wrong.

Some years ago, Pollard had a fine impression of " Mrs. Curtis " in his shop, which he offered to a friend of mine for £75. The latter, however, hesitated about buying it, with the result that two or three days later Messrs. Colnaghi bought it for £300. After passing through the hands of one or two collectors, it was eventually sold for £1,000 !

I remember a similar case of a French coloured print, " Les Deux Baisers," a magnificent impression, for which Pollard wanted £100. Again, the prospective purchaser could not make up his mind : a French dealer paid £200 for it, and some years later the print was sold in Paris for four or five times that sum.

While a great admirer of female beauty as depicted by the eighteenth-century artists, Mr. Pollard abhorred the courtesan class even in prints, and never bought anything of doubtful tendency himself and refused to do so for clients. On one occasion, when

requested by a great collector to bid for a lovely colour print of "What you will," a fair anonyma dressed in Incroyable costume, showing a good deal of well-turned leg, the old man went so far as flatly to decline to do so.

His was the ultra morality of the uncompromising middle-class school.

He had, indeed, likes and dislikes about prints as others had about people.

His two favourite engravings were "The Fruit Barrow," after Henry Walton, engraved by T. R. Smith, and "A New Love-Song," also after Walton, an old man selling a love-song to a pretty girl. If either of these appeared at a sale, Pollard was there, never ceasing nodding his head till he got them. He was also fond of pictures of children and sporting subjects, partialities which in his last years, when his eyesight had grown dim (he never used glasses) and his judgment had become clouded, led, it is to be feared, to his being exploited by the "sharper" element.

At the end of his life, Mr. Pollard's prices were apt to be rather of the "Alice in Wonderland" kind, depending somewhat upon how he felt and whether he was in a good or bad temper. He had little business capacity, which was the reason that he never made any large sums of money; considering his well-earned reputation as a first-class judge he ought to have made a fortune.

But, as has been said, there was little method about him. His prints indeed varied in price from week to week, and sometimes from day to day.

A fine example in colours of a Mail Coach in a flood, which I remember, went up and down like the mercury in a barometer.

It varied in price between £8 and £25—a favourite

figure at which it occasionally remained for two or three days being £18.

Eventually a friend of mine snapped it up on an £8 day. A perfect impression, it would have been a great bargain at four times the money.

Money-making, however, was never in Pollard's line. Leading a frugal life and rarely drinking anything but water, he was quite content merely to jog along.

During working hours in his shop, the old man, generally in his shirt sleeves, always wore an apron and a soft slouch hat similar to that worn by parsons.

In summer-time at Christie's, however, he would turn up very smart, arrayed in a grey frock-coat with trousers and hat of the same colour, an elaborate tie with a large early Victorian pin stuck in it.

In a widely different phase of life a character well known to guardsmen and men about town happily still remains with us—this is "Paul" (whose correct name is Appolinaire Leroi), who for so many years was waiter at the King's Guard Mess, at St. James's. Years ago, when I first used to dine there, his original personality was already recognized.

On the last occasion I did so, which was on August 31, 1922, he told me that it was thirty-eight years since he first had the pleasure of waiting upon me. He had then been forty-six years with the Guards, and, it being his last night in their service, he made an appropriate little speech.

Having been in the French 10th Hussars for three years, Paul was recalled to the colours when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, fought with the Mobiles of the Seine in three battles, and took part in the defence of Paris, during which he was wounded in the wrist.

He joined the Queen's Guard Mess three years after his arrival in England in 1872, and only in 1914

(through the good offices of King Alfonso of Spain who while a guest on Guard, became interested in Paul's story) did the old soldier receive the medal he had earned forty-four years before. It was very fitting that Paul, the whole of whose life had been passed amidst French and English soldiers, should have survived to witness the triumph of the Allies and the return of the lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, to the country of his birth.

A son of Paul served in the Guards, and he and his family have become thoroughly identified with England. It is pleasant to be able to relate that a sketch portrait of this old servant, who has seen so many generations of officers of the Guards come and go, hangs at St. James's among many other interesting pictures and relics connected with England's finest body of troops.

Dining on King's Guard at St. James's in old days was rather different from what it is to-day. To begin with, the whole thing was far more ceremonious, subalterns being very subdued and punctilious etiquette being observed.

The officers then of course dined in their scarlet coats, and very smart they were too. The post-war dining dress of blue serge is scarcely in consonance with the traditions of the past, and as officers are now bound to possess red coats, it seems strange that they do not wear them when dining at the Guards' Mess, which formerly presented such a gay as well as dignified appearance.

This new-fangled blue mess dress is after all nothing but a glorified stable jacket, and has no advantages of any kind except that of being in touch with the spirit of an age which despises anything which varies the drab monotony of daily life.

I happened to be dining on Guard some two days

after England had entered into the Great War, on which occasion the Guards wore khaki at dinner for the first time.

The Prince of Wales was present, very gay and animated at the prospect of seeing service. At that time no one dreamt that the war would last more than four years. The mess-room contains much which is of interest.

Quite a number of old officers have contributed prints and mementoes, the most munificent gift having been the set of scrap books bequeathed by the late Sir William Fraser.

Here also is a hoof of Marengo made into a snuff box, and silver gilt statuettes of Lord Roberts and of other great British soldiers. It seems a pity that a collection of epaulettes and gorgets is lacking; a series of prints portraying the various changes of uniform would also increase the interest of the collection.

A curious old screen made up of coloured pictures has been treasured by the Guards for a great number of years. In the seventies and eighties, however, it seems to have been subjected to somewhat rough usage by a generation fond of playing pranks.

A great many professional jokers were about town at that time, one of the chief of whom was the late Lord Charles Beresford. The latter having bet that he would exercise a privilege reserved to the Sovereign and drive down Rotten Row, persuaded the driver of a water-cart to let him take his place, and rigged out in the man's coat and cap easily won the wager.

The late Marquess of Queensberry also performed a curious feat. Having wagered that he would walk naked through a certain part of the West End in broad daylight, he succeeded in doing so without molestation owing to his being concealed from view

by walking within the shelter of a four-wheeled cab the bottom of which had been removed.

The race of practical jokers is even now not extinct. Every one remembers the sham Abyssinian Princes and their visit to a British battleship, where they were accorded a ceremonious welcome and were shown everything which was worth seeing.

The daring wag who devised this hoax played many others and may be playing them still.

On one occasion he and some of his friends, disguised as navvies and carrying all the paraphernalia connected with road-mending, held up the traffic in a crowded London thoroughfare and took up a number of wood blocks without anyone discovering that they had not been sent to do so.

The same individual, while in Rome, I believe once actually contemplated dressing up as the Pope and in a state coach driving from the neighbourhood of the Vatican to call upon the King of Italy. Unforeseen circumstances caused him to abandon his plan, otherwise a great sensation would have occurred and excited crowds have filled the streets of Rome.

A practical joker well known in Society during the reign of Queen Victoria was Prince Demidoff, a man of great wealth. So great was his reputation for this form of amusement, that when his wife received the news of his death, she treated it as a hoax—another of the Prince's pleasant jokes—but it was no joke this time. The Prince had often made sport of death, but now death had made sport of him. He once made a number of doctors in Vienna absolutely furious by an extraordinary prank. He sent to each of the doctors separately, requesting them to visit him and report upon some disease under which he laboured. About a score of them obeyed the summons, and each gave him a written opinion on his complaint. As he

expected, they were all different—no two of them agreed. This was exactly what he wanted. He called all the doctors together in a body, read their conflicting opinions to them, set them all by the ears, and roared with laughter.

Prince Demidoff once played a good joke upon the Director of the Opera in London. He had hired a box for the season, for which he paid about £720 for six months, and, as he passed only about a quarter of an hour in his box and there were only three performances a week, every quarter of an hour cost him a little more than £8.

One evening a friend asked him to accompany him to the Opera, where "Fidelio" was being played. The Prince was at first unwilling to go, but eventually consented. On his arrival, however, when he had scarcely crossed the threshold of the theatre, he was stopped by an official, who said in a loud voice:

"You are not properly dressed!"

The Prince's attire, as a matter of fact, was irreproachable; but, following some passing foreign fashion, his black tie was rendered singular by three tiny, scarcely perceptible pink dots, embroidered at the extremity.

"It's my tie, I suppose," said he, and, without remonstrating, said Good-night to his friend and went away.

On the following day, however, he sent to the Director four servants bearing four enormous trunks, which, to his amazement, they deposited at his feet. One contained coats, another trousers, a third waistcoats, and a fourth ties.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said the impresario, very much puzzled.

"Sir," answered one of the valets, "this is Prince Demidoff's wardrobe; he begs that you will kindly

yourself choose the clothes in which you will deign to admit him to his own box."

While practical jokers were common enough in old days, solemnity was certainly the characteristic of a good many celebrated Victorians—notably of Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England.

At a certain banquet to Irving, the famous comedian, Toole, in an allusion to the Tichborne trial, playfully suggested that Lord Coleridge had not only invited him to a seat usually reserved for a member of the Bar, but to certain legal "consultations." "How far," said Mr. Toole in serio-comic accents, "in our consultations I was able to assist him in his difficult task must ever remain a profound professional secret between us." As might have been expected, this aroused peals of laughter. Everybody perceived that Mr. Toole had given the Lord Chief Justice an opportunity to make a witty reply, and the dismay that overwhelmed the company when Lord Coleridge proceeded with ponderous gravity to give an official and formal denial to the fact that he ever held professional consultations with Mr. Toole on the occasion referred to cast quite a gloom over the evening.

The one thing which made very serious men relax seems to have been port, of which Gladstone, Tennyson, and Browning were all fond; Lord Eldon liked it too, but in his case people said it had to be bad in order to please him. A thick black and strong wine was what he preferred and Tennyson's taste ran somewhat in the same direction.

An eminent scientist, who was a friend of the Poet Laureate, once sent him a small number of bottles of the 1847 vintage. When, however, the two met, Tennyson did not seem at all pleased, saying: "That port of yours was not at all satisfactory. Very muddy I found it."

" Perhaps," suggested the scientist, " you didn't give it time to settle after its journey."

" Time! why there wasn't enough to bother about. You only sent me half a dozen bottles."

Port always had a soothing effect upon the poet.

Sitting next a young lady at dinner one evening he did not address one word to her till the end, when he said, " Your stays are creaking."

She was upset, but later on Tennyson, having had a bottle of port, went upstairs in a good humour, sat down by her, and said: " I apologize for what I said just now; it was not your stays but my braces."

When once he had started he was apt to lose all count of time.

In a letter, Mrs. Browning, speaking of a visit from the poet, said: " He dined with us, smoked with us, opening his heart to us (and the second bottle of port), and ended by reading ' Maud ' through from end to end and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, certainly he would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness, and unexampled *naïveté*. Think of his stopping ' Maud ' every now and then: ' There's a beautiful touch! That's very tender! How beautiful that is! ' "

Tennyson who was given to reciting his own works was once very offended by detecting Mr. Gladstone apparently asleep during his reading. He preferred his dramas to his other poems, though he was fond of reading " Maud " and " The Grandmother."

At a Royal luncheon party, having been pressed to read something, he declared that " One man could lead a horse to water, but ten could not make him drink." Upon this the Princess of Wales said: " Oh, but I can," and led him up the little room, where, surrounded

by several crowned heads, with his great wide-awake on his head, he read "The Grandmother."

At the time when he had just received from the printer some proof-sheets of his "Idylls of the King," then and there he chanted the story of Enid and Elaine: chanted was the true word to apply to his recitations. He had a theory that poetry should always be given out with the rhythm accentuated, and the music of the verse strongly emphasized, up to which he always acted.

A lady, after having heard him read "Maud," declared she should not soon forget how the heroine's name boomed in her ears for hours after and thundered at intervals through her dreams.

A love of reciting their own verse is a very ordinary failing of poets.

An old lady, who was a neighbour of Wordsworth, told an inquisitive American tourist that Wordsworth was "no bad sort of a mon," except when he went "trottin' aboot the grass, booin' his pottery"—her way of speaking of his recitation of his own work.

Few modern poets have equalled the picturesque appearance which Tennyson presented in old age. His portrait by Millais, though a fine picture, is nevertheless somewhat theatrical in pose and treatment, while it has not the charm which emanates from the same artist's portrait of Irving which hangs in the Garrick Club.

Here, though hampered by the artistic limitations of modern morning dress, Millais has produced something more than an ordinary picture, while actually depicting the great actor as he lived and in a pose which was natural to him, as those who had the privilege of knowing him will remember.

Millais began to paint at the age of eleven, and was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy when he was

seventeen, in 1846. Chosen an Associate in 1853, he only became an Academician eleven years later—by which time he had pretty well thrown off the influence of Pre-Raphaelitism, which contemporary critics considered an emancipation. In any case it is probable that the course he chose was a wise one.

The popular favourites in Mid-Victorian days were artists like Frith, whose "Derby Day" created a sensation; and Sir Francis Grant, who has been termed a historiographer of the hunting field.

With the Presidency of Sir Frederick (afterwards Lord) Leighton a new era began.

VII

MANNERS AND WAYS

YEAR by year the dress of all classes tends to become the same. There are now practically none of the picturesque figures who were once to be seen in the West End.

The old crossing-sweepers of the Victorian Era struck quite a bright note with their faded scarlet coats. One of the last of them was an old man who stood at the corner of Berkeley Square and Charles Street arrayed in an old hunting coat currently reported to have been given him by Lord Cork, the Master of the Buckhounds, who lived close by.

A well-known character among crossing-sweepers was the Indian, who in rather ragged Oriental costume formerly plied his broom outside the Naval and Military Club.

According to current report, exemplary behaviour during the mutiny was the reason for his presence in St. James's Square, though how he had drifted there no one could exactly explain.

Anyhow, he did very well out of old Anglo-Indians, who liked to show their knowledge of the Hindu language and gave him many tips.

Though since the Great War the streets of London have been full of poor people selling matches, bootlaces, and the like, there is little to amuse or interest the passer-by as was the case in past days when Punch and Judy shows were common, while picturesque, if

tattered, street performers did something to vary the drab monotony of streets and squares.

Itinerant Italian vendors of statuettes vanished a good many years ago together with the poor remnant of the merry-makers in strange attire who feebly kept up some semblance of the jollity with which Londoners once welcomed the coming of the 1st of May.

Here and there I believe a few dirty little boys may still be seen commemorating the 5th of November, but all spontaneous fun has long gone out of such celebrations, about which the modern world cares nothing.

The old hurdy-gurdy player, with his performing monkey, practically received his quietus when the piano organ was introduced.

For a time the latter was more or less freely tolerated even in the fashionable district of Mayfair. Some of the older school, indeed, rather liked such music, but a more fastidious generation has banished mechanically produced trills and roulades to back streets and mews, where poor children may be seen somewhat timidly dancing to its not uninspiriting strains.

To-day notices prohibiting street noises are to be found all over the West End, which is consequently sunk in a silence only broken by the roar of a motor-bus or the shrill shriek of a motor-horn, to which, more or less, every one has become accustomed.

The introduction of motors, while effecting a revolution in the traffic of London, robbed the streets and Park of much life and colour.

During the Victorian Era the magnificent equipages to be seen in Hyde Park formed a never-failing source of attraction to loungers, many of whom passed hours in watching the long line of carriages going round and round like a stage army. A writer of that day has well described the "heavy old family coaches," with

coachmen and horses to match, and the wonderful old ladies reclining within barouches—that crept out in the spring year after year with their panels re-varnished and their brasswork re-lacquered, and disappeared again when the season was over, together with those who had driven in them. A great variety prevailed in the style of the various equipages : stately carriages of the old nobility—mail phaetons with high-stepping horses—pony chaises carrying ladies of fashion—and new victorias, blazing with escutcheons driven by gorgeous coachmen in multi-coloured liveries, denoting that their occupants lived on the borders of the exclusive world and were constantly fighting to pass its frontier. Then, too, there were smart buggies driven by men about town, who had gone round and round the Park for thirty years, and still clung to the peculiar dress of a vanished age ; and lastly, a number of quiet-looking little broughams containing mysterious occupants about whom there were furtive rumours which young ladies were not supposed to know !

The gorgeous state coaches which made such a brave show on the occasion of great Court functions or at the opening of Parliament are now things of the past, though a number of them probably fulfil a useful purpose in the provinces or beyond the seas in the colonies or in Africa, where their faded glories form a setting for some more or less barbaric potentate.

Two elaborately painted coaches, however, may be seen through the upper windows of Messrs. Hooper's carriage repository in St. James's Street, a thoroughfare which must in its day have seen a great number of such gorgeous carriages come and go.

I am told that the state coach in which British Lord Chancellors, from Lord Eldon to Lord Birkenhead, rode has now ceased to do service, and, having been purchased by a motor agent, now stands in a garage at

East Ham, where, when last heard of, it was for sale at the price of £45.

The coach, which was last redecorated in Lord Herschell's time, is said originally to have belonged to one of the Bonapartes; but it is not clear how it made its way across the Channel to this country.

State coaches drawn by horses in ornate trappings have been associated with Royalty ever since such vehicles were invented. According to an old story, on one occasion William IV declared that he would go down to the House of Lords in a hackney carriage if his state coach could not be got ready in time. A terrible threat which, had it been carried out, would undoubtedly have created a great sensation.

Even to-day, when Ministers ride to Parliament in motor-cars, the King still makes his old-time progress in the ancient gilded coach which is such a feature of Royal processions. And long may he continue to do so!

The Hyde Park of the old Queen's reign was a different place from what it is to-day, for it was then the recognized resort of the upper classes of London, who congregated there in the evening between five and seven o'clock, partly to take the air and partly because it was considered fashionable to see and be seen. Extravagant turn-outs and liveries, such as Continental cities produced with great ostentation, were rarely to be found in London. The English aristocracy liked to make an impression by the simplicity and solidity of their appearance; and the metropolis was the last of all places where they desired to excite attention by a dashing and extravagant exterior. They had not the least wish either to dazzle or to awe the tradespeople or to make them envious. They were too sure of their position to be tempted

to advertise it. Interesting, and indeed unrivalled, in those days was Rotten Row, where, on fine summer evenings, all the youth, beauty, celebrity, and wealth of London made a brave display.

Of the well-appointed carriages, fine horseflesh, and pretty women which thronged the Park, to-day only the last remain.

While the motor-car is undoubtedly a great improvement upon the old horse-drawn carriage, a smart equipage of the old-fashioned sort with well-turned-out servants presented a dignified and stately appearance which the new forms of locomotion can never attain.

Where there was much to attract the eye, to-day little or nothing remains. The motors, though wonderful as machines, are never decorative; while the dress of the male frequenters, which was once so smart, differs little from that worn by the denizens of the New Cut or of the Mile End Road.

On the other hand, it must be confessed that the ladies are more tastefully arrayed than in the past. They also understand more about making the most of their good points and altogether are probably superior in looks to the much-vaunted beauties of the Victorian Era.

Up to the end of the seventies the Park was little frequented by anyone other than members of the fashionable world. It was the acknowledged lounging ground of aristocracy, and, like certain thoroughfares of Mayfair, up to about thirty years ago gave an impression of general leisure and ease which has now totally disappeared. As a matter of fact, except in the way of politics, most of the residents of the West End had no profession at all, but lived either extravagantly or quietly upon their incomes, which, once they had married and settled down, they rarely tried to increase.

HYDE PARK IN 1864

From a contemporary print

In the early nineteenth century the Knightsbridge end of Piccadilly had been little but an entrance to the suburbs.

It seems strange to reflect that close to Hamilton Place once stood the Hercules Pillars public-house, where Squire Western put his horses up when in pursuit of Tom Jones, and where the Marquis of Granby, that bluff soldier who figured on so many signboards, was wont to spend many a pleasant hour of social relaxation.

Piccadilly, between Devonshire House and Hyde Park Corner, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, contained a considerable number of stone-masons' yards full of statuary, and must have presented something of the appearance of portions of the Euston Road, given up to the same purpose.

The vogue of Piccadilly as a fashionable quarter only arose in the late eighteenth century. Not very long before that it had been a poor kind of thoroughfare with taverns whose fame was none of the best; and, on review days, the soldiers from the neighbouring barracks sat in front of the houses on wooden benches, whilst their hair was being powdered and their pig-tails tied up. During this interesting operation, they laughed and joked with the maid-servants who passed that way. As a natural consequence of these proceedings, the quarter was avoided by the respectable classes, who later on were to make the district fashionable.

With added facilities for locomotion Piccadilly eventually became a link between the older London and its western suburbs, to the growth of which the invention of the omnibus gave great impetus.

The vehicle in question, which first appeared under its present name in 1829, at first created something of a sensation, its outward appearance, compared with similar vehicles on the Continent, being considered very prepossessing. Whether it were painted red

like a Guardsman's coat, royal blue, or green as the trees in summer, it was always neat and clean. The horses were strong and elegant; the driver was an adept in his art; the conductor was active, quick as thought, and untiring as a clockwork machine.

In those days the omnibus was an oblong square box, painted green with windows at the sides, and a large window in the door at the back. On a certain number the word "BAYSWATER" was painted in large golden letters on the green side-panels, signifying that the vehicles would not go beyond "that bourn," and also furnishing a name for the whole species. A great many omnibuses were in this manner named after their chief stations. There were Richmonds, Chelseas, Putneys, and Hammersmiths. Others again luxuriated in names of a most fantastic description, and the most conspicuous among them were the Waterloos, Nelsons, Wellingtons, Taglionis, Atlases, etc. One set of omnibuses was named after "The Times"; others, such as "Crawford's," were named after their owners.

Three tons, that is to say 60 cwt., was the weight of a London omnibus when full, and with these 60 cwts. at their backs the two horses would trot about a dozen English miles without the use of the whip, cheered only now and then by the driver's hiss. And with all that they were smooth and round and in good condition; they were not near so heavy as those heavy horses of Norman build which went their weary pace in front of the Paris omnibuses, nor were they such wretched catlike creatures as the majority of the horses which served a similar purpose in Germany. Their harness was clean and on the Continent might have passed as elegant. Although fiery when in motion, bus horses never laid aside that gentleness of temper which seems peculiar to English horseflesh. A child might guide them; they obeyed even the slight-

est movement of the reins ; nay, more, an old omnibus-horse understood the signals and shouts of the conductor. It trotted off the moment he gave that stunning blow on the roof of the omnibus which, in the jargon of London conductors, meant " Go on, if you please " ; and the word " Stop " would arrest it in the sharpest trot.

But for the training and the natural sagacity of those animals, it would have been impossible for so many omnibuses to proceed through the crowded City streets at the pace they did without an extensive smashing of carriages and a great sacrifice of human life resulting therefrom.

The side-boards—facetiously called knife-boards—on omnibuses appear to have been invented for the purpose of advertisement, though it has been suggested that their original purpose was to screen the legs of ladies in the days of crinolines.

The latter, however, is improbable, as very few women rode on the top of an omnibus till quite a recent date. In the fifties and sixties women, hampered by skirts distended over huge hoops of steel, would have had considerable difficulty in climbing up the narrow iron rails which led up to the roof, in addition to which it was not then considered very decorous for a female to sit aloft surrounded by men.

Omnibuses originally had doors, while straw was laid upon their floors as it was on the floors of fourwheelers. When the conductor came round to collect the fares he did so through the window of the door, which he let down for that purpose—a somewhat leisurely proceeding which would not be tolerated to-day.

There was something essentially English about the old omnibus drivers, a number of whom were noted for their quaint expressions and ready command of English.

" The City," said one of them, " is a training-school for carriage-osses and for any gent as would learn to drive. As for a man who isn't thoroughly up to it, I'd like to see him take the ribbons, that's all ! 'specially with a long heavy bus behind and two osses as is going like blazes in front. I see many a country fellow in my time as funky as can be, and sweating, 'cause why ? he feeled himself in a fix. And an oss, too, as has never been in the city afore, gets giddy in his head, and all shaky-like, and weak on his legs. But it's all habit, that's what it is with men and osses."

Before motors were introduced drivers of omnibuses which went down Park Lane and down Piccadilly used to receive a brace of pheasants a-piece at Christmas as a gift from Lord Rothschild and Mr. Lionel Rothschild, who was well known on the road in and out of town between New Court and his house at Gunnersbury.

Bus drivers when they passed either of these brothers driving a pair of fine horses, made a point of touching their hats, an acknowledgment of the kindly feeling and generosity for which the Rothschild family has so long been noted.

Though for a time the omnibus was the only means by which the middle and lower classes could reach the suburbs, later came the " tramway," a word which is really a contraction—strictly speaking it should be " Outramway "—the mode of conveyance in question having originally been devised by Sir James Outram's father, the founder of the great Butterley Ironworks. Mr. Outram was a man of great ability, energetic, self-reliant, of fertile and ready resource, so much so that his opinion was deferred to by many of the most eminent engineers of the day, such as Sir John Rennie and Thomas Telford. He was the first, in connexion with these works, to lay down an iron way, and it is

to this circumstance, and from his name, that we have the term " tramway."

The West End of London has seen quite a number of conveyances come and go. The hackney coach took the place of the Sedan chair and in course of time was itself superseded by the hansom, which has now practically passed out of use.

The end of the nineteenth century was the golden age of smart hansom cabs with good horses driven by well-turned-out cabmen with glossy hats and flowers in their button-holes. The fares they liked best were dashing young officers up in town for a few days' amusement. The latter would often hire a cab for the whole period of their stay, and were not apt to haggle about extra shillings, or, for the matter of that, extra half-crowns.

Fussy old ladies and gentlemen, on the other hand, were not popular with West End Jehus. " Nothing wrong with your horse, I hope, cabby," inquired a timid fare who did not like the way the animal put its ears back. " No, nothing in pertickler, sir," replied cabby, " except that when he do begin to kick he kicks like 'ell ! "

A different type of driver would assume a sarcastic attitude towards stingy fares, intimating to them that if they proposed to make their drives mere mercantile transactions they had better adopt some cheaper form of transit.

" What did I take you for," commented an unsatisfied driver, " why a gentleman and a shilling a mile ; I didn't think you were a chap who'd only give the eightpence ! "

Even the worst hansom cabs were always in a far better condition than the fourwheeled vehicles, while their drivers, instead of being broken-down old men, were usually smart and alert—quite a number presented

a very sporting appearance. They liked good fares, but, if sometimes exorbitant in their demands, they were at least satisfactory in their performance. They went at a dashing pace whenever they had an open space before them, and they were most skilful in winding and edging their light vehicles through the most formidable knots of wagons and carriages. The "hansom" man was more genteel and gifted than the vulgar race of cabmen; he was altogether smarter (in more than one sense) and more dashing, daring, and reckless.

In the days when the night house flourished and liquor could be obtained all night long one of these drivers attained a certain prosperity by cruising about in the small hours of the morning in particular quarters to pick up drunken men. If they were able to tell their address, he conveyed them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally handsomely rewarded. It was said that there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered it their policy to be strictly honest.

Considering the noise made by cabs, omnibuses, and vans which are propelled by motor power the outcry against whistling for cabs which occurred during the war was absurd.

Nevertheless, the whistling which took place towards midnight was certainly disturbing to sensitive people.

Amusing mistakes sometimes occurred in connexion with this.

"Call me a four wheeler," said a guest after a party to a peppery old gentleman whom he mistook for the butler.

"You're a four wheeler," was the reply, "I certainly couldn't call you hansom!"

The various mews in the fashionable part of London have now almost without exception been converted into garages for motors. The times have changed and the Rolls-Royce has taken the place of the gorgeous nobleman's coach which, with its two richly dressed footmen behind and wigged coachman on the box, struck a stately and picturesque note in the thoroughfares of the West End.

One of the quaintest Victorian carriages was the cabriolet, a sort of hooded buggy with a groom standing up behind, which was introduced into London from Paris about 1820.

As far as I remember there were never very many of this vehicle, but I recall two or three. I think I am right in saying that a plum-pudding dog (grey with spots) was generally seen running between the wheels beneath.

A modified form of the cabriolet was the precursor of the hansom.

Licensed vehicles of this type, however, which only began to ply for hire in 1823, were somewhat ill-balanced, for they were apt to overturn, and were not generally satisfactory. In 1834 a Yorkshire architect, J. A. Hansom, patented a new adaptation which could not tip forward if the horse fell or backward if it was overbalanced. The wheels of the original hansom cab were very large, while the seat of the driver was at the side.

The four-wheeled cabs, known as growlers, seem to have come into use some time later. By 1896 there were just short of 4,000. There were then almost double that number of hansoms, while over 14,000 men made a living by driving cabs.

To-day a few growlers survive at railway stations, but the hansom is practically extinct. The battered remnants of one may be seen in the garden of Lancaster

House, and now and then a solitary survivor may be observed sadly wending its way down Piccadilly; otherwise the hansom as a means of locomotion has joined the Sedan chair and hackney coach in the limbo of obsolete locomotion.

Travelling by train, though first-class passengers could easily get compartments reserved, was not really luxurious before the eighties. The Great Northern was the first Company to introduce the refreshment-car system in England—the first dining-car seen in this country being run on November 1, 1879, from King's Cross to Leeds.

The Midland started their first-class dining-cars in 1882, the London and North Western in 1889, the Great Western in 1894, the Great Central started its buffet cars in 1897.

Society did not then make any very great use of the railway for going short trips out of London, a drive on a coach being more to its taste.

This, indeed, was very popular with ladies in the season, when there was then little besides the Park, Hurlingham, or the river to pass the hours away.

The Thames at that period was more frequented by fashionable people than is the case now, many pretty faces and dresses being visible on the lawn at Skindle's on a fine midsummer's day.

The hostelry in question, which still exists, had been founded by Mr. Skindle, senior, sometime after the middle of the nineteenth century. His son, who for some years was a postboy, later on assisted in the management of this establishment, and died at Worthing in 1918 at the age of 101.

One of the pleasures of the generation which had flourished in the earlier part of the nineteenth century had been to drive out in the summer to one of the many

nursery gardens which at that time existed in suburbs like Hammersmith or Fulham, the ground of which has now for a long period of years been covered with row upon row of streets and villas. In the eighteenth century the outskirts of London, as may be seen from old prints, were delightful, and something of this charm lingered on up to the fifties and sixties, when a drive of moderate length would still take one into the country.

As late as the nineties the neighbourhood of Hendon still retained much of its rural character. The increase of railways, of course, was the main cause of the growth of the Metropolis, which the tramway and motor-bus have now caused to swallow up so many green fields, pretty woods, and other spots replete with sylvan beauty.

Up to comparatively recent years the district around Ealing remained much in its ancient condition; here, however, as elsewhere, the popularity of the royal and ancient game of golf has done good service in effecting the preservation of some portion of the country in an unspoilt condition. Golf has come and pigeon-shooting gone.

It seems curious in these days to remember that not so very long ago the pseudo sport in question was carried on at Hurlingham in the presence of ladies who sat watching the shooters.

This lasted up to the end of the last century, though for a long time before that there had been a good deal of hostile criticism by Society journalists, minor poets, and others.

Forty years ago, however, it was quite a regular thing for mothers and chaperons to take the young girls under their charge to witness this slaughter of doves.

The late Mr. Frederick Locker has allusions to such a fashion in some of his graceful verse, and though,

as has been said, there was other criticism, it was not of a militant kind.

After Hurlingham had decided to do away with pigeon-shooting the headquarters of that practice became the Gun Club, and some eighteen years ago or so an agitation which was carried on against it came to an end through the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals absolving the shooters from all suspicion of cruelty.

Within recent years, however, a fresh agitation, started by a famous retired surgeon, against the pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo, resulted in its being forbidden by law in England, but all attempts to get it suppressed at the famous pleasure resort on the Riviera failed.

As a matter of fact the numerous letters which appeared in "The Times" denouncing this shooting have, I believe, had a contrary effect to that intended by the writers, a number of people having had their notice attracted to the facilities for indulging in a little mild pseudo sport abroad now that it has been prohibited by law in England. In consequence of this the Monte Carlo authorities have, it is said, improved the accommodation on the pigeon-shooting ground and enlarged the refreshment rooms. There is now, however, reason to believe that pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo will cease during the coming season. In France, however, it will continue to be carried on, the French considering the agitation for "its suppression merely a minor development of Anglo-Saxon puerility." They laugh at a people who are fond of fox-hunting showing such inconsistency.

The truth is that while humanitarians may dislike seeing pigeons shot, there is probably not more cruelty about it than there is about cover-shooting. In any case, what goes on in a foreign country is no business

of ours. The whole agitation indeed, as Major Harding Cox recently said in his book, is merely an attempt to insert the thin end of the wedge in an organized effort to do away with all sport, and as such sensible persons should regard it with real suspicion.

In the nineties arose a great Society craze for bicycling, and for a time Battersea Park in the mornings was filled with men and women from the West End pedalling away to their own great satisfaction. Some of them who were rather wobbly clearly did this merely because they thought it was the right thing to do.

Nevertheless, the craze in question served a useful purpose, for it popularized a useful form of locomotion among a class which had hitherto known nothing of it, and thus incidentally did good to trade.

The mania for bicycling did not last very long—it was merely a passing craze like roller-skating and slumming; the latter, however, was indulged in by more serious-minded people, some of whom really did no good work among the poor who lived in deplorable conditions.

In the eighties, and even in the nineties, there were districts in London which it was a real adventure to visit—old picturesque streets with squalid tenements carved out of what had once been splendid mansions. London then was a very different place from what it is to-day, and though housing conditions were often atrocious and the life of the poor hard, the whole thing was redeemed by a strange jollity which is entirely lacking from the more orderly and more sanitary dwellings in which the workers live to-day.

The charm of this old London was that the explorer never knew when he might come upon some unexpected survival of another age. Now everything is regulated, inspected, and classified—there is nothing to discover and little to learn; the poor themselves, who in former

days often exhibited originality of mind, have been educated or drilled into one set pattern, with the same ideas, the same amusements, and the same increasing sense of injustice, resenting their lot more than they used to do in old days.

VIII

THE GROWTH OF LONDON

THOUGH according to modern ideas no enormous extent of ground was covered with houses, the growth of London in the eighteenth century was very rapid. "What I left open fields," says Mr. Bramble in "Humphry Clinker," "producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets, and squares, and palaces, and churches. I am credibly informed, that in the space of seven years, 11,000 new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster, exclusive of what is daily added to other parts of this unwieldy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington; and if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick." He was pleased, however, with the new streets (they were then building Portman Square), and was almost warm in his praises of the bridge at Blackfriars, which had recently been opened as a bridleway.

Hyde Park Gate was at that time almost a rural neighbourhood. Pleasant hay-fields and shady lanes stretched between it and Brompton, where now the great houses of Queen's Gate overshadow all the smaller dwellings which they have not supplanted.

Originally Hyde Park was fenced in for the protection of the deer, which were frequently hunted. In 1550 Edward VI invited the French Ambassador

and the Commissioners then in London arranging a peace with France, to enjoy the sport; and in Elizabeth's reign, the Duke John Casimir, K.G., son of Frederick III, Elector Palatine, and brother of the reigning Elector Lewis VI, then visiting England, was taken to divert himself in the Park. Here in February, 1578, "he killed a barren doe with his pece . . . from amongst ccc other deere," as is set forth in the Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1619-23, p. 88.

The removal of the deer from the Park took place at a comparatively recent date; they were still there in the lifetime of the writer's mother, being only finally taken away in 1831. One of the chief reasons for their removal having, it is said, been that a great number of complaints were made concerning the keeper, who was in the habit of shooting pet dogs which then, as now, were taken to the Park for exercise.

According to a statement made by Thomas Smith in his "Recollections of Hyde Park, 1836" (p. 39), foxes were hunted in Kensington Gardens as late as the end of the eighteenth century, Mr. Smith having found a minute of the Board of Green Cloth, dated 1798, in which a pension was granted to Sarah Gray, widow, in consideration of the loss of her husband, who had been accidentally shot by the keepers while hunting foxes.

Though there is no actual proof, it is more than probable that Rotten Row is merely a corruption of Route du Roi, the more so as the sovereign is the only person permitted to drive up it.

On the other hand, it is possible that this may be a purely fanciful derivation of the same kind which derives the words saunter and saunterers from a term applied to idle wanderers who loitered about the country on their return from the "Sainte Terre" or Holy Land.

It must, however, be remembered that during the Middle Ages there was a very close affinity between the aristocracies of France and England, while French was the only language spoken at Court; a curious result which has taken place in consequence and one that belongs to no other language in the world, is, that the English call animals kept for food by one name when they are alive and by another when they are dead. The Saxons fed the animals, and the Normans ate them; the names, therefore, by which they are called when alive are Saxon, and when dead are French—the Saxon, bull, ox, cow, calf, sheep; the French, beef, veal, and mutton.

It is, moreover, noticeable that the names of a number of things connected with indoor life are obviously French, while words connected with existence out of doors are of Saxon origin.

Documents connected with State Affairs were written in French as late as the fourteenth century.

The Black Prince, I believe, was the first of our Royalties who habitually spoke English. It would be a pity if all vestiges of the links which once bound us to our neighbours across the Channel should be destroyed, and it is to be hoped that the spirit which has swept away so much that is interesting will not be allowed to alter the Royal Assent to Acts of Parliament still given in French—one of the few relics of the connexion of this country with Normandy, whence so much that is picturesque originally sprang.

Another survival of this is the wording of Garter Plates in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

That of the late King Edward, who was never personally installed, runs as follows:—

"Du très haut, très puissant, et très illustre Prince Albert Edouard Prince de Galles, Duc de Saxe, Duc

de Cornwall et de Rothesay, Comte de Chester, Carrick, et Dublin, Baron de Renfrew et Seigneur des Iles, Grand Maitre d'Ecosse, Colonel aux Armées de la Reine, Chevalier du très Noble Ordre de la Jarretière. Dispensé des ceremonies d'Installation par des Patentes datées du ix. me jour de Novembre, MDCCCLVIII."

Hyde Park formerly abounded in springs and conduits which supplied London and Westminster with water. The curious old conduit which stands within the Park railing near Knightsbridge is the only remaining relic of these structures, the very memory of which has long been forgotten.

When Park Lane was built the owners of houses there liked to sit and look out over the rural prospect which stretched before their windows; hence the fantastic balconies, rotundas, and verandas which still survive. The latter, it may be added, would seem originally to have been importations from Brighton, where such contrivances facilitated a view of the sea.

In long-past days this thoroughfare was "Tyburn Lane," a name which, owing to its association with hanging and quartering, must have been little to the taste of the fashionable residents who turned the district into the headquarters of wealth and aristocracy.

Many fine buildings now adorn the ancient road to Tyburn turnpike. Notably Dorchester House, where died in 1842 the celebrated Marquis of Hertford—Thackeray's Lord Steyne—but the house is now different, having been rebuilt since that day. At No. 29 (formerly No. 1, Grosvenor Gate) resided Lord Beaconsfield after his marriage to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis in 1839. On her death in 1872 he removed to Whitehall Gardens, but "Sybil" and "Coningsby" were written in Park Lane.

Other celebrities who have lived in Park Lane are

Warren Hastings in 1790–97, and a succeeding Governor of India, the Earl of Mornington, who was created Marquis of Wellesley in 1796. Here also Mrs. Fitzherbert was married in her drawing-room to the Prince of Wales on December 21, 1785.

The West End only lost its rural character some couple of hundred years ago.

In 1700, the site of New Bond Street and the adjoining streets, such as Conduit Street and Brook Street, was an open field called the Conduit Mead, containing twenty-seven acres, and belonging to the City of London. The district was then almost sylvan—so much so, indeed, that a thief, who had stolen a silver mug from a house in Pall Mall, having got away, contrived to secret himself in the bushes near what is now Burlington Gardens.

The Westminster City Council recently put forward a proposal to merge Old and New Bond Streets into simple Bond Street; as a matter of fact for about two centuries the two streets in question have formed one thoroughfare.

Old Bond Street was built in 1686, and New Bond Street with its extension about 1721. The site of Old Bond Street was Albemarle (originally Clarendon) House and grounds, and the chief mover in the undertaking was Sir Thomas Bond, of Peckham, created a Baronet by Charles II, to whom he is said to have advanced large sums of money. One of the earliest "people of quality" to live there was the first Duke of St. Albans, son of Charles and Nell Gwynne.

When New Bond Street was first built it was considered as encroaching on the country, which made a rhymster of the period declare that "London itself seemed going out of town."

In Old Bond Street at No. 41, in 1768, died Laurence Sterne, whose lodgings were on the first floor of a bag-

wig maker's shop. At No. 2 lived James Northcote, R.A., in 1781, and Sir Thomas Lawrence occupied Nos. 24 and 29, one after the other.

The last of the old residential fronts in New Bond Street is at No. 73, now occupied by Messrs. Phillips, Son and Neale.

To-day it seems curious to learn that when Bolton Street was built, about the year 1699, it was then the most westerly street in London. The celebrated Earl of Peterborough lived in this street and Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, is said to have lain in concealment in one of the houses there. At No. 12 lived, in 1818, Fanny Burney—Madame D'Arblay—a lady who occupied several other houses in London.

Though there is nothing rural about the West End of London at the present day, here and there names remain which recall the days when thoroughfares now full of traffic were field paths and country lanes.

Writing in his "Saunter through the West End," Leigh Hunt says: "The windmill which gave its name to Windmill Street (where Doctor William Hunter lived and died) stood on the top of the ascent from the Haymarket. From his mill the miller, in the time of James I, could survey the Market of Hay in the fields beneath; the Church of 'St. Martins-in-the-Fields,' as it is still called, to the left of it; 'Hedge Lane,' now Dorset Place, running up on his left hand between the two; and the 'Road to Reading,' now Piccadilly, stretching away between hedges to the right. Old men shook their heads to think that some great men were beginning to build mansions in the neighbourhood, and wondered what good Queen Bess would have thought of it all. The miller, however, could always console himself by the idea of the grist which these new residents were likely to bring to his mill."

The Haymarket was originally so called on account of the St. James's market for the sale of hay and straw, which was held there from the reign of Elizabeth till the year 1830, when, by Act of Parliament, it was removed to Cumberland Market, Regent's Park. The Haymarket was early built upon, and there is a token of " James Warren in the Hay Market," with the date of 1664, registered in Akermann's work on Tradesmen's Tokens; but the street was not paved till the year 1692, previous to which date the hay and straw carts had paid no toll. At this time, however, sixpence was levied on a load of hay and twopence on a load of straw. In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century a number of the nobility lived in the Haymarket, including Lord Scarborough, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke of Dorset and others.

In a house on the east side of the street lived Pope's " Narcissa," the celebrated actress Mrs. Oldfield, the great-great-great-grandmother of the present writer.

George Morland, the painter, was also born there, and here it was that his father, a worthless creature, set him to paint pictures while yet a child.

The Haymarket, in addition to a number of interesting memories, was at one time noted for its shows and exhibitions, one of which, called " Mother Midnight's Oratory," created a great sensation in the eighteenth century.

The show in question, which took place in 1750, was mainly carried out by a number of trained animals —monkeys, dogs, cats, bears, and birds being among the performers. There were also dwarfs, giants, and ventriloquists—the whole thing it would seem having been devised on the plan afterwards carried out in America by the celebrated showman " Barnum."

A feature of the Haymarket in the eighteenth century was the " Little " or New Theatre, built in

1720, at which Lavinia Fenton appeared in a tragedy by Otway in 1726. Here Fielding produced various pieces, and Mozart as an infant prodigy made his first appearance in London.

As a boy, eight years old, he played there with his sister, aged twelve, in February, 1765, having in the previous year already created something of a sensation at Ranelagh, where he had given a precocious exhibition of his powers as a musician, which had been thought wonderful enough to be recorded in the Royal Society's "Philosophical Transactions."

It is difficult for us in these days to appreciate what such pleasure resorts as Ranelagh and Vauxhall meant to cultured and fashionable people in the eighteenth century. There were then ample facilities for open-air amusements in which every class of Londoner could indulge. Setting aside the two great rallying places of the pleasure-loving world, there was the White Conduit House at Pentonville, where Dr. Oliver Goldsmith had once the misfortune of entertaining a party of ladies with cakes and cream, and then found himself without the wherewithal to pay the reckoning. At Islington there was Sadler's Wells, where you might not only drink the waters, but regale yourself with the supplementary and gratuitous recreation of "balance-masters, walking on the wire, rope-dancing, tumbling, and pantomime entertainments." At Bagnigge Wells, in what is now the King's Cross Road, you might, after being received at the Assembly Room by a dignified Master of the Ceremonies, enjoy refreshments and tea.

Even in early Victorian days there existed some two hundred open-air places of entertainment in (or within easy reach of) the Metropolis.

The Mozart family arrived in England on April 10, 1764, and remained there until the middle of the

following year. Leopold Mozart fell ill of a dangerous sore throat during his stay, and as no practising could be carried on in the house at the time, his son employed himself in writing music. An extract or two from the correspondence of the father will show how they were received in England:

"A week after, as we were walking in St. James's Park, the king and queen came by in their carriage, and, although we were differently dressed, they knew us, and not only that, but the king opened the window, and putting his head out and laughing, greeted us with head and hands, particularly our Master Wolfgang." . . . "On the 19th of May we were with their Majesties from six to ten o'clock in the evening. No one was present but the two princes, brothers to the king and queen. The king placed before Wolfgang not only pieces of Wagenseil, but of Bach, Abel, and Handel, all of which he performed *prima vista*. He played upon the king's organ in such a style that every one admired his organ even more than his harpsichord performance. He then accompanied the queen, who sang an air, and afterwards a flute-player in a solo. At last they gave him the bass part of one of Handel's airs, to which he composed so beautiful a melody that all present were lost in astonishment. In a word, what he knew in Salzburg was a mere shadow of his present knowledge; his invention and fancy gain strength every day." . . . "A concert was lately given at Ranelagh for the benefit of a newly-erected Lying-in Hospital. I allowed Wolfgang to play a concerto on the organ at it. Observe—this is the way to get the love of these people."

A large portion of Leopold Mozart's letters is occupied with masses to be offered up for their health, etc.,

and during his sojourn in the Five-fields, Chelsea, he appears to have been in considerable hope that he had converted a Mr. Sipruntini (a Dutch Jew, and a fine violincello player) to Catholicism. After dedicating a set of sonatas to the Queen, and experiencing great patronage from the nobility, Mozart, with his father and sister, in July, 1765, took his departure for Holland.

The "Little" Theatre, in the Haymarket, though it underwent many vicissitudes, seems always to have been able to hold its own in competition with larger theatres, while a number of the most celebrated actors and actresses made their début within its walls. Mrs. Abington, John Edwin, Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, Elliston, Liston, Henderson, and Jack Bannister, all made their first bow to a London audience at this theatre. William Thomas Lewis, more generally known as Gentleman Lewis, acted here from 1776 to 1781. Macready played here, as did Sothern, who drew vast crowds with his impersonation of Lord Dundreary. In course of time the "Little" Theatre became the Café de l'Europe and Epitaux's—to-day its site is occupied by the Pall Mall Restaurant, popular with diners who appreciate moderate prices and quiet. It is a curious fact that as a theatre this place was not lighted with gas until April, 1853, owing to a prejudice of the proprietress, Mrs. Morris, who bound the lessee to continue the lighting of the house with oil, an illuminant which had elsewhere been abandoned long before.

The first to light London with gas was Winsor, who set up a row of lamps in front of the colonnade before Carlton House, then standing on the lower part of Waterloo Place. Winsor's project of lighting the Metropolis, it is curious to recall, was laughed to scorn by a company of scientific men. To the honour of the east, Finsbury Square was the first public place in

AT THE PLAY IN THE "SIXTIES"

which the new system was adopted; and, to the disgrace of the west, Grosvenor Square was the last.

Years later the first electric lights were put up in Westminster as an experiment; they were not a very great success—fizzing and spluttering so much that they quite frightened nervous people and made horses shy.

The Savoy Theatre was the first London place of entertainment to be lit by the new illuminant.

A generation which is accustomed to the electric light and accepts it almost as if it were one of the indispensable conditions of existence, cannot realize what existence was like when people were obliged to rely upon the less satisfactory illuminants of a simpler age.

Cleaning and bringing up the lamps in a large household involved a considerable amount of manual labour on the part of men-servants, who were always stumping up and down stairs.

Still, when they were lit, oil lamps gave a pleasant enough light. It was different with gas, which, besides being often unsatisfactory, heated rooms in a most unpleasant way, and half stifled you if you chanced to go to sleep with it left on in your bedroom.

Still, in private houses with plenty of candles one could manage well enough, but in places of amusements and clubs the stuffiness was sometimes awful.

Nevertheless, so great is the force of habit, that when the installation of the electric light was first proposed, a number of clubmen of the old school raised most violent opposition to it. I forget exactly what their main argument was, but I know that it was a long time before they recovered their equanimity.

The introduction of the telephone was an even greater blow to the ultra-Conservative contingent. I remember that in a club to which I belonged, the late Sir Robert Peel was especially hostile to it. Indeed, I

believe that the triumph of the pro-telephone party hastened his end, for not very long after a box had been put up to contain the new-fangled instrument, poor Sir Robert was taken ill with a seizure, which resulted in his passing to a sphere where material inventions are of no avail.

The streets of London in the earlier part of the nineteenth century were for the most part ill kept. The pavement, for instance, was generally much narrower than it is now, and so ill laid, that what were called beau-traps were to be met with in almost every street: that is loose flags, which, being pressed upon, splashed the leg up to the knee. I think even the term is now all but forgotten. The crossings were neither raised nor swept, and both carriage and footways were so unskilfully laid that they were scarcely ever free from mud.

Of the London of the fifties, a foreign critic said:

"A mature consideration of the London houses shows that the strength of the fortification is in exact proportion to the elegance and value of the house and its contents. The poor are satisfied with a wooden stockade; the rich are safe behind their iron chevaux de frise, and in front of palaces, club-houses, and other public buildings, the railings are so high and strong as to engender the belief that the thieves of England go about their business of housebreaking with scaling-ladders, pick-axes, guns, and other formidable implements of destruction."

In the better parts of the town, said he, there were many streets shut up with iron gates, which gate-keepers opened for the carriages and horses of the residents or their visitors. These gates excluded anything like noise and intrusion. Grocers, fishmongers, bakers, butchers, and all other kitchen-tradesmen

occupied, in the fashionable quarters, the nearest lanes and side streets, and many of them lived in close vicinity to the mews.

The roadway, notes the same critic, apparently with some surprise—

"Is lined with pavements of large white beautiful flagstones, which skirt the area railings; it is covered with gravel, and carefully watered, exactly as the broad paths of our public gardens, to keep down the dust and deaden the rumbling of the carriages and the step of the horses. The horses, too, are of a superior kind, and as different from their poorer brethren, the brewer's, coal-merchant's, and omnibus horses, as the part of the town in which they eat is different from the part in which the latter work."

In the middle of the last century no other city in Europe but London presented so strong a contrast between its various quarters. But a few hundred yards from localities which might almost have been termed slums lived, in well-ordered streets, wealthy folk who came to town for the season and returned to their country houses once Her Gracious Majesty had been pleased to prorogue Parliament.

London was then a city in which there was extreme splendour and extreme squalor—both have now decreased. While every one agrees that the poor should be decently housed, it is a sign of the times that the disappearance within recent years of so many fine old mansions in the West End has evoked little regret.

Thirty years ago the demolition of Devonshire House would have created something like a sensation; to-day its conversion, pending demolition, into a sort of charity bazaar is accepted as a matter of course.

One answer to this, of course, is that it was never a really fine house.

Erected on the site of Hay Hill Farm (the only remains of which are to be found in the names of Hay Hill, Hill Street, and Farm Street), it replaced in 1733 Berkeley House, an older mansion built in 1665.

After the owner, Lord Berkeley's, death, Berkeley Street and Stratton Street—at first known as Little Berkeley Street—were built on part of the gardens by his widow, Lady Berkeley of Stratton.

The present house, built after a design by Kent, was built by the third Duke of Devonshire, and was said among other criticisms to be equally spacious and equally deserving of praise as the East India Company's warehouses.

Be this as it may, its appearance was certainly impaired when the external double flight of stairs leading to an entrance on the first floor was removed in 1840.

About the same time considerable alterations were made in the interior of the house, the general effect of which, though gorgeous, was scarcely of an artistic nature.

It is a matter for congratulation that the fine iron gates inserted in the wall in front of the house by the last Duke, who brought them to London from Chiswick House, have found a permanent resting-place on the other side of Piccadilly.

This, it may be added, was entirely due to the Permanent Secretary to the Office of Works, Sir Lionel Earle.

The latter, seeing the necessity for breaking the monotonous line of railings, had originally tried to get the Carshalton gates, which had come into the possession of Lord Wittenham, and were infinitely finer and more impressive than the Devonshire House gates. The owner, however, would not sell.

Sir Lionel then approached the Duke of Devonshire, and from him—not with the taxpayers' money, but

out of a balance he had in connexion with the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund—the gates were bought.

Being too fragile to open, the latter have been set up as a screen on a site which to some extent perpetuates their connexion with Devonshire House.

Ornate gates formerly adorned the courtyards of quite a number of London mansions, while in Georgian days the nobility were wont to have brass plates on their doors similar to the one which still survives on Lord Powys's house in Berkeley Square.

In the "Life of Lord Eldon" an amusing story is told of one of these plates. Sir William Scott, when he married Lord Howe's daughter, the Dowager Marchioness of Sligo, moved from No. 16, his house, to No. 11, in 1813. As was the custom in those days, Lady Sligo's door bore a brass plate with her name on it. Sir William Scott modestly added a second plate beneath it bearing his name. When Mr. Jekyll came to offer his congratulations, he said, jokingly, that he was sorry to see his host had "knocked under." The astute Admiralty Judge said nothing at the time, but quietly changed the position of the plates. When he next saw the satirical Master in Chancery he observed that he no longer "knocked under." "No, Sir William," promptly replied Jekyll, "now you knock up."

A great blow was dealt to the architectural amenities of the West End when Burlington House was remodelled and the colonnade swept away. The building as it now stands, with its somewhat ponderous façade facing Piccadilly, is characteristic of the style dear to architects of the Victorian Era.

The Burlington Arcade, to the front of which a story was added some years ago, was built about 1818-19, on ground adjoining the west side of Burlington House, for Lord George Cavendish—one reason for its

construction, it is said, having been to do away with the inconvenience of people throwing oyster shells and other rubbish over the wall into the gardens of Burlington House. Be this as it may, it turned out a very good speculation, in spite of a certain amount of hostile comment. The " Gentleman's Magazine," for instance, tritely remarked :

" It is said that after numerous deliberations, Lord George Cavendish has determined to appropriate a proportion of the grounds connected with Burlington House for the gratification of the publick, and to give employment to industrious females. A line has been marked out at the west end, extending north and south, in which will be a covered way or promenade from Piccadilly into Cork Street."

Thirty or forty years ago " the industrious females " to whom allusion was made were rather partial to afternoon strolls in the arcade. They have, however, long ceased to do so, and the arcade is now as respectable as a church bazaar.

The craze for elaborate ornamentation which is displayed on the extension of the new Burlington House has affected many other buildings in the West End.

During the late Victorian and Edwardian Eras a number of plain brick façades, formerly almost universal in Mayfair, were either covered up or destroyed, in order to produce a more ornamental but in reality less ornamental appearance. In many cases plain but well-wrought ironwork was replaced by ornate copies of old Italian work.

It is curious that no attempt has been made to replace the very plain railings which surround the West End squares. The latter, though well enough

kept, have in the majority of instances rather a melancholy air. The fact that people are seldom seen in them to some extent accounts for this, but the absence of flowers also makes for depression. From time to time there have been movements to have the squares thrown open to the general public, but up to the present time the idea has happily made no progress. The spectacle of Berkeley or Grosvenor Square filled with tramps would not be an edifying one, and after all there are plenty of parks and open spaces where these people can go, and which are better suited to their needs than the comparatively small railed enclosures of the West End.

Belgrave Square was built between 1826 and 1833, the architect having been George Basevi. Regularity and largeness of proportion are the characteristics of the houses here and in Eaton Square, which was also built in the early part of the nineteenth century on land formerly known as the Five Fields, a more or less waste track on which the Life Guards were at one time exercised.

Though the neighbourhood is now healthy enough, the soil seems in places to have been of a marshy nature. Even as late as the eighties certain old gentlemen used to say that they had shot snipe in the district which had become Belgravia. It is, however, probable that most of them had never done this themselves, but that they merely repeated a story told by their fathers, who must, of course, have remembered a London immediately bordered by open country.

Brompton, contiguous to Belgravia, was once strangely enough considered a good place for consumptives to live in. It lies low and the air was said to be moist and warm, climatic conditions at one time reputed to be highly salutary to those suffering from tuberculosis, though modern research has shown

that an exactly opposite treatment gives the best chance of recovery.

The original Tattersall's, which was established in 1793, and was so long known as "The Corner," stood, it may be added, on the verge of the Five Fields. When the Marquis of Westminster made his extensive clearings, Tattersall's was removed to a spot lying near the junction of the Brompton and Kensington Roads.

The 100 years' lease of "The Corner" expiring in 1865, Messrs. Tattersall began in 1863 to build their new yard at Knightsbridge Green, half a mile nearer Kensington, where it has remained ever since.

As early as 1795, though the Five Fields had not yet been built upon, the adjacent district of Hans Town had been officially recognized by the Post Office; while Sloane Street, which linked Knightsbridge with these outlandish regions, was already in existence.

But towards Kensington gravel pits were some beginnings of the now thickly populated district to be known in the future as Hyde Park Gardens and Lancaster Gate.

Though Kensington up to comparatively recent times was quite distinct from London, it had long had its own distinctive features, one of which was Kensington Square, built at the close of the seventeenth century and closely associated with the historic and artistic life.

The purchase of Nottingham House, which afterwards became Kensington Palace, by William III, and the location of the Court there for many years, caused a great run upon the houses in Kensington Square. At one time an ambassador, a bishop, and a Court physician resided in one of its houses, while among its distinguished inhabitants have been the Duchess of Mazarin, Sir Richard Steele, and Talleyrand. In more recent times Thackeray, John Stuart Mill, Burne-

Jones, and John Richard Green have had their abode there.

Thackeray, it will be remembered, alluded to the old square in "Esmond," in which he spoke of the house of my Lady Castlewood in Kensington Square, over against the "Greyhound Inn."

Though the architectural amenities of the square have to some extent been impaired by modern commercial development, buildings of considerable charm yet remain. Nos. 11 and 12, which originally, it is said, were one house occupied by the Duchess of Mazarin, are fine specimens of the style in which the square was originally built. Another house, No. 36, remains much in its ancient condition, while more than half the houses in the square still retain the powder closet in which the beaux and belles of a vanished generation prepared themselves to make their bow at the Court not far away.

At the present time this beautiful square, a relic of a more picturesque age, appears to be threatened by the rising tide of commercialism, which, with its ugly paw, has already obliterated so many beautiful things. An eloquent protest in favour of saving the square, written by the secretary of the Square Garden Committee, recently appeared in the "Spectator," which it is to be hoped will have the effect of stimulating the local authorities to protect the district against the threatened vandalism.

In the early seventies the late Mr. William Lowther bought Eden Lodge, a villa at Kensington Gore, which had belonged to a female novelist. Here, on a site surrounded by large gardens, Mr. Norman Shaw built for him Lowther Lodge, where a house-warming party was given in April, 1876, the members of which went away charmed with the amenities of their host's new red-brick abode.

From that time onwards Lowther Lodge became the scene of perpetual entertainments. Mrs. Lowther, a fine conversationalist full of exuberant activity, was a hostess of an ideal kind. In addition to large parties full of distinguished people, there were unceremonious social functions reserved for intimate friends. For years Lowther Lodge was a social centre of a peculiarly pleasant kind ; there is nothing like it to-day, nor are there any hosts or hostesses who could gather together so many agreeable and interesting people as in the Victorian Era did Mr. and Mrs. Lowther.

Within recent years Lowther Lodge has become the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society, owing to which the fine house and the greater part of the garden have been saved from destruction, which is a matter for congratulation to all living in the vicinity.

Far too many open spaces in this part of the Metropolis have already been sacrificed to bricks and mortar.

Kensington Palace Gardens, consisting of palatial houses with a certain amount of ground attached, was built on ground forming the kitchen garden of Kensington Palace. Exact details of how this land came to fall into the hands of the builder seem difficult to obtain. In any case it would have been far more satisfactory had it been retained as an open space, but everything connected with the old palace in which Queen Victoria was born and where she held her first council seems for years to have been sadly neglected.

The Duke of Sussex once had a fine library in this palace, and the collection of pictures, long since removed, was at one time famous.

The South Kensington Museum (now the Victoria and Albert) was originally built upon an estate beyond Brompton Church, purchased with the surplus funds derived from the Exhibition of 1851. The project

of its erection, conceived by the Prince Consort, was carried out by the late Sir Henry Cole, its active-minded director, who was quite a character in his day.

The Royal Horticultural Society's buildings and gardens opposite were laid out at a cost of £70,000 and covered twenty-two acres, which formed part of the Kensington Gore estate, now a thickly populated inner suburb.

The present Natural History Museum stands on the site of the Exhibition of 1862, one of the results of which was the transformation of South Kensington from a rural to an urban district.

Well on into the eighteenth century no one could dare to walk from Kensington to the City after nightfall. At Hyde Park corner, not far from the place where the great Exhibition afterwards stood, there was a bell which was rung at seven and at nine o'clock; those who had to go to the City assembled at the call and proceeded in a body, by which means they were comparatively safe from the attacks of highwaymen.

Small bodies of men were frequently stopped by the robbers; it happened now and then that the passengers were attacked and sorely molested by a roistering band of wild young fellows who were fresh from the public-house.

But all this romance came to an end when George II was stopped and plundered one fine night on his return from hunting. The very next morning a troop of armed horsemen was established to watch over the security of the public streets, and though these were not the rudiments of the London Police (there were already some watchmen and river-guards), yet they may be considered as the first organized attempt to preserve public security.

The growth of the suburbs within the last sixty or seventy years has been really appalling, for it is

pathetic to see country places on the verge of the Metropolis succumb before the hideous octopus of the jerry-builder. Little, however, does that sinister individual care for rural beauties—what he wants is cash; nevertheless his careless methods in the past got him less of that valuable commodity than he would have gained by putting up a better class of residence and making the most out of natural features.

With the growth of the Metropolis disappeared the nursery gardens of Fulham and Hammersmith, which in their day had been the pleasure resort of the fashionable world.

At the former place James Gessop, gardener to John James, had in the year 1778 made a quantity of exceedingly good wine from English grapes, the produce of one vine. When it had first come under this gardener's care it was aged; but had been injured more by neglect and injudicious management than by years. Gessop cut almost half the stems off, and laid down half the remainder—with excellent results. Three-fourths of it then consisted of new wood. In the year 1779 the remainder of the old wood was cut, and the vine trained anew, which process was repeated in the year 1780. Of the full crop of excellent grapes which this culture produced, Gessop made wine in the proportion of one hundred gallons to one hundred yards of wall. This was probably the last instance of any quantity of wine being made in England.

An English business man of old days was quite satisfied with the rough comforts of his place of business. The counting-houses of the greatest bankers, the establishments of the largest trading houses in the City, had a gloomy, heavy, and poverty-stricken appearance. But as time went on City men and West End tradesmen began to think that a suburban residence was necessary for himself and for his family.

A wealthy merchant who passed his days in a narrow City street, in a dingy office, on a wooden stool, sitting at a desk, formed an idea that it was very "ungenteel" if he or his family had to live in a street in which there were shops.

The curious thing was that the acres of bricks and mortar which spread out in the neighbourhood of London did not bring in nearly as much money as they would have done had artistic consideration been taken into account by those who were responsible for the desecration.

In the middle of the eighteenth century a favourite residential quarter for well-to-do men "upon change," as the phrase ran, was the Kennington and Newington roads leading to Brixton and Tulse Hill; City men were then satisfied with cottages, which would not suffice for the needs of the more luxurious stockbrokers of to-day.

About the Regent's Park dwelt middle-class London; whilst St. John's Wood, now fast becoming a staid and decorous neighbourhood, sheltered a mass of people who, with much euphemism, might have been styled Bohemian.

In the first three decades of the nineteenth century Chelsea, which had once been a village of palaces and pleasure houses, had more or less sunk to the condition of a slum. Charles Kingsley, who, as a boy, had lived at Chelsea Rectory, wrote of the rough ways which once prevailed in this district; and Dickens, writing in 1837, alluded to Cadogan Place as "the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea." Only in the eighties when the leases had fallen in did the miserable tenements which had covered the ground disappear to make way for a number of well-built streets and attractive squares, which soon made Chelsea a fashionable district.

Little is now remembered about the slums which have ceased to exist. Among them there seems to have been a particularly undesirable street called Turks Row, the site of which is now occupied by the well-built and comfortable houses of Sloane Gardens.

In the eighteenth century Chelsea had, of course, been a purely rural district. Only as the Metropolis crept up to its confines did the village become merged in a mass of squalid houses hastily constructed to meet the wants of poor tenants driven out of London by the demolition of ancient tenements and derelict houses which had sheltered many generations of people who did not resent living in squalor.

Even at the end of the last century certain districts near the northern outskirts of the Metropolis remained quite rural.

At one time Mr. Gladstone used to go a good deal to Dollis Hill, a pleasant retreat which Lord Aberdeen used to put at his disposal as often and as long as he cared to use it; but Coombe, which afterwards came into popularity, had not yet attracted the fashionable residents who took houses there once motor-cars had brought that pleasant locality within easy reach of the centre of London. Nothing is so lamentable as the haphazard and wretched manner in which most of the suburbs of the Metropolis were allowed to grow up. Wretchedly designed streets of ugly little houses were erected on sites the natural beauty of which was needlessly and irrevocably ruined.

The garden city was of course then undreamt of, the nearest approach to it having been the artistic region of Bedford Park, the erection of which created a mild sensation for some time.

Battersea Park, to which Society on bicycles flocked in the nineties, was formed between 1852 and 1858 out of marshy fields, on one of which had occurred the

duel between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea. The cost of making this pleasure ground, covering 185 acres, was something over £300,000, the greater part of which was expended in purchasing the ground.

The iron suspension bridge which gives access to the park from the other side of the Thames was completed in 1858, the very fanciful design, typical of the taste popular in Victorian times, having been produced by Mr. Page, who probably considered it quite an artistic triumph.

At the present day it seems strange to recall the fact that Blood concealed himself among the reeds at Battersea in order to shoot King Charles II while bathing in the Thames "over against Chelsea."

One of the darling recreations of Sir Dudley North was swimming in the river, which remained popular with bathers till the beginning of the nineteenth century.

"Last week," wrote Lord Byron, the poet, in a letter dated August 11, 1807, "I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges (Westminster and Blackfriars), a distance—including the different turns and tracks made on the way—of three miles."

It is now, however, a considerable number of years since the impurity of the water has driven bathers away; nevertheless it is not impossible that in the remote future the river may once more be popular with swimmers.

Generations come and go, but no changes really affect

> The everlasting Thames, that floweth on,
> With history shining through it from the past;
> Full of fine themes for mind to dwell upon,
> And make the swelling soul more grand and vast!
> With memories of love, and death, and hate
> Lurking around it—darkening in its deep—
> And brighter pomps and pageantries of state
> Gleaming through ages that have gone to sleep.

IX

THE PLEBEIAN RICH AND THE PATRICIAN POOR

THOUGH the political power of the British nobility which was once so great has practically now died away to nothing at all, from a social point of view, a Peerage remains a considerable asset, which of course is the main reason why wealthy parvenus continue so anxious to become ennobled.

While at the present day it is obviously easier for such people to gratify their aspirations in this direction than was formerly the case, the lavish distribution of titles is by no means a new thing, dating as it does as far back as the end of the eighteenth century.

In 1778 there were but 203 Peers, increased to 275 by 1798, which caused a contemporary cynic to say that at a period when scarcity was becoming general, there was at least one great reason to be thankful—the absolute impossibility of its extending to the members of the House of Lords. Since then the number has of course been greatly augmented.

The Socialists, who are fond of abusing the so-called upper classes and sneering at their aristocratic birth, do not trouble to think or they would realize that the vast majority of titled families are of comparatively recent plebeian origin. Indeed, as a clever, if pessimistic, divine recently pointed out, the stout red volumes of the Peerage, Baronetage, and Landed Gentry are the most characteristic works of fiction in the English language. To begin with there are

only about eleven families which are entitled to claim Norman descent, while comparatively few Peers can trace their descent back farther than the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries.

Many obscure country squires, farmers, and even labourers can boast of longer descents, some having actually sprung from Saxons who held land in England long before the Conquest.

The Wars of the Roses played sad havoc among the old English nobility, not a great number of whom survived to die in their beds. After the Battle of Tewkesbury it was said that an authentic Norman Baron seems to have been difficult to find.

According to Lord Beaconsfield, the English Peerage of his day owed its origin to three sources—the spoliation of the Church, the open and flagrant sale of honours by the elder Stuarts, and the borough-mongering of modern times.

The great Tory leader, though a stanch supporter of aristocracy, was inclined to be sceptical about its claims to ancient descent. As a caustic critic once said, the only pedigree in which he really believed was that of the House of Israel, while in reality he respected the Lion of the Tribe of Judah a good deal more than the somewhat fantastic symbols created by the College of Heralds.

He once asserted that when Henry VII summoned his first Parliament only twenty-nine Temporal Peers could be collected to obey the call, and of these twenty-nine not five still remained.

At the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were sixty Peers. The Stuarts, who seem to have grasped the financial opportunities connected with ennobling people, increased the Peerage to 168. Since those days the profitable industry in question has long been taken out of Royal hands and adroitly

transferred to those of the politicians, in which, not entirely to the public satisfaction, it still remains.

Though not so very many years ago the creation of a large number of additional Peers was contemplated for purely Party reasons, little seems to be remembered about this to-day.

The Great War, which for more than four years monopolized every one's thoughts and energies, has quite obliterated all bitterness as to the curtailment of the powers of the House of Lords carried through by Mr. Asquith.

Nevertheless, much excitement prevailed, while a good many people were disappointed when the scheme for creating a number of docile Peers was found not to be necessary.

Lord Morley is said to have been the individual who was commissioned to draft an unmistakable formula as to the making of new Peers to be submitted to the King, it being understood that anything which might be called for in this direction would meet with the Royal agreement and approval.

Though drastic action was eventually avoided, a considerable number of Peers have since been created, mainly it would seem on account of liberal contributions to Party funds. All this sort of thing has of course impaired the prestige which was formerly attached to titles, and the British aristocracy like many other ancient institutions is not what it was.

Nevertheless, of all the nobility of Europe, once so powerful and prosperous, that of England is now practically alone in retaining the right of legislating while being officially recognized as part of the Constitution. In addition to this, up to comparatively recent times relationship with a noble family was an advantage, not only in social matters, but also in obtaining remunerative work.

Persons seeking an official post at home or abroad, it was an open secret, were greatly assisted if they chanced to be connected by birth with the upper classes. Even in business matters such a relationship gave them an advantage.

A new generation of commercial men, however, has adopted a different point of view as to such matters. Giving references to a young man seeking employment in the office of a certain great firm, a well-wisher, after detailing the applicant's merits, added the names of certain aristocratic people who happened to be the young man's relatives.

In reply to this the writer received a curt note to the effect that he was evidently under a misapprehension as to the work for which the young man was required.

"We need him for clerking, not for breeding purposes," were the concluding words of the curt note which closed the correspondence.

An undoubted source of the vitality of the British aristocracy has been the time-honoured practice of espousing young ladies of humble parentage endowed either with beauty or wealth. Many a Peer has taken his bride from the stage.

The Beggar's Opera, when first produced, gave two coronets to two Pollys. Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly at Lincoln's Inn in 1728, became Duchess of Bolton a few years later. Her portrait in character, by Hogarth, was purchased by the National Gallery at the sale of the Leigh Court pictures in June, 1884, for 800 guineas. In 1813 no less a man than Lord Thurlow took as wife Mary Catherine Bolton, who was scarcely an inferior Polly to the original one.

Since those days quite a considerable number of pretty girls on the lighter stage have married into the Peerage.

As to wealth, the United States has supplied a good deal of that, successful Yankee financiers having taken the place of the old merchant class in regilding tarnished coronets.

Even a superficial study of the Peerage will show how many noble families trace their ancestry back to civic worthies presumably ennobled as wealthy financiers are to-day.

Aristocracy has always needed, will always need, "cash," without which it sinks to nothing but a sham. One of the real reasons why the Anglo-Saxon race loves a lord is probably because an idea of financial solidity is attached to such a title.

To-day, however, almost the only really wealthy lords are newly ennobled business men, for owing to the death duties the heir to a nobleman with a large estate seldom finds himself with much ready cash when he succeeds.

Formerly a young man in such a position, on coming into his inheritance, was immediately surrounded by a swarm of sporting locusts—a race of creatures who buzzed about every sprig of fortune, seeking some vulnerable part on which to make an assault, and when a weak spot had been found, they pounced upon it and stuck to it till they "bled" their victims to death.

A great deal of money was spent by wealthy young men upon the higher class of *hetaira* about the middle of the last century, more especially in Paris, where the lady in question has always more or less had plenty of admirers at her pretty feet.

Even the actresses of that age were inclined to be rapacious: witness the story of the famous actress Rachel, notorious for her acquisitive nature.

On one occasion, having induced Comte Duchatel, at whose house she was dining, to present her with a superb silver table centre-piece which she persistently

admired, she accepted his offer to send her home in his carriage instead of the cab which had brought her, on the ground that it would be the safest way of conveying his present, of which she thus secured prompt possession. Her host politely said that he agreed with her, taking care, however, to add, "But you will send me back my carriage, won't you?"

On another occasion Rachel, having begged for a guitar from a friend, sold it to M. Achille Fould for 1,000 louis as the identical instrument with which she had once earned her living in the streets, a trick which was certainly not worthy of one gifted with her high attainments.

One way and another many wealthy young heirs of the Victoria Age managed completely to get through fine fortunes—not a few of them, indeed, would appear to have thrown their patrimony to the winds without understanding very much what they were doing.

In the care and management of estates their methods were often peculiar: witness the case of a certain young landowner with a historic name who, having been told by some one or other that iron was good for trees, purchased a large quantity of old railway rails and had them disposed round the base of a number of moderate-sized oaks which grew in his park.

The result, of course, never realized his expectations, the pieces of rusty iron serving no purpose except that of making the place untidy.

Contrary to common belief, absentee landlords were not unknown in old days, a notorious instance having been the Lord Hertford, who lived most of his time in France. He of course was one of those who got together the collection which he left to Sir Richard Wallace and is now at Hertford House.

I once had an interesting interview with Sir John Murray Scott, the reason being that I had made some

reference to the circumstances under which Lady Wallace had bequeathed the famous art collection to England, and Sir John wrote saying he would like to tell me the real facts.

According to the latter the sole and only reason which prompted Sir Richard's widow, herself a Frenchwoman, to prefer London to Paris as a final resting-place for so many wonderful pictures and *objets d'art* was a deep distrust of the political stability of the French nation. The excesses of the Commune had made an enormous impression upon her mind, and, thinking that what had happened once might happen again, she thought that the famous collection would be safer in London than in Paris.

My mother, who had known Sir Richard Wallace, had an idea that the latter, when he came to England, had made overtures to the fifth Lord Hertford with a view to becoming friends.

The latter, however, receiving these advances coldly, thereby lost the fortune which he might otherwise have received.

I do not know how she got this idea into her head, but as a matter of fact it is certain that Sir Richard Wallace never made any advances at all, or took any notice of the Seymour family.

The paternity of Sir Richard has been the subject of a good deal of speculation. Personally, I am not at all sure that the story told me by an old Peer who was in a position to know was not true.

According to my informant, the fourth Marquis of Hertford, when Lord Richard Seymour a subaltern in a crack cavalry regiment, contracted a liaison with the wife of a somewhat impecunious brother officer called Wallace, the result of which was a son subsequently adopted by old Lady Hertford (Maria Fagnani) and always called Monsieur Richard in the

family. I looked up some old army lists after I had been told this story, and as far as I can recollect there was an officer called Wallace in Lord Richard Seymour's regiment of Hussars.

The fourth Lord Hertford spent the end of his life in Paris, where he owned No. 2 Rue Laffitte. Part of the house he let. His own suite of rooms, which was on the first floor, was said to be the most luxurious in Paris. It contained rooms furnished respectively in the styles of Louis Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize, the only flaw in this scheme of decoration being the fire-dogs or andirons in the Louis Quinze room, which experts criticized as being of the period of Louis XVI. Mr. Frederick Hankey, a collector, occupied the second floor.

Meanwhile Hertford House for a time was the French Embassy. Lord Hertford, it is said, desired to remove the pictures, but abandoned this scheme on account of the opposition of his tenant, who insisted that if it were carried out the whole house should be thoroughly redecorated.

An uncle of mine, who was an intimate friend of the owner, often told me that Lord Hertford was fond of saying that no man should ever forget what he owed to his family; nevertheless, he left his own nothing. He would indeed appear to have been a cynic, as were a number of his contemporaries!

One of the latter, having been reproached for selling the portrait of his grandfather, who had mortgaged the family estates, said: "I only did so to pay the old gentleman's debts."

More sympathetic was the Peer with Jacobite leanings, who, when pressed to say whether he really and truly believed that the Duke of Modena was his lawful sovereign, was wont to reply, "Well, since you put it that way, perhaps the best thing I can say is that after dinner I do."

Though they had a habit of looking very serious when discussing matters connected with their estates, the majority of old-fashioned Peers probably understood very little about them, for the most part leaving their management to agents or solicitors. The only individual as a rule who understood anything about a great property was the family solicitor, who at that time still inspired people with awe, handing them out just as much of their own money as he thought good for them and charging heavily for his trouble.

The old-fashioned family solicitor was a man whom it was usually rather difficult to approach and whose method of doing business was leisurely. Months, indeed, would sometimes elapse before the simplest piece of legal business could be arranged, and every transaction which he undertook was surrounded with a sort of mysterious ritual calculated to keep his clients in suitable awe.

Independence of character was an appanage of many of the old aristocracy.

A young Peer of ancient lineage, who was on very intimate terms with another Peer with great political influence and large estates, was taken by some wealthy parvenus who had contrived to get asked to the latter's house for private secretary.

After the manner of their kind, they were consequently rude to him. The young Peer, who clearly perceived how matters lay, said nothing to disillusion them, but a few weeks later, when he himself gave the smartest ball of the season, refused to allow the vulgarians to come. In vain certain influential relatives of the latter pleaded with him.

"People who are rude to a private secretary," said he, "shan't enter my house," and he stuck to his guns, though several people were much upset.

In old days most young men who found themselves

the masters of a large fortune at twenty-one soon made the money fly.

An instance was the late Sir George Chetwynd, one of the last of the old style of sporting aristocrats, who inherited a comfortable patrimony and fine estate in the early seventies.

Curiously enough in his mental outlook and ways Sir George more resembled a buck of the Regency than his own contemporaries.

As a very young man he had seen a good deal of Admiral Rous, George Payne, and other sportsmen of the old school, with the result that he appeared to belong to a generation older than his own ; he would indeed have been quite at home with the Prince Regent at Carlton House or in the Pavilion at Brighton.

Sir George was one of the very few who had enjoyed the advantages of having been both at Eton and at Harrow. After a brief sojourn at the first-mentioned abode of learning, he had proceeded to the latter public school, and had actually, I believe, played as one of the eleven against Eton.

His education having finally been completed at Christchurch, Oxford, he soon became one of the smartest young men about town, with a long string of race-horses in training.

The property he inherited, which had been in his family for a great number of years, though not of enormous extent, was a fine sporting estate. He also came into a good fortune, but having spent money freely, he was not particularly well off towards the end of his life.

In the course of a racing career which had many ups and downs, Sir George acquired a reputation for shrewdness which to a great extent was well deserved.

He once told me that according to his calculations he had not lost money by betting ; as far as that went

he thought he was slightly to the good, and his betting books, which he had kept, would prove this statement.

His expenses, however, which had been very heavy, had played havoc with his fortune. A number of race-horses are extremely costly to keep, and what with training them, travelling about, and one thing and another, Sir George's stud had proved anything but a financial success.

In addition to racing expenses he had led an extravagant life, indulging in all sorts of pleasures of a luxurious kind.

Before his death, Sir George found himself compelled to sell Grendon, his old family place. As a matter of fact, however, the sale in question, like that of many other old properties, was really the result of causes other than the racing career of the tenant for life.

Sir George, indeed, was in reality never anything like as rich as he supposed himself to be when he came into possession of his heritage at the age of twenty-one. In addition to this, as the years wore on the increase of taxation weighed heavily upon him, with the result that he became a comparatively poor man, unable to indulge in the sports and amusements which were formerly well within the reach of one in his position.

A feature of the present day, indeed, is the curtailment of the pleasures of the so-called leisured classes, only the really wealthy members of which can afford to amuse themselves.

The cost of being a frequenter of the race-course, for instance, is now considerably greater than it was thirty years ago. Setting aside the increase in the prices charged for admission to the stands, the general expenses of journeys to and from the course and hotel bills have greatly increased. As for owning

race-horses, that has now become difficult for a man of moderate fortune!

In some valuable recollections of old days on the turf a well-known sportsman a short while ago gave some illuminating details as to the comparative cheapness with which a lover of steeplechasing could collect a stud of jumpers in the eighties. According to this authority it was then possible, and even easy, during the autumn months to go to a race meeting and pick up good sound young horses too slow for flat racing for a sum varying from £50 to £300. Three or four big, good-looking horses would often be put up for sale after a selling race with practically no reserve, the sole reason for their owners parting with them being a conviction that the horses in question were not fast enough to earn their keep by winning on the flat. It must be remembered that in those days there was much less flat racing than is the case to-day, which made owners dislike keeping any horses not likely to pay their way. A useful "plater" in the habit of winning races could then usually be bought in for something under £300—to-day such an animal, if sound, after having proved a winner, would cost from £500 to £1,000 to be bought in.

In the eighties, also, there was no serious foreign market for race-horses; now, however, horse-racing has become popular more or less all over the civilized world, and there exist a number of agents from foreign countries who have funds at their command with which to acquire likely-looking horses for wealthy clients beyond the seas. A considerable number of first-class racers now annually leave England for places as far distant as the Argentine. Racing, indeed, once essentially English, has now become to some extent a cosmopolitan sport, while the expenses connected with

it have vastly increased, with the result that the small owner is handicapped to a considerable extent.

To-day a man with £10,000 a year, owing to taxation may be said almost to come within this category, though in old days such an income was considered to make its recipient a rich man.

Lord Beaconsfield in one of his novels makes a person say that the right thing is to have £10,000 a year, and to be thought to have five. In his day, of course, a man with £10,000 a year really did have that amount, whereas now almost two-thirds of it go in taxation.

As for wealthy landowners, as a class they have practically ceased to exist.

The beginning of the break-up of great landed estates dates from 1894, when Sir William Harcourt carried a Budget which aimed a deadly blow at the great territorial landlords and county gentry who had exercised so much political power throughout England.

It should, however, be realized that in quite a number of cases the possession of a large number of acres had already impoverished families which would have been far richer without them.

At one period during Mid-Victorian days there had been a positive craze among owners of land to outdo one another in their territorial possessions. Landlords whose property lay near one another paid almost any price in order to add to their acreage and outdo their neighbour.

More than one great county family has been impoverished by this sort of thing, and since those days land has greatly deteriorated in value as an investment. Nevertheless, the land for the people still remains a fine cry with which to tempt the electors. The real truth, however, is that the great majority of the latter far prefer to live in towns, and would

speedily get rid of their acre or two, even if it were to be given them for nothing!

One of the most disquieting features of modern English life is the disinclination of all classes, rich or poor, to live in the country.

It is not only the labouring class which drifts into great cities.

The small squires and local gentry, who in the old days constituted quite a powerful class, have either been sucked into the nearest big town or have gone to live in London; while those who are left eke out a sort of moribund existence, bewailing a past in which they counted for a good deal more than is the case to-day—indeed, the small landowners were formerly a most important link in a social chain which, beginning with the Sovereign, ended with the labourer who toiled in the fields.

Meanwhile, the great landowner of the old-fashioned kind, who led a sort of feudal existence and brought a great deal of money into the country-side, has disappeared, his place being now inadequately filled by some newly ennobled tradesman or financier too often quite out of sympathy with his humble neighbours.

It is an undeniable fact that quite a number of the new mushroom aristocracy who have acquired old estates are cordially detested by all for miles round their country residences. *Nouveaux riches* are particularly fond of trying to get rid of rights-of-way, and shutting neighbours out of old parks, access to which can only be obtained by complying with irksome regulations.

On the other hand, most of the stern old Tories, though they never professed any philanthropic views, were the most popular men in their county. Their parks were freely thrown open to all, and without fuss

or ostentation everything possible was done for their poorer tenants.

The old aristocracy of England considered it their duty to mix with the people on certain occasions, and a number of them made a point of attending all sports and festivities in that part of the country where their estates lay. No doubt in many cases they were thoroughly bored; but even those who detested being present at such provincial merry-makings, realized that it was good policy to mingle with their neighbours, and a result of all this was that great good-fellowship prevailed between rich and poor.

The new millionaires, like the old aristocracy, will of course pass away.

The great brewing families have already lost much of their wealth.

From about 1835 to 1870 was the time when the largest fortunes were made through beer. The profits were then often enormous. This was clearly demonstrated in an inquiry into the legality of the will of a predecessor of the late Sir Henry Meux.

In 1841 Sir Henry Meux's share in the great monopoly was worth £200,000—in 1858 it was worth £600,000; and this in spite of a career of fifteen years' neglect of business, of hunting and racing, of French cooks, collecting china, and every kind of extravagance; of battues, moors, and deer-forests; of Epsom, Newmarket, and Ascot, and an entire lack of attention to the brewing business, for which that Sir Henry Meux had no taste.

The commercial magnates of the Mid-Victorian Era, who made huge fortunes out of rather underpaid labour, were for the most part stanch pillars of respectability and religious men.

They seldom, however, allowed this to interfere with the accumulation of huge profits.

If they believed in "do unto others as you would they should do unto you," they took good care to do it first.

Constant attendants at church, they were generally on very good terms with their parson, who often regarded the wealthy members of his flock with sincere admiration.

But there were exceptions who occasionally behaved in an unconventional and disturbing manner.

Such a one was an uncompromising vicar who, preaching on social laxity, declared that he would mention an erring husband by name unless the latter put a pound in the bag.

The offertory, that morning, yielded thirty-seven sovereigns, which made the clergyman chuckle over the success of his stratagem.

The secret of making a large fortune seems to consist mainly in concentration, and people whose entire time is devoted to such an end not unnaturally regard the contemplation which is the appanage of a really cultivated mind as mere waste of time. It can indeed scarcely be expected that such men should attach importance to anything not directly or indirectly connected with pounds, shillings, and pence.

A modern poet has summed up their outlook in the lines:

> "Your worship is your furnaces,
> Which like old idols, lost obscenes,
> Have molten bowels; your vision is
> Machines for making more machines."

And they become the slaves of their machines and money bags too! On the whole, wealthy as they may be, such men are not to be envied, for they rarely have the leisure or aptitude to savour the real joys of life.

It was for instance remarkable what an untoward fate overtook a number of South African millionaires.

A number of them eventually became quite poor again, while few have lived to be old men.

Barney Barnato did not survive very long after he had acquired his huge fortune. Scarcely had he completed the ornate mansion in Park Lane (subsequently made less ornate by Sir Philip Sassoon) than the tragedy of his death occurred.

I remember being present at a big dinner at a certain club at which Barnato was the guest of the evening. It was just before the issue of the shares of a great enterprise in which he was interested. They were expected to have an immediate rise and a number of the guests were all agog to be the first in.

Barnato, who was as merry as a cricket all through dinner, allotted some of his special friends fair holdings, but, after dinner, possibly actuated by a desire to escape further bother, he proceeded to recite the "Merchant of Venice," being assisted in doing this by one of his intimates, who, though not as letter perfect as Barnato, acquitted himself fairly well.

The recitation, which was of interminable length, was good enough, but most of the guests who would have preferred "shares" dribbled away long before it was over.

Barnato, to his great credit, made no secret of his early struggles and was, I remember, quite amusing about the various callings he had followed when he first set foot in South Africa.

While, as has been said, many men who made fortunes in that country ended badly, a number of Hebrew families whose wealth has been made in legitimate commerce have become recognized pillars of society.

Some through marriages have entered the Christian fold, but a number still practise the rites of the Jewish religion. One of the latter, a shrewd and wealthy

young man, having put on a particularly smart new frock-coat for his father's funeral, the Rabbi, according to Jewish rites, came forward to cut off a corner of the skirts—corresponding to the hem of the garment.

The young gentleman, however, protested, and finally went upstairs and changed into an ancient coat.

His uncle said it was mean.

The latter, however, was very strict in his religious observances, and no matter where he was staying, observed the fast of Atonement, sitting in skull cap and shawl and letting nothing pass his lips.

One year at a smart country house all the guests went up to see him, but he remained dignified and unmoved, in spite of their having behaved as if they had gone to see Succi the Italian who made the famous fast at the Westminster Aquarium.

It was in the eighties that the West End, which was beginning to be exploited by wily financiers, was seized with an idea that fortunes were easily made in the City.

Younger sons of aristocratic birth, for whom sinecures could no longer be found, were taken as a favour into speculative firms, with the result that a number of their friends and relatives were speedily ruined.

Others went into trade, the wine business being, for some reason or other, considered one of the most suitable occupations for gentlemen. A few did well, but as a great novelist said, in a large number of cases it was to be feared that they drank more than they sold.

Then, of course, there were always the Colonies for any young fellow who could not be controlled at home, or whose failure to pass examinations was the despair of a very stupid family. In those days the army was expensive and Africa did not yet afford an outlet for

adventurous spirits of small means. Now that the great Powers have divided up most of the globe, the Dark Continent, which was once peopled only by savage blacks, has become a new resource for younger sons, who either procure official positions or become officers in the native forces organized to enforce law and order.

It was also in the eighties that the supreme political authority really began to pass to the democracy. Owing to the new franchise the upper and middle classes had then lost their preponderant position and become a minority.

There were, however, shrewd men among them who, recognizing that they could no longer hope to control the masses as had been done in the past, made up their mind to try and lead them.

Thus came into being the Tory democrats who held that the Conservative Party's future must be based upon the people's will.

Lord Randolph Churchill was about the first to perceive what the new tactics of the Tories should be. His aim was to democratize what had been a party of reaction. No wonder that a number of his more elderly colleagues who lacked his political insight and courage began to regard him with something akin to dread.

Under Disraeli, Tories had found themselves gradually being transformed into Conservatives; it seemed likely that were Lord Randolph given supreme authority there would be no Conservatives left!

In the light of subsequent events certain of the older school of politicians seem to have been very shrewd men who clearly realized what would happen when political power had fallen into the hands of the democracy.

The first Lord Ellenborough, at the time of the

passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, left on record a protest in which occur the following words, since thoroughly verified by the great strike which gave London a taste of what Socialism really means. "It is to be feared," said he, "that when labour makes laws for capital, poverty for property, legislation, no longer directed by educated intelligence, will impair the individual freedom of action and the security of possession which have been the foundations of our prosperity and wealth."

The real ideas of democracy are difficult to ascertain. Mr. Bradlaugh used to say, that whenever he spoke of the advantage of a Republic over a Monarchy, he could easily carry his audience with him, for which reason he was convinced that a very large proportion of the English democracy were Republican at heart.

There was, however, no real reason for such a belief. On the contrary, the very men who applauded the great Freethinker to the echo would have turned upon him had he made any attempt to put his theories into practice.

Mr. Bradlaugh, however, lived at a period when the flame of social revolt burnt less fiercely among the people than it had done during the earlier portion of the nineteenth century, when a lawless spirit prevailed among the populace, many of whom were beginning to resent the privileges of the upper class.

When, for instance, the roof of the House of Lords fell in during the burning of the Palace of Westminster in the thirties the mob cheered, its attitude being much the same as that of the Parisian populace which witnessed the storming and fall of the Bastille.

Nevertheless, the Radicals of early Victorian days were quite moderate in their ideas compared with the modern extremists. Great things, however, were

expected from the extension of the franchise and other political nostrums. To-day, however, all over Europe there are thoughtful people who feel inclined to re-echo the dictum of Marshal Lyautey, who, before his staff, called democracy the creeping paralysis of the modern world.

X

POLITICIANS OF YESTERDAY

DURING the Victorian Era a Member of Parliament, unless he was an extreme Radical, was expected to lead a more or less expensive life and spend a considerable sum upon entertaining.

Prominent politicians, even if holding advanced Liberal opinions, then attached considerable importance to the ordinances of Society. The majority of them dined out regularly, and regarded great social functions of the London season as being almost as important as meetings of the Cabinet—politics and Society went hand in hand, but on the whole the combination did not work badly.

An M.P. was practically compelled to have a large house, or at least to inhabit one of those "splendid drawing-room floors" which were advertised as "suitable for Members of Parliament and gentlemen of fortune." The possession of ample means was almost a *sine qua non* for a man embarking upon a Parliamentary career, the income of £300 as required by law being, after all, but a mere formality. Anyone indeed might, without any tendency to radical reform, have moved for the abolition of the property qualification, since no one but an individual in a perfectly independent position would then ever have thought of aspiring to the expensive honour of a seat in the House of Commons.

What sums were spent by men ambitious to enter

that august assembly, and what heart-burnings most of them suffered when they got there!

The achievements of the vast majority of legislators indeed are written on sand.

Of the painter, the poet, and the writer it may be said: "Jamais l'affreuse nuit ne les prend tout entiers"; but the politician, like the actor, however great he may have been, leaves nothing behind him but a name, the memory of which in a couple of generations dies altogether away.

In the sixties and seventies, though there was more striving after oratorical effect, there was less insincerity in the House of Commons.

There is, indeed, too much play-acting about modern political life—lawyers, especially, being able to work themselves up into a great state of simulated passion concerning the machinations of some opponent with whom they are in reality on the best of terms.

This is why the old English were averse to sending legal gentlemen to Parliament; they looked upon them as actors and disliked humbugging ways being introduced into the House of Commons.

Not very long ago a clever young fellow, who wanted to be private secretary to a leading light of the Conservative Party, actually decided that the best way to do it was to obtain the good offices of a distinguished Radical whom the Conservative was frequently denouncing in his speeches.

The young man, however, had reason to believe that a very good understanding existed between the two, and he was not mistaken, for he succeeded in obtaining the post.

Though the old-fashioned politicians did not adopt the cynical attitude popular with a number of their successors, they attached more importance to keeping up the appearance of being preternaturally wise.

Meetings of the Cabinet in Victorian days were, indeed, very solemn affairs—no one except a Minister ever opened the door of the room and only the Prime Minister kept any notes, an unwritten code forbidding anyone else from doing so.

Under Gladstone, Beaconsfield, and Salisbury, this system appears to have worked very well, for there does not seem ever to have been a serious difference of opinion as to what had taken place at any meeting, it having been reserved for Mr. Lloyd George to feel the necessity for a Cabinet Secretariat. There were indeed some grounds for the criticism of those who declared that the latter was merely a machine created to enable the Prime Minister to control foreign policy !

The decisions of various Cabinets have, like everything else connected with humanity, not been uniformly beneficent.

John Bright, it is said, when showing Lord Morley the room in which Cabinet meetings were held, told him that " more crimes and blunders had been committed within its four walls than in any other place in the island."

In connexion with the Premiership it is a strange coincidence that three Prime Ministers should have lived in the same house—No. 10, St. James's Square, the abode, as a tablet on the exterior states, of the Earl of Chatham, 1708–78 ; Edward Geoffrey Stanley, Earl of Derby, 1799–1869 ; William Ewart Gladstone, 1869–98. Lady Blessington lived there too, but the tablet says nothing about her !

No. 10 was appropriately enough the same number in Downing Street, having been the Premier's official residence ever since the time of Sir Robert Walpole, who was given the house to live in by King George II, on condition that it should always remain the resi-

dence of his successors, which it has done—except in the case of Lord Salisbury, who remained in his own house in Arlington Street, where his predecessor in the Premiership, Sir Robert Walpole, had once lived for many years at No. 5. Here Sir Robert died of the stone after acute sufferings caused by a four days' journey from Houghton, whence he had been summoned by the King.

Up to a few years ago the exterior of this house remained in much the same condition as it must have been in Sir Robert's day, but unfortunately the brickwork of the ground floor has been recently covered up with stucco, while its windows have been lengthened and entirely changed from their original character.

Though Sir Robert has been credited (or discredited) with the saying that every man had his price, he never really said this at all.

What he did say was: "All these men—alluding to the vain, the mercenary, and the culpably ambitious—have their price!" a very different remark, and as applicable now as then.

With all his faults Sir Robert undoubtedly deserved well of England.

Burke said: "The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and conduct, preserved the crown to this Royal Family, and, with it, their laws and liberties to this country."

No. 10, Downing Street is neither beautiful nor imposing, being plain and unpretentious in style. It contains, however, an interesting series of portraits of former Prime Ministers, has been made comfortable enough, and is conveniently near the main centres of modern political life.

Some jovial old-fashioned dinners must have taken place here in Sir Robert's day. For the present, how-

ever, there is little likelihood of its being again tenanted by a sporting Prime Minister, the last having been Lord Rosebery, who won the Derby twice.

On the other hand Lord Palmerston, who, in addition to a partiality for the Fair Sex which gained him the nickname of "Cupid," was fond of the turf, never succeeded in winning it at all. In 1858, the latter, then Prime Minister, was early on the course at Epsom, to watch the running of his horse, Toxopholite, which, when the race came to be run, lost the coveted blue ribbon of the turf by about a length. It is said that Lord Palmerston displayed great vexation, and remarked in a tone of impatience that he would rather have accepted the defeat of his Ministry than that of his favourite horse.

The old house in Downing Street has of course always been carefully guarded, but special measures of protection had to be taken in the days when frantic suffragettes tried to chain themselves to railings outside Cabinet Ministers' houses and cried out, "Votes for women," a demonstration which a well-known wit suggested might have led to retaliation in the form of men chaining themselves to the railings of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital and shouting, "Babes for Men!"

As has been said, the late Lord Salisbury alone of all the Prime Ministers since the time of Sir Robert Walpole remained in his own house during his tenure of office, a break with tradition which was quite in consonance with his disposition.

Of very independent character, he was in private life somewhat autocratic in his ways, in addition to which he exhibited a certain aloofness even as regards his political supporters.

One of this Prime Minister's favourite haunts used to be the library of the Junior Carlton Club. Here he

could be sure of remaining unmolested by visitors, and enjoy a tranquillity difficult to find elsewhere.

According to detractors, Lord Salisbury was very casual about making minor appointments, while entertaining a secret contempt for a good many of his supporters.

Nevertheless, he was courteous enough, while those in contact with him could not fail to be impressed with the idea that he was a great man. The public realized it too, for any public utterance from this nobleman commanded great attention and respect. He was one of the last, if not the last, of the great English statesmen whose personal influence extended all over the world.

The great majority of Victorian statesmen were the product of an aristocratic system which has since become more or less defunct. It is, of course, easy to disparage the patrician politician whose way was made easy at the beginning of his career. On the whole, however, he proved a valuable asset to England, for, whatever his private faults, he was stanch and honourable as far as the interests of his country were concerned.

Of this class Lord Salisbury was practically the only survivor—that is to say, he was the last English patrician who could, when he chose, exercise real political power.

Since his time the aristocracy has lost its grip, while the day of great governing families has ceased to exist.

There is no doubt that the politicians of the Victorian Era were more " serious " in the best sense of the word than their successors of to-day.

The majority also were really educated men, which could scarcely have been said of certain prominent members of the late Government, who were rather muddled in their knowledge of history.

In the days of the first Russian Revolution one of these gentlemen, pleading for support for Kerensky in a grand manner, said :

" He is the ' St. Just ' of the Russian Revolution "— as if the regicide he named was one of the noblest figures in history !

The real cause of this outburst it would appear was that the speaker had an idea that the name was an honorific title conferred upon the Revolutionist in consequence of his love of saintliness and justice !

Most of the politicians of forty or fifty years ago were men who had got on, not by self-advertisement, but by real ability. Such a one was Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, whom I well remember as a friend of my mother's when I was a child. An extremely clever man, and something of a poet, he was expected to do great things in politics, but as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's first administration he was not a success. Some, indeed, said he was the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer there had ever been.

His greatest failure, which I well recall created much excitement, was the tax which he attempted to put upon lucifer matches. The girls who sold them made an effectual protest, and the agitation which ensued played a part in driving Mr. Lowe from office.

He himself had no illusions as to the odium which must be attached to anyone who has to enforce taxation.

" The Chancellor of the Exchequer exists," said he, " to distribute a certain amount of human misery, and he who distributes it most equally is the best Chancellor."

Mr. Lowe was a very peculiar-looking man, almost an Albino in appearance, with bushy white eyebrows and very weak eyes—peculiarities which gained for him the nickname of " The white-headed boy." People

used to whisper that he was very unorthodox in his religious opinions, "agnosticism" being considered a very shocking thing in Victorian days.

I remember wondering how he had come to hold such views: he and an old estate carpenter at my home in the country, who oddly enough had something of the same look as the Liberal Chancellor, having been the only two individuals who, according to my nurse, were wicked people who did not believe in God.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Lowe, having married a second time late in life, became, I believe, extremely religious, and, as Lord Sherbrooke, died in the complete odour of sanctity.

Mr. Childers, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's second Administration, was supposed to have inherited a genius for finance from his maternal ancestor, Sampson Gideon, Lord Eardley. His achievements in office, however, were scarcely remarkable. A curious scheme for issuing what were called "Flash half-sovereigns," and the Beer and Spirit Duties in the Budget of 1885, did the Government to which he belonged no good.

Sir Stafford Northcote, afterwards Lord Iddesleigh, according to Mr. Gladstone, whose private secretary he had been, possessed great aptitude for finance—nevertheless, as Chancellor under Disraeli in 1874 he did not cut a brilliant figure.

Mr. Goschen, on the other hand, was a successful Chancellor, who may be said to have deserved his Peerage. As he himself once said, he had a passion for statistics. His Budget speeches, however, though sound, were not particularly brilliant. Of Lord Randolph Churchill, whom Mr. Goschen succeeded, great things had been expected, but his resignation of the Chancellorship dashed the hopes of his supporters to the ground.

Lord Beaconsfield as Mr. Disraeli was three times

Chancellor of the Exchequer, without any particular distinction.

Indifferent to money in private life, he seems to have felt no great interest in finance. In this respect he was a great contrast to his rival, Mr. Gladstone, who delighted in handling the public purse, and made a number of wonderful speeches which made even financial statements interesting. By his powers of oratory, indeed, he contrived to import quite a glow of poetic colour to the dryest subjects.

Lord Beaconsfield's one great financial coup, the purchase of the Suez Canal Shares, was effected while he was Prime Minister. It is said not to have been his own idea, but the suggestion of some one to whom he very wisely listened. In any case, he had the courage to carry it out, which is a great deal more than most Premiers would have done.

The great Tory leader's first attempt to enter the House of Commons as Member for Wycombe was unsuccessful—it is said mainly because he had begun his canvass too early; besides this he fought under great disadvantages. Had he been elected, his political career might have been different.

It was at this election that, as a young man of twenty-six, he made one of his characteristic utterances.

A bill having been posted up warning electors to beware of him as "a Tory in disguise!", "A Tory in disguise!" said Disraeli, alluding to the insinuation in one of his speeches, "I will tell you who is a Tory in disguise! It is a Whig in place."

On two subsequent occasions, in 1832 and 1835, he again contested Wycombe, once on Radical principles, assisted with letters from Joseph Hume and O'Connell, who in after years was to allude to the candidate he was then supporting as "A lineal descendant of the Impenitent Thief."

In private life Disraeli was very careless about money, while inclined towards generosity in the use of it.

Happening to be taken ill while staying at a country house, the local doctor was sent for and came twice. On his return to London, Mr. Algernon Turner, a private secretary, having reminded his chief of the fee, was told to send the practitioner ten guineas. "I dare say he doesn't get much practice down in the country —I should like to do him a little good," was the old statesman's kindly remark.

Politics may be said to have absorbed Lord Beaconsfield's entire life, for there is no record of his having had a taste for anything else except writing books, for the purposes of which he found his political experiences useful. Many of his characters, indeed, were drawn from life. It was said, for instance, that Lord St. Aldegonde in "Lothair" was inspired by the Duke of Sutherland, who at one time held very advanced opinions. St. Aldegonde, the heir to a Dukedom, was opposed, it may be remembered, to all privilege and, indeed, to all orders of men except Dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the division of all property, except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the landowners the greater the liberty of a country. "As if a fellow could have too much land," he would urge with a contemptuous sneer at those who spoke of "unearned increment," the phrase invented by John Stuart Mill which was so popular during the agitation of that day.

The Duke of Sutherland's Radicalism, though fervent enough while it lasted, came to an end in the late seventies, when he left the Liberals owing to a disagreement with their Eastern policy.

During his Radical days, though fond of scandalizing people by the profession of advanced views, he took

care not to relax his hold upon the advantages which he enjoyed by virtues of his rank and position.

The character of St. Aldegonde was also said to have been suggested by Lord Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire). The latter's Liberalism, however, was always mild.

A man of calm and slow-moving mind, he was always moderate in his statements. He was, indeed, probably a Liberal more on account of his family traditions than from any strong desire for change. In any case his political convictions were not sufficiently strong to make him swallow Home Rule, over which in the eighties he parted from his old leader, Mr. Gladstone.

The defection in question was one of the most severe blows which the latter sustained, for the late Duke of Devonshire, when Lord Hartington, though little known outside his own country, exercised enormous influence with the English Electorate.

The heir to a great Dukedom, which in those days was a greater political asset than it would be to-day, he had a great reputation for being possessed of sound common sense, together with a capacity for reticence and a fondness for the Turf—three things which the average Englishman is naturally enough inclined to admire.

Though for years associated with the Liberal Party, there was nothing of the visionary about him. Indeed, he was more of a cynic than an idealist. Nevertheless, he was not antipathetic to politicians of very advanced views, whom he regarded with a good-natured indifference which was not without its sting.

Though he remained a Liberal Unionist and never went so far as actually to join the Conservative Party, after he had become Duke of Devonshire he was at heart probably as good a Tory as any of his old-time opponents could have wished. He joined in the chorus

of lamentation which greeted Sir William Harcourt's Budget in 1894, and altogether comported himself as a great territorial magnate had in former times been expected to do.

And who shall say that he was wrong? A Radical Peer is ridiculous enough, but a Radical Duke is a veritable triumph of inconsistent absurdity.

To return to Lord Beaconsfield and his tastes. Sport, in which so many of his contemporaries delighted, attracted him not at all, while he appears to have been indifferent to the joys of country life and to the delights of his garden.

Even the legend of his fondness for primroses rests upon a very feeble foundation. Nevertheless, it was a clever idea from a political point of view, for the Primrose League undoubtedly assisted the success of the Conservative cause.

Founded by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who was a man full of original ideas, and developed on a basis which made an appeal to a large section of the middle classes, the League, in spite of its rather fanciful titles and badges, grew into a political organization which had to be reckoned with.

Whether Lord Beaconsfield ever showed any special affection for the flower from which it took its name seems, as cynics have hinted, doubtful.

Queen Victoria certainly seems to have thought he did, for she sent him primroses from the Royal grounds, with which he of course declared himself to be delighted.

Sitting next my mother one evening at a dinner party, Gladstone expressed a doubt as to the partiality of his rival for the little yellow flower.

"The gorgeous tiger-lily," said he, "was probably more to his taste."

Be this as it may, for some years the anniversary

of his death was marked by a display of primroses in buttonholes and flower-boxes in the West End.

To-day, however, the cult in question seems to have more or less passed away.

Some of the younger Tories, indeed, seem to have forgotten Lord Beaconsfield altogether.

A young Conservative Member of Parliament, making a speech after a Primrose League dinner, recently said:

"I now call upon you to drink to the health of our founder, Lord Rosebery, from whom our League takes its name."

Mr. Gladstone, unlike his great rival, never received any flowers from Queen Victoria. It was notorious that she had no great liking for the old Liberal leader, with whom she had at best only "an imperfect sympathy."

Her antipathy to the statesman in question was probably never greater than when the Eastern question was to the fore in the late seventies. A significant proof of this was the fact that neither Mr. Gladstone nor his wife received an invitation to attend the wedding of the Duke of Connaught in 1879. About that time the Queen is also said to have directly or indirectly intimated to the Dean of Windsor, with whom the above-mentioned couple had been in the habit of staying, that for the present it might be well if such visits ceased to take place.

Dean Wellesley, however, who was not the Iron Duke's nephew for nothing, declined to take any notice of such a hint. It is even said that he sent the Queen a written protest.

Notwithstanding all this, when Lord Beaconsfield was beaten at the Easter election in 1880, the Queen, after a mild attempt to get Lord Hartington to form an Administration, consented to send for Mr. Gladstone,

and came to no open breach with him during his subsequent tenure of office.

She was a wise woman with many qualities fitted for the ruler of a great Empire, not the least of which was a knowledge of the occasional necessity of bowing to the inevitable.

In the middle of the last century a great impression prevailed among European politicians that as an independent power the country over which the Sultan ruled would soon cease to exist.

It is said that Lord Palmerston, M. Thiers, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe having met in Paris, the conversation turning on the state of Turkey, M. Thiers asked Lord Palmerston if he thought the "sick man" was about to die. The English statesman, in his usual genial manner, jokingly replied: "I was one day walking in the streets of London, when a passer-by told me that my pocket-handkerchief was hanging out of my pocket, and that I should lose it. 'Thank you, sir,' I answered; 'but I believe that unless some one pulls it out it will not fall!' Turkey is in the same position—if she be not thrown down, she will maintain herself perfectly."

As a matter of fact, within recent years, though she has been thrown down, the country in question has contrived to recover in a marvellous fashion. The recovery in question, it should be added, has been caused mainly by a very thorough appreciation on the part of certain Turkish leaders of the value of up-to-date armaments as a means of obtaining favourable treatment from European Powers.

In this the Turks are only following the example of Japan.

Some years ago, the Japanese Ambassador in Paris being present at a dinner party, one of the guests having thoughtlessly alluded to Japan before 1868

as "uncivilized," begged the Ambassador's pardon. "Make no excuses," replied the latter; "you are quite right. Before 1868 we produced great painters and craftsmen, now we only make cannon and battleships like you."

The subject of Eastern Christians always excited Mr. Gladstone to frenzy, and at one time he made impassioned speeches in favour of the Bulgarians regardless of the weather, sent showers of post cards in all directions and published pamphlets which, though according to Lord Morley they beat with a sustained pulse and passion which recalled some of Burke's most famous efforts, are now as dead as mutton.

In September, 1876, Mr. Gladstone spoke in a rainstorm for an hour to a large and enthusiastic meeting on the subject of his pet Balkan nationality.

Were the old statesman alive to-day I wonder if he would have been equally outraged by the massacres committed by the Bolshevik revolutionaries drawn from his favourite Christian Russia, which in his day was always being urged by the Liberal Party to castigate the Turks.

All the agitation in favour of Bulgaria which was carried on in England by Mr. Gladstone and his followers does not seem to have made any lasting impression upon that country—no particular protest having been made at the time of the Great War by the Bulgarians against their ruler, Prince Ferdinand, joining with Germany and with Turkey against France and England. What would Mr. Gladstone have thought of such behaviour as that?

The politically disastrous partiality which Mr. Lloyd George displayed for the Greeks mainly arose from the traditional hostility of English Liberalism towards Turkey, the inhabitants of which country in the seventies and eighties were supposed to be addicted

to every kind of atrocity in contradistinction to the Eastern Christians full of virtue and gentle as lambs!

The curious thing about all this was that few of the Liberals knew anything of the real character of either Turk or Eastern Christian, while they depended upon prejudicial evidence, mainly furnished by ecclesiastics, for the formation of their views.

Mr. Gladstone, though no one could dispute his great intellectual powers, was in reality singularly insular in his outlook upon foreign affairs.

For a considerable number of years, according to his own statement, he had made the Eastern question the main business of his life. He was, indeed, always thinking about it, and once went so far as to write himself down as "Anti-Bashi-Bazouk" in the visitors' book at a country house. At times he would declare that his life was clouded by thoughts of the terrible doings which he was ever trying to prevent.

His interest in the Eastern question, however, was mainly limited to solicitude for those oppressed by the Turk, who he would never admit had any rights at all.

Apparently he had never studied the history of the Near East and of the historic feuds which for generations had caused not only Turks to massacre Christians but Christians to massacre Turks.

The fact was that the views of Mr. Gladstone himself and of a considerable section of his supporters were warped and dominated by their convictions about the Christian religion. They considered that anyone hostile to the terrible Turk was fighting a battle for the right, and as there is nothing which tends to fanaticism so much as religion, they insisted upon magnifying all Eastern Christians into Saints and branding every Mussulman as a sinner.

It was a pity that Mr. Gladstone and some of the

more ardent spirits who joined with him in his crusade did not take the trouble to study the whole question of the Eastern Christians from an impartial point of view. They do not, however, seem to have much cared to take the opinions of those who had lived in the East, but preferred the evidence of peripatetic English ecclesiastics, who during their comparatively brief visits to the Near East were given the information which they obviously expected to get.

The limitations of humanity, even in the case of a highly gifted individual such as Mr. Gladstone, are definitely fixed, and it was impossible for him to hold the scales evenly balanced between two opposing factions which for centuries had been engaged in a strife which only those intimately acquainted with the country in which it was waged could understand.

Lord Rosebery, to do him justice, had a wider and saner outlook. In a tactful way he did a good deal to extinguish the fierce fire of indignation which Mr. Gladstone had aroused by his unmeasured denunciations of the dealings of the Turks with Armenians. In any case he was not enthusiastic about the intervention which his leader was always seeking to bring about. Probably he knew too much about the Armenians. In any case he was not carried away by the emotional enthusiasm, nor ready to believe all statements without proof.

Though probably through no wish of his own but because they made good copy, Mr. Gladstone's doings were chronicled almost from day to day, especial prominence being given to his " tree-felling " exploits

Speaking at Blackpool in 1884, Lord Randolph Churchill said :

" Every afternoon the whole world is invited to assist at the crashing fall of some beech or elm or oak. The forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may

perspire ; and full accounts of these proceedings are forwarded by ' Special Correspondents ' to every daily paper every recurring morning."

At one time every detail of Mr. Gladstone's daily existence found its way into the papers, while his opinions, even on the most trivial subjects, were trumpeted all over England. So great was his reputation that, had he chosen, he could have made the fortune of a tradesman by praising the latter's wares, or could have carried a book into any number of editions merely by congratulating the writer; but all this sort of thing had vanished in the nineties, by which time Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy had greatly impaired his popularity with the general public.

The popularity in question had in a great measure been produced by the wonderful oratorical powers of the Grand Old Man, who was able to sway vast bodies of people in a marvellous manner.

In the Victorian Era a good orator was probably more appreciated than is the case to-day ; the influence of several leading politicians being entirely based upon the vigour of their speeches.

A Birmingham audience was then said to be the most critical in England. Its education in the criticism of oratory having been largely due to a number of fine speakers, notably John Bright, a magnificent orator—people would travel miles to hear him.

Though nothing seems to have appeared about it during his lifetime, Mr. Gladstone, according to a statement made in a London newspaper in December, 1921, at one time, " became proficient on the banjo and used to sing ' Darktown Races,' with its ' Doo-da doo-da ' refrain." " Darktown races " surely must have been a mistake for " Camptown races "—a well-known nigger ditty, which in its day achieved a wide popularity.

As far as I remember, Lord Morley, in his monu-

mental "Life of Mr. Gladstone," does not touch upon the latter's proficiency as an amateur negro minstrel. Had he really excelled in such a form of musical art, it is inconceivable that the cartoonists, who portrayed him in so many characters, would have missed such a glorious opportunity.

It was in the eighties that there arose a Puritan agitation against politicians of loose morals remaining in public life. Though like most Puritan fads such a council of perfection was calculated to impair the efficient government of the country (the cleverest men, as history clearly demonstrates, not being always the most moral), the Liberal Party, afraid of losing votes, gave in to it.

There is no doubt but that English politics, and indirectly world politics, were profoundly affected by the case of Parnell and that of Sir Charles Dilke.

The intrigue of the former with Mrs. O'Shea was well known to a great number of politicians, and not improbably to Mr. Gladstone himself, for a considerable time before it was dragged into the limelight.

With the fear of that mischievous and somewhat slimy force, known as the Nonconformist Conscience, before their eyes, the uncrowned king's supporters and the Grand Old Man at once professed themselves greatly shocked. Parnell had to go, with the result that the Home Rule cause received a considerable check. Had he continued to exercise the great power he had enjoyed before the exposure, Ireland would probably have long ago settled down to some form of self-government. The price which has to be paid for yielding to the forces of hypocrisy and cant is always great—Parnell was hounded down, but Ireland and England suffered heavily for it.

The political alliance which drove the uncrowned king of Ireland from power was one of the strangest

kind imaginable. Moral fanaticism, indeed, makes strange bed-fellows, and anything more astounding than the close political co-operation between English Puritans and Irish priests it was impossible to conceive. The latter, of course, were not sorry to have an opportunity of paying off old scores against a Protestant, who had forced them and the whole Episcopal hierarchy to be his obedient servants and taken political Ireland out of the hands of Rome.

In England the Nonconformist Conscience was outraged at the adultery which had been proved in open court. Dissenters all over the country were up in arms, and Liberal agents let Mr. Gladstone know that, unless Parnell was thrown over, his party would lose a very large number of votes.

So the one man who understood the whole Irish question, the leader who would probably have succeeded in obtaining the concession of Home Rule, disappeared; and Parnell went to his grave a broken man, while the situation in Ireland grew gradually from bad to worse, till it reached the point to which it has come to-day.

Had the Parnell scandal never occurred, the course of Irish history might by this time have run into smooth channels, much bloodshed have been spared, and peace and tranquillity assured.

Parnell in his day did wonders with very slender means, keeping a band of somewhat turbulent followers in excellent order. Had he lived to carry Home Rule, his transcendent ability would certainly have produced a very different Ireland from what that country has since become.

The Dilke case was another instance of a strikingly clever man being hounded out of public life on account of moral lapses.

In the case of Sir Charles Dilke there was, perhaps,

more excuse for those who excluded him from taking office.

To begin with, the moral offence of which he was supposed to be guilty was more heinous than that admitted by Parnell. In addition to this Sir Charles, though the evidence had gone against him, kept up the pretence of being an injured man, and though, previous to the scandal in which he was involved, known as a professed agnostic, took to going to church, no doubt with the intention of capturing the sympathies of the "unco guid."

The tactics in question, however, did nothing of the sort; on the contrary, they alienated many, who were disgusted at the line he took.

The fact was that, fully conscious of his own great abilities, he snatched wildly at any straw which he thought might support him in the sea of scandal in which he found himself involved; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he never had the slightest chance of recovering his political position, or of being given office.

In addition to the Nonconformist Conscience being very bitter against him, once the scandal had occurred Queen Victoria would never have consented to his becoming one of her Ministers.

All he was able to do was to continue to sit in the House of Commons as Member for the Forest of Dean, where the electors were more broad-minded than his old constituents in Chelsea.

He did some good work there too, though, I believe, to the end other Members rather gave him the cold shoulder.

Looking back on the tragic events which have occurred since Sir Charles's time, one is tempted to speculate how different the course of European politics might have been with such a brilliant brain as Minister for Foreign Affairs.

It is more than likely that, under such circumstances, the Great War might never have taken place, for Sir Charles had an unrivalled knowledge of European Affairs, such as no other of our modern politicians has ever possessed.

The downfall of Parnell was a tragedy for Ireland; that of Sir Charles Dilke a tragedy for the world.

In private life Sir Charles was a most clever and agreeable conversationalist, wonderfully informed upon every topic. He was also a lover of Art and an experienced gourmet.

Dining with him at his house in Sloane Street, I was much struck with the perfection of detail which accompanied a most agreeable meal.

The soup, I remember, was served in rare old Chinese plates of a delightful pattern; everything was excellent, including the conversation, which the host led but did not dominate, showing rare tact.

Sir Charles had a massive and rather extraordinary head, unlike that of anyone else. His face was intellectual enough, but there was a certain sensuality about it which it was impossible not to observe.

Driving away after dinner with one who knew our host very well, I said, after some allusion to the celebrated case, the details of which had then faded out of most people's memory, "However did he come to make such a fool of himself by pretending to be religious all of a sudden? He would have done much better to have brazened out the whole thing. Had he done this, the scandal, I fancy, would have died away much sooner—it might even have been forgotten altogether."

"I rather agree with you," was the reply, "but he took what he thought was good advice, and it turned out badly."

I gathered that it was Mr. Chamberlain who had suggested that Sir Charles should not take the case

lying down, but make an effort to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his electors. Another example, I thought, of the tendency of politicians to believe that the people at large can be bamboozled with any flimsy excuse.

An ordinary man of the world, uncontaminated by the sinister influences which incline every one in politics to resort to subterfuge and lies, would probably have given Sir Charles far sounder advice. In the ordinary affairs of life politicians are almost as likely to be wrong as they are in their outlook upon Europe.

Their complete lack of judgment in this respect may be gathered by a perusal of the Proceedings of the House of Commons in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's day.

The latter, who was not unpopular, in spite of his ridiculous teetotal views, on one occasion actually moved :

" That the total charge for the Army be omitted, as it is no longer any use."

Such a motion as this, however, was not of course taken seriously, a good deal of tolerance being usually accorded to Sir Wilfrid even when his fads were concerned.

The latter was well known to numbers of people in various grades of Society, but, attending a banquet, a new waiter asked his chief what wine the Baronet preferred.

" It's no good going near him," was the reply. " The Baronet only drinks ' Pump.' "

Though Sir Wilfrid has gone, America has sent us Lady Astor to take his place.

The lady in question, no doubt actuated by the highest motives, is credited with a desire to introduce Prohibition in this country. At any rate, she advocates measures tending to prepare the ground for this odious form of restricting personal liberty.

It is curious how well-meaning apostles of temperance wilfully ignore the devastating effects which the attempt to enforce sobriety by legislation is bound to produce.

In addition to this, they choose to gloss over the fact that the law as regards Prohibition is openly ignored in certain districts of the United States, where the authorities do not put it in force, fearing serious trouble.

The Chairman of the Carlton Hotel Company, speaking at a meeting in October, stated that in the coal-mining districts of Pennsylvania, for example, at such places as Scranton and Harrisburg, beer and whisky were openly sold in bars.

The Government did not dare stop it, because if they did succeed in stopping the sale there would be no coal. Consequently it wisely remained quiescent.

One law for the miner and another for the ordinary citizen—and America is supposed to be the home of the Free !

The evil effects of superabundant alcohol exercised the minds of American public men long before Prohibition came within the sphere of practical politics.

After the Revolutionary War, Patrick Henry, being alarmed and distressed at the increase of drunkenness, attempted to combat this vice by substituting a harmless beverage for distilled spirits.

With this end in view he ordered from his merchant in Scotland a consignment of barley and got a brewer and his wife to cultivate the grain and make small beer. To render the beverage fashionable and popular, he always had it upon his table when he was governor during his last term of office ; and he continued its use and drank nothing stronger while he lived.

This of course was long before social reformers had developed into the nuisances which they have since become. Our own native-born ones are trying enough,

but it is really too hard to be expected to give way to the fads of well-meaning but impulsive people from other countries, anxious to improve our morals and enforce sobriety by compulsion.

As a critic of Lady Astor said, one can't help thinking that she would be far happier if she went back to the other side of the Atlantic where her reforming energies would be more appreciated than they are in our poor old-fashioned little England.

It is, however, not altogether certain that her zeal for reforming the people at large would be welcomed by every one in the land of her birth.

Be this as it may, this persuasive lady contrives to move our impressionable House of Commons. The whole spirit of legislation passed by the body in question is now tinged with sentimentalism. Formerly its aim was to preserve the liberties of the citizen—at the present time, while perpetually prating of giving freedom to the masses, members are constantly bringing forward laws calculated to stamp it out, with the result that England—

> "This precious stone set in the silver sea
> * * * * *
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
> Of watery Neptune, is now bound in . . .
> With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds." [1]

This lamentable state of affairs has of course in some measure been produced by the largely increased power of lawyers, who hold the British citizen in their grasp much as the serpent held Laocoon. In addition to this, a considerable number of well-meaning people are under the mistaken impression that humanity can be made perfect by compulsion.

No matter how great the need for not wasting time, ample facilities seem always available for the

[1] "King Richard II."

discussion of meddlesome laws such as the proposed ridiculous prohibition of alcohol in public-houses to persons under eighteen years of age.

Seldom surely has the House of Commons cut such a pitiable figure as when a large majority of Members, moved by the transatlantic eloquence of Lady Astor, voted for the Second Reading of what Sir James Creighton Browne has well called "a silly Bill."

The excuse which some of these gentlemen subsequently gave in private shows the humbug which nine times out of ten taints legislation of this kind.

Their vote, they pleaded, while calculated to please Puritan electors, was of no real importance, every one being aware that the more unreasonable provisions of the Bill would be modified in Committee, which indeed has proved to be the case!

XI

MEMORIES OF MAYFAIR

(I)

SUNDAY during the Victorian Era was a different day in London from what it is now.

In the seventies and eighties dashing young subalterns, instead of spending " week-ends " in the country, came up to town, went to the play or to a music-hall on Saturday night, lay in bed late on Sunday, and would then drive some fair damsel, if possible a light of the burlesque stage, down to the " Star and Garter " at Richmond in a hansom.

The hostelry in question, which has now ceased to exist, was a favourite resort of couples on the Sabbath. A number of these, after that now extinct meal " a champagne lunch," would stroll out into the grounds, where itinerant photographers did a brisk trade in taking likenesses on glass which, in a funny little frame edged with gold, were delivered before the evening return to town.

A dinner at the " Café Royal " or " Bristol " would end the day ; there was no dancing and no music, but plenty of fun.

After the opening of the " Savoy," in the late eighties and in the nineties it became the smart thing to dine there on a Sunday evening—and very agreeable it was.

The walls of the dining-room, then smaller than it is to-day, were decorated with ornate panelling,

designed by Whistler. Everything was beautifully done and a number of celebrities were always present.

The panelling in question, which was taken down when the new entrance and foyer were built, is still, I believe, in the possession of the Savoy Company. It seems a pity that they do not set it up in one of the palatial hotel's many rooms, for it had considerable artistic merit and was restful and pleasant to the eye.

In the eighties and nineties Verrey's was quite a popular dining-place with the *jeunesse dorée*. It then belonged to the Brothers Krehl, who were great dog-fanciers and had, if I remember rightly, some fine greyhounds.

The place had originally been opened as a confectioner's by Mr. Verrey, of Lausanne, in 1826, and all the bucks and dandies of the day came to buy sweetmeats and pay court to the proprietor's pretty daughter.

Lord Petersham even wrote poems in her honour; altogether she must have greatly contributed to the prosperity of the business.

In 1850, however, under new management, Verrey's became a restaurant and later on the resort of a number of well-known people, including Gladstone, Tennyson, and Henry Irving, for the cooking and wines were very good.

The old scheme of Victorian decoration, rather dingy green with medallions representing scenes of rural felicity painted on the walls, was swept away at the end of the nineteenth century, and the place redecorated in what was called the Persian style.

I am not sure, however, that the change did Verrey's much good. Some of the old habitués preferred the surroundings to which they had been accustomed for years, still the restaurant continued to flourish.

At present, however, it is being pulled down, and a huge building in Portland stone erected in its place,

over £250,000 being the amount of money which it is calculated the new premises, to include a modern hotel, will cost.

The old taverns which provided old-fashioned English fare have now all disappeared from the West End. Such a one was the "Blue Posts," in Cork Street, long famous for its dinners, chops and punch, and as the haunt of literary men. It was a favourite resort of men about town, and was also frequented by literary men connected with "Blackwood's Magazine."

A good simple dinner could still here be procured in the early eighties of the last century, but as time went on its popularity was eclipsed by the palatial new restaurants which then began to be opened.

Another old-fashioned resort, the very name of which is now forgotten, in the West End was Lovegrove's "East India Dock Tavern," which was still popular with fashionable diners in the seventies. This, "The Ship" and "The Trafalgar" at Greenwich, as well as "The Ship" at Gravesend, were all famous for their whitebait.

Society in Paris and London has always been partial to the pleasures of the table.

Another London restaurant which dates back to before the Franco-Prussian War in 1870—the "Café Royal," according to a recent announcement is also to be transformed into a palatial caravanserai. It would appear, however, that the back part alone is to undergo alteration; at all events the original upstairs dining-room with its mirrors and quaint little paintings will be preserved unchanged.

This restaurant, which has maintained a career of uninterrupted prosperity for a great number of years, was a favourite resort of French refugees after the Commune in 1871.

Henri Rochefort and the artist Piloteill, both exiles from France on account of their political opinions, once had a severe scuffle on the pavement outside, and several generations of Bohemians have sat on the red plush seats downstairs in the Café, which comes closer to a Continental resort than any other place in London.

The "Café Royal," indeed, has become a regular London institution, and it is pleasant to know that its old traditions will be maintained.

The possession of a first-class French *chef* even in the less luxurious days of the nineteenth century was a considerable social asset. Good dinners have made many a master or mistress popular. A distinguished diplomat, it was said, after a dinner at a certain rather shady financier's, once very much astonished some one who had delivered a violent tirade against the latter's methods by quietly remarking, "Peut-être, mais on dine fort bien chez lui"; whilst one of his most violent Parliamentary opponents declared that a certain statesman was redeemed from the last extremity of political degradation by his cook.

In novels and books dealing with the fifties and sixties the writers often lay emphasis upon the luxury of what they call *le dîner à la Russe*, as contrasted with the old-fashioned English dinner which was at that period going out of fashion in the West End of London. The meal in question, features of which were the dishes placed before the host and hostess at each end of the table, necessitated a good deal of carving on the part of the former, and though the materials were usually excellent, the fare provided was more suitable for a robust hunting squire of Fielding's day than for the delicately nurtured ladies and dandies of Mayfair. For this reason it eventually gave way to a somewhat more lengthy version of the dinners popular to-day, though why they should ever

have been called *Dîners à la Russe* is not very clear, for there was nothing particularly Russian about them.

These were the days of two soups, two fishes, and a multitude of other courses, which would now be thought quite unnecessary. The solemn dinner-party of the sixties, with its undue length, its table loaded with heavy decoration, and its formalities, would be thought a boring affair by most people to-day. According to tradition, gentlemen then usually drank a great deal of wine; some may have done so after the ladies had left the dining-room, but during dinner itself only comparatively minute quantities were dribbled into guests' glasses by a portly butler, the fashion then being to provide various different kinds of sherry, claret, and champagne; about the best thing of all was the fine old port, which appeared once the dinner itself was over.

The so-called *Dîner à la Russe*, alluded to above, was of course imported into fashionable London Society from the Paris of the Second Empire, then noted for its luxury and refinement, though extravagance would perhaps have been a better word. Though the Empress Eugenie and her Court sought to revive the refined glories of the days of Marie Antoinette, they never equalled her in artistic grace. Nevertheless, the style of the Second Empire at its best certainly possesses a peculiar *cachet* of its own. Last year, 1922, a very interesting exhibition of furniture, china, pictures—in short, of everything connected with the life of the French upper classes during the *régime* of Napoleon the Third—was held at the Louvre. Though the collection could not be called a wonderful artistic display, there was nevertheless considerable charm attached to many of the exhibits, so well arranged indeed that in one's mind's eye one could see the crinolined ladies and whiskered exquisites lounging about amid the

lacquered furniture designed in what was then called the Chinese style. A number of bureaus contained elaborately painted china plaques—the whole thing from a purely artistic point of view was nothing wonderful; nevertheless, a certain pathetic charm was attached to this exhibition held not far away from the site of the Tuileries, that Palace where most of the owners of the things shown must have laughed, flirted, and danced during the brilliant days of the Imperial *régime*.

Mid-Victorian dinner-parties as a rule consisted of an inordinate number of dishes, the table being apt to be loaded with decoration and epergnes and the whole thing often ostentatious and heavy. The majority of such meals indeed were solemn social functions, scarcely more exhilarating than a funeral; while in the selection of guests little originality was displayed, hosts and hostesses being accustomed to the theory of dinner for dinner, a more or less regulated exchange of hospitality according to the social usage of that day.

Though complaints are made that cooking has deteriorated in modern times, the dinners of to-day are probably more enjoyable than were those of the Victorian past.

Several absurdities, however, have crept into modern entertaining, the chief of which is dining in a light so dim that it is hardly possible to see what one is eating.

The Victorians liked having dinner in a blaze of light, a practice for which they had the authority of that pre-eminent gastronomist, Brillat Savarin.

Among the conditions which he laid down as being necessary for enjoying the pleasures of the table to a supreme degree was—"Que la salle à manger soit éclairée avec luxe." [1]

What this famous gourmet would have said about

[1] "Physiologie de Gout," Meditation XIV.

some modern dinner tables with their meagre illumination one trembles to think!

The practice is the more criminal as with the electric light of the present day a cheerful and artistic illumination of the dining-room is easily to be attained.

The French, who well understand this sort of thing, absolutely decline to dine except in a brilliant light. They maintain with justice that the latter promotes sociability, whereas darkness conduces to nothing but boredom and gloom.

As a well-known Amphytrion has said, justness of proportion, harmony of colouring, and disposition of light, are the most desirable qualities in any room, but especially in a dining-room, without any individual ornaments or objects to distract the attention; so that the moment one enters, there may be a feeling of fitness, which is productive of undisturbed satisfaction, and disposes the mind to the best state of enjoyment. Attention should be directed to produce an effect from the whole, and not by the parts. For this reason light should be thrown in the least observable manner, and not ostentatiously from ornamental objects. There should be the pleasing effect of good light, with the least perception whence it comes. There is no art in lighting a table by cumbrous branches; but there is in throwing a light upon it, as in some of Rembrandt's paintings, the effect being most agreeable.

The Victorians, though they were not by way of being luxurious, indulged in pretty good cooking, though of rather a substantial kind.

In spite of statements to the contrary, I am not quite sure that their wine was very good.

Champagne was not so much drunk as it came to be before the war, and not so much trouble was taken about it. There was a good deal of wishy-washy claret about in the late seventies and early eighties; fashion-

able doctors recommending it, as they had done whisky, which, through their efforts, eventually came into fashion.

The sale of light French wines was undoubtedly promoted by fashionable doctors ordering their patients to drink claret in preference to the port and sherry, which they said, probably rightly, had produced so much gout in a former generation.

Men about town also took to drinking whisky-and-soda on the advice of the medical profession. Brandy-and-soda, generally known as a B.-and-S., which had been the favourite drink of several generations of club-men, went out of fashion and has never regained its place since.

Before that time, men in clubs drank only brandy-and-soda; I should think whisky-and-soda was almost unheard of in the sixties!

West End doctors had also considerable influence in bringing various watering-places and Spas into fashion. In the eighties, for instance, Bath saw a revival of its ancient glories. Just about that period, a large contingent of Society invalids went there to take the waters, which a number of fashionable medicos had discovered were as efficacious as they had been reputed to be in the days of Beau Nash.

A notable and satisfactory feature of modern life is the almost complete disappearance of gout, at least in an aggravated form, among men about town.

So prevalent used this ailment to be, that gout-rests formed part of the furniture of every West End club where to-day they are rarely to be seen.

The causes which have produced this happy result are probably a better comprehension of the laws of health and a lesser consumption of heavy loaded wines such as port and sherry, which in old days were more appreciated than is the case at the present time.

To a great extent, their place has been taken by the fine old liqueur brandy, so much appreciated by modern connoisseurs.

On the other hand, I do not believe that the Victorians drank very much more alcohol than the men about town of to-day.

Most of the older ones of a past generation, though they may have drunk a great deal in their youth, had become extremely temperate by the time I saw them. Their main beverage, it seemed to me, was the wishy-washy and often acid claret which was so popular after Mr. Gladstone had facilitated the consumption of light French wines. Sherry, which is capable of producing gout, was also popular, but liqueurs were served in minute glasses and were seldom selected with the discrimination which now prevails.

The introduction of coffee and cigarettes put an end to the port-drinking which had been so dear to the men of the Regency; it also curtailed the long and often boring after-dinner sittings when old gentlemen would tell old stories of a dull and doubtful character which few of the new school wanted to hear.

It was only during the Victorian Era that champagne came to be drunk by the public at large.

All sorts of means were employed to increase its sales, one of the most efficacious having been music-hall songs such as "Champagne Charlie," sung by George Leybourne and others.

As an effect of the Great War, however, the sale of the wine in question has greatly decreased in England, the high price now charged having placed it out of the reach of people with moderate means.

Though high prices paid well in restaurants for a time, in the end they undoubtedly caused people to drink cheaper wines. Champagne, it must be remembered, was very little drunk in England before the first

half of the nineteenth century, though it was served at Vintners' Hall as early as 1829, an innovation which most of the other companies were rather slow to adopt.

As a matter of fact the policy pursued by the champagne firms immediately after the war, though possibly it could not have been helped, seems suicidal.

It took a considerable number of years to teach the English to drink the sparkling wine in question—all sorts of propaganda, music-hall songs, and other forms of publicity having been employed to popularize champagne, which, in districts like the West End of London, eventually secured an enormous sale.

And now, in consequence of the exorbitant prices charged in restaurants and hotels, the consumption is gradually shrinking to almost nothing at all.

The considerable demand for champagne which arose immediately after the Armistice caused many inferior wines to be sold at an absurd figure. Of course difficulties of transport and shortage of labour necessitated some increase in the price of wine, but the sums charged in restaurants, though they were cheerfully paid for a time, were soon recognized as outrageous.

Forty years ago the general average of cooking in the West End was moderate, the tendency being towards more substantial fare than to-day. Certain hosts and hostesses, however, were noted for the excellence of their *chefs*.

A household where lavish hospitality was dispensed was the Oppenheim mansion on Bruton Street, where Mr. Henry Oppenheim and his charming wife of Irish birth admirably entertained fashionable Society. No one had a better cook, while many beautiful *objets d'art* were to be seen scattered about the pleasant house.

Mrs. Bischoffsheim, who died at a great age only a short time ago, was also noted for her dinners. A

Viennese by birth, she was an extremely clever woman of the world. Her social success, it should be added, was entirely due to her own personality, her husband during his lifetime having taken little or no part in the entertainments for which her mansion had become known.

In the eighties both Mrs. Oppenheim and Mrs. Bischoffsheim had a great reputation for being well dressed, and their influence in moulding feminine fashions was undoubtedly great.

Social entertainment played a great part in the politics of Victorian days, when promising young men were lured into the Conservative or Liberal folds by clever hostesses well skilled in the art of cajolery.

Dizzy himself attached considerable importance to the dinner-party as a means of promoting the success of the Tory cause. In one year alone he entertained no less than 450 people, a great number of whom were no doubt practically unknown to him.

He had no particular reputation as a gastronomist, but his cuisine was not bad, though for some time his dinners were furnished by contract, the cost working out at about a pound a head.

Though many political moves and intrigues had their origin in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, where certain great ladies pulled strings, the head-quarters of the Tory Party were at the Carlton Club, the founding of which, according to a contemporary, had woefully injured White's, where, owing to the abundance of M.P.'s, members could at one time easily frank their letters.

According to an old Member, even in 1835 those who wished to avoid paying for the postage of letters had to fall back upon the good offices of any stray Peer who might happen to drop in on his way down St. James's Street.

The Carlton, originally in Carlton Gardens, whence its name, soon absorbed all the politicians who had frequented other clubs—the only break in its political continuity having been in 1912, when Liberal Unionists became eligible for membership of what, up to that time, had been a purely Tory club.

The fashion of making a great fuss of some foreign celebrity which prevailed during the last quarter of the nineteenth century has now practically ceased to exist.

During a visit to England, when the Comtesse de Castiglione was present at a reception given by Lady Palmerston, the excitement reached such a pitch that people actually jumped upon chairs in order to get a good look at her.

The lady's beauty so overcame a prominent English statesman not very conversant with Franch, that in the course of a conversation with her he said: "Madame, vous êtes éclaboussant." The sound of this extraordinary new word so much startled the Comtesse that she promptly remarked: "I think we had better talk English—I understand it quite as well as your French."

Once the Second Empire had fallen, little more was heard of the beauties who had cut such a figure at the Imperial Court.

The Comtesse de Castiglione, in her prime haughty and arrogant with her admirers, was capricious and enigmatic to an extraordinary degree.

Arriving at an Ambassadorial ball just after midnight, on the stairs she met Napoleon III and the Empress, who were going away.

"You are a very late arrival," said the Emperor in his most gracious manner.

"It is you, sire, who are very early in leaving," was her cold reply.

For more than thirty years after the fall of the

AN AMBASSADORIAL BALL

Empire Madame de Castiglione survived, living solitary and unsociable in the heart of Paris.

While her shutters in her apartments in the Place Vendôme were always hermetically closed, she shunned all mirrors for fear of realizing the ravages of time. Immured as it were in a living tomb, the announcement of her death came as a surprise. "I thought she had been dead for years," said every one who had known her.

The habit of lionizing celebrities was at times carried to an extreme and quite justly aroused the attention of "Punch," which for a time was very amusing as to the doings of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hunter, ready to entertain any new arrival of note whatever colour he might be.

Nevertheless, some of the visitors from other lands quite deserved a good reception. Such a one was Oliver Wendell Holmes, who came to England in the nineties when Americans had to a great extent outlived the prejudice which once prevailed against them.

Holmes had an enormous quantity of readers in England, many of whom looked upon him almost as a personal friend.

No writer of another nationality, indeed, would have received such a welcome, and as at first he accepted all invitations, or they were accepted for him, his good nature led him into some houses where he need not have gone.

The lionizing he received in London began, indeed, to tell upon him after a week or two, and the parties he attended keeping him up much later than he had been used to at Boston, the poor doctor was often found dozing in his Dover Street hotel during the day.

During his visit he was present at most of the smart social functions of the day. He saw the Derby run in the company of the Prince of Wales; he attended a

number of great parties and was one of ninety guests at a very select concert at Lady Rothschild's to which only ninety guests were invited, though nine hundred would have given their eyes to come and meet the Prince and Princess of Wales. Holmes, it is said, was the lion of the evening and all the pretty women of that day paid court to him. The times have changed, and I fancy there is scarcely a literary man alive who would arouse anything more than languid interest among our modern beauties!

A Foreign Office party, the doctor half laughingly declared, very nearly finished him off altogether. The crush was tremendous and at one moment he was swept, gasping, off his feet. Popularity, however, never does anyone serious harm and the distinguished visitor was delighted.

What, however, pleased him most of all was his reception and the degree he received at Cambridge, where, when he declined to deliver a speech, the undergraduates consoled themselves by singing "Holmes, sweet Holmes" at the top of their voices!

In these days, though we are ready enough to welcome distinguished visitors from other lands, they have to be well boomed first. Without a good Press agent, whom he would certainly never have employed, Oliver Wendell Holmes would probably fall rather flat.

A sign of the times in such matters is that a girl who had been selected as a coming kinema beauty by an illustrated newspaper, owing to adroit advertisements sent the population of a great city in the Midlands half mad, while Lord Haig, who arrived to unveil a memorial the same day, was unnoticed by almost everybody!

The publicity agent has, indeed, become a power in the land!

In old days any living person who dared to publish anything like a diary of their experiences in Society would have been exposed to a good deal of odium, but at present such a thing is constantly done and attracts no notice.

After all, when Boswell published his "Life of Johnson," admirers of the latter were very angry, saying that the great Doctor had been rendered ridiculous and sent down to posterity with a permanent blemish on his fame. To-day every one agrees that from a literary point of view Boswell made Johnson immortal!

Though it is now the fashion to sneer at the Victorian Era as having been lacking in culture, literary and scientific men of acknowledged distinction were then made very welcome by the fashionable world.

Tennyson, though towards the end of his life he came little to London and was rarely seen in the West End, was well known in Society.

In a way, however, he was a recluse, and though at times he had a house in London, never allowed himself to be lionized and was notoriously not very fond of a crowd.

Clubland did not appeal to him, nor did the House of Lords, which, it is said, he never entered for legislative purposes. He did not frequent race meetings, first nights or private views, and was never a prominent figure at any public function. To Court I believe he went only privately, while there seems to be no record of his having ever attended a Lord Mayor's dinner or of his having made a public speech.

Unlike some celebrities of a later generation, the Poet Laureate did not advertise, but his very hatred of publicity rather increased the respect in which he was held.

The great mass of his readers never saw him and

would not have known him by sight. Nevertheless, they regarded him with the greatest affection.

Browning, on the other hand, was very fond of social relaxation, was full of anecdotes, and easily accommodated himself to the intellectual level of his audience.

It was said that even as a septuagenarian he enjoyed the mild distractions of the most commonplace drawing-rooms with the unsophisticated freshness of early youth.

In any case, he was a professional diner-out, with an insatiable appetite for evening parties.

The fashionable world in those days took an interest, or professed to take an interest, in science and research, the names of Tyndall and Huxley being frequently on its lips—doctors were also more seen in London Society than is the case to-day.

Sir Richard Quain, Sir Oscar Clayton, and Sir Henry Thompson went everywhere. Sir William Jenner was a welcome guest in the houses of the old Whig aristocracy, while Sir James Paget was very popular with the Queen.

Sir Richard Quain was so fond of attending social functions that people wondered however he found time for his arduous labours in compiling the encyclopædia of medical knowledge in addition to the ordinary duties of his profession.

Sir Oscar Clayton, it was said, at one time or another had dosed all the principal members of the aristocracy of England.

A good reaconteur and a courtier, Sir Oscar had a good deal in common with the Court physicians of the eighteenth century ; fittingly enough in his professional capacity he was attached to the Household of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Sir Henry Thompson, who while in practice enjoyed a European reputation for his skill as a surgeon,

believed that by practising a strict moderation a man could preserve good health up to a very advanced age. He practised what he preached himself and took great care to follow a *régime* he had laid down for himself.

When, for instance, he went abroad he took with him sealed tins of a special sort of rusk which he ate instead of bread.

He lived to an advanced age and to a large extent justified his own theories.

One thing I remember Sir Henry saying which seemed to me very sound.

Speaking of people contracting typhoid and other illnesses abroad, he declared that in a number of cases the harm arose through their washing their teeth in impure water.

"An individual," said he, "who finds himself at some out-of-the-way hotel takes care to drink mineral water with his meals; as a rule he would be horrified at the idea of doing anything else. This is all well enough, but the same individual when he goes to bed at night or gets up in the morning thinks nothing of brushing his teeth with water from the water bottle on his washing-stand, which very likely has not been changed for days. No wonder people become ill."

Sir Henry, in addition to medical works and novels, wrote an excellent book on food and feeding.

He gave up practising in his later years, but being a cultured man had plenty of occupation.

He painted pictures, wrote novels, and collected china, in addition to which he gave select little dinners, an invitation to which was something of a distinction.

On the occasion of these "octaves," as they were called, the number of diners was strictly limited to eight, which may be set down as the "golden number" for a dinner-party. No lady was ever asked, though

many wanted to come, but on this point Sir Henry was adamant, even with his most intimate friends.

The cuisine was always admirable and the wine first class, though the host himself was of highly abstemious habits and practically a teetotaller.

Those were the days of the professional diner-out, of whom Mr. Henry Calcroft was a conspicuous example.

The latter, who was a Government official, knew everybody, and was at home everywhere, in addition to which he had a great reputation for social omniscience. Though he certainly had his finger upon the pulse of Society, his knowledge was probably not as universal as it was generally supposed to be. During his lifetime there was an idea that he had written his memoirs, which must certainly have been of considerable social interest. He would, however, appear never to have committed to paper any of the interesting things he knew, for nothing of the sort was published after his death. There is no doubt he could have left an absorbing record of the social life of his day, many a secret of which must have perished with him.

A now vanished social type, the dandy, who has now long been laughed out of existence, was ever a standing joke of Victorian days. Comic papers caricatured him, little boys jeered at him, and music-hall singers sang songs about him.

The masher of the eighties was the successor of the Beau and Macaroni of the eighteenth century, the bucks of the Regency, and the swells of the sixties, the chief prototype of whom had been Lord Dundreary, a vapid and somewhat loudly dressed idiot with long side-whiskers, who was impersonated with such success by Sothern the actor, who rendered the type immortal.

As portrayed on the burlesque or music-hall stage, the swell was generally a flamboyant individual trying

to cut a dash at little cost—an impecunious city clerk who aspired to live a life of pleasure and ape the real man of pleasure for whom he hoped to be taken.

Many were the songs about him which I remember. "Champagne Charlie," sung by George Leybourne, was a little before my time, but I heard the singer in other of his creations, and though then failing in health, he was certainly a personality in his own line.

Miss Nellie Power had a great success with "La-di-da," the epic of a city clerk who wore a penny flower in his coat and had a penny in his pocket.

"Captain Cuff" was another song of a similar kind, and there were any amount of others, the subject being popular, and the dress, which as a rule included tight-fitting black breeches, becoming to young ladies with a good figure.

An amusing ditty I remember dealt with the successful impersonation of a nobleman by a comparatively humble individual who sang:

I tell them my father's a Marquis,
But wouldn't Society frown
If they knew that he shaved
For a penny a time,
In a little shop down Somers Town.
I tell them he drives in his brougham,
That he's the great swell of the day,
If they knew that my father
Was knight of the lather,
I wonder whatever they'd say?

The last real pæan of the dandy, however, was Charles Godfrey's "The Masher King." Set to a good tune and not too badly written, it epitomized the daily and nightly existence of a smart young spark—his strolls up the Strand, his attendance at fashionable functions, and his lazy easy-going outlook upon life.

This, however, was practically the requiem of the "West End Swelldom," which had flourished for so

many years. The masher with his toothpick and crutch stick, his traditional lisp and vacuous ways, has left no successor—to-day the type has ceased to exist.

In spite of his folly and his failings, this is perhaps not altogether a matter for congratulation. After all, while harmless enough, the "swell" afforded a good deal of innocent amusement, while the ideal of smartness made a number of young fellows a good deal tidier in their dress than they would otherwise have been.

The "nut," an entirely different type of individual, is a poor substitute even at his best.

One of the last of the immaculately dressed figures which formerly were fairly abundant in the West End disappeared when the Marquis de Soveral passed away. He had practically remained in England ever since 1885, till his death in November, 1922. Originally First Secretary of the Portuguese Legation, he had been appointed Minister in 1891, and had retained that post with a brief interval, during which he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs till 1910, when Portugal became a Republic. For a foreigner he occupied a unique place in London Society.

Always well dressed, with a glossy top-hat, buttonhole and lavender-coloured kid gloves, he could never have been taken for anything but a man of fashion. Nevertheless, he was something a good deal better than a dandy—had a kindly heart and never forgot a friend.

I remember an old gentleman, who after having been well off had fallen upon evil days, telling me how pleased he had been while out walking when Soveral, who had not set eyes upon him for years, took the trouble to come from one side of the street to the other to shake his hand and enquire how he was.

"I have long dropped out of the fashionable world,"

said the old man, "and there was no reason Soveral should have noticed me at all; nevertheless, he was cordiality itself, insisted on walking some distance with me, and altogether behaved in a charming manner. Very different I can assure you from some other fine folks who had been glad enough to eat my dinners in old days."

The Marquis, besides being a cultivated man fond of music and the arts, could tell a good story and was very quick in repartee.

King Edward, having by chance once forgotten to ask him to a week-end party, telegraphed for him at the last moment.

"You ought not to have waited to be asked," said the King when the Marquis arrived.

"Well, Sir," was the latter's reply, "to tell the truth, I was just starting from my door when I received your command."

"The Blue Monkey," as this amiable and popular diplomatist was nicknamed, left only friends behind him.

While men of fashion and dandies for the present at least have had their day, the modern world seems to have produced no new masculine types. We have, however, some novel developments among the ladies, the chief of which is the "flapper," a type which in the eighties would certainly have been confused with a certain sisterhood whose energies by a tacit convention were confined within certain limits.

By a sort of unwritten law flamboyant damsels were then only to be seen in certain localities at certain times of the day or night.

A few notorious Cyprians lived in Mayfair, but as outwardly their behaviour was decorous in the extreme, their residence in this fashionable district never became a scandal.

The same thing could not, however, be said of the sojourn of certain riotous and wealthy sportsmen whose evening parties were sometimes a source of annoyance to neighbours.

The late Mr. Abington Baird, who for a time lived in John Street, was particularly vivacious in his methods. On one occasion, indeed, he organized a contest for piano organs in his drawing-room, the din of which attracted considerable attention. The feature of this musical tournament, it should be added, was that all the organs were started at the same time.

The sportsman in question, in spite of gross extravagance left a great fortune; he may be called one of the great spendthrifts of the Victorian age, which nevertheless produced a number of individuals distinguished by unfaltering rectitude and courage.

Froude, the historian, was a case in point. The son of a dignitary of the Established Church, after he had taken Orders he became convinced that his place was not within the Church of England. When he broke this to his father, the latter, who was something of a devotee, told his son that a renunciation of the Church would entail the loss of an inheritance.

The Venerable Archdeacon Froude was rich and the price of resistance was poverty, nevertheless the future historian did not hesitate. Resigning the headmastership of a school which he had just accepted, he determined to begin life all over again as a man of letters.

He faced poverty for conscience sake—happily he was rewarded by soon developing into one of the most accomplished prose writers of his time, and success soon crowned his endeavours.

Though from an ordinary point of view Froude would probably be termed irreligious, he was really religious in the best sense of the word. It has been well said that a silver thread runs through all his

writings, in which he stands out as an ethical teacher.

An instance of this is what he wrote about the Will of God being evident in the whole history of the world, "a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong."

Since Froude's time dogmatic religion generally has rather decreased in power, but bishops and social reformers seem to have less difficulty in pushing their fads in the Press. The old English would as soon have thought of consulting a Bishop about their worldly affairs as taking the opinion of a child. As for allowing the clergy to interfere with their social life, such a thing would not have been tolerated for a moment.

Though anything not strictly orthodox used not to be popular in the West End, at Berkeley Chapel in the eighties Mr. Teignmouth Shore kept a fashionable congregation awake by sermons partly religious, partly secular, in which comments on art, literature, and science alternated with the usual pious exhortations.

In after years the Honble. and Rev. Mr. James Adderley occupied the pulpit here, but he was perhaps too earnest for Mayfair, which liked its religion served up in a pleasant, easy-going fashion.

When the Victorians desired religious sensationalism, they betook themselves to the services conducted by Mr. Spurgeon, whom strangers to London went to hear just as they went to see Irving or the Zoological Gardens.

All sorts of stories were told of the great Nonconformist minister's unconventional way of preaching.

According to a story probably based upon no foundation of truth, having to choose a text for a funeral sermon to be preached over one of his deacons, he selected "And the beggar died."

Another apocryphal legend was that Mr. Spurgeon occasionally slid down the rail of his pulpit stairs.

Such fictitious anecdotes shocked people belonging to the Church of England. Mr. Spurgeon himself did not trouble his head about that. He knew that he had a faithful and devoted congregation to whom his sermons would always appeal. His aim, as he said, was to attract great companies of people to the Tabernacle in which he preached—to the House of God, as he called it, to hear the Word of God. It was said he would do anything to get hold of his audience, crack a joke, or tell a story; sometimes even he would allude to the Deity in what Church of England people thought were too familiar terms. Be this as it may, he swayed vast bodies of people as no other Nonconformist preacher of his day was able to do. There was no pulpit at the Tabernacle, but a gallery or platform railed in, and some twenty-five feet or more square, which the preacher occupies while addressing his congregation, and where he has ample room to move about. Mr. Spurgeon, who had a dislike for pulpits, once said that the only use he could imagine for such things was to remind the people of their latter end, by keeping before their eyes the whole time of the service a man half buried in a wooden box. "He thought they must have been invented for the benefit of some one whose legs were deformed. He believed the power of oratory lay very much in the legs, and he liked to see a man when preaching walk about, as Harmes did, and roar out the truth like a lion."

Mr. Spurgeon's outspoken methods were not unpopular with the generation to which he preached, it had little sympathy with finnicking methods.

Many of the old country parsons were very bluff and blunt. One whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old

man, "I don't wonder at it; I don't like 'em myself!"

The craze for grinding down every one and everything to the same dead level is a striking feature of modern times, and it is not only men's habits and clothes which are affected by it.

There may have been some excuse for the revision of the English Bible, but there is none for tampering with the Prayer Book, absurd alterations to which have recently been proposed. Needless to say, these are heavily tinged with the pseudo prudery dear to the bourgeoisie which pretends to refinement, though in reality there is nothing which it understands less!

In old days no one would have dreamt of softening down the Psalms or slurring over the Ten Commandments, which were read out in a manner calculated to impress those who heard them.

Originally there was no Roman Catholic place of worship near Mayfair, and the Faith in question received a certain impetus when Farm Street took the place of the Portuguese Embassy Chapel which used to be in Portugal Street. Here Novello, who is said to have written the now customary music for the Adeste fideles, was organist.

Manning and Hope Scott were received into the Catholic Church at Farm Street, where Lady Georgiana Fullerton, a Society novelist of the Victorian epoch, was a regular attendant.

Many distinguished foreign Catholics have frequented this chapel, among them the ill-fated Austrian Archduke, Franz Ferdinand, who, with his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, heard a mass specially said for them the morning before they left London for the last time.

In spite of all statements to the contrary, there is no doubt that the growth of the High Church move-

ment has been favourable to Rome. When a clergyman goes over to the Roman Catholic Church it is rare that he does not carry some of his congregation with him. Newman and Manning certainly swayed many in this direction.

The latter, whose whole life was devoted to religion, does not seem to have come from a family which was particularly identified with the Church.

His grandfather was a bank director of the firm Manning and Vaughan, which, highly respected, met with misfortunes. The Manning family house was at No. 8, Billiter Square, a typical City merchant's abode, and had been built in the early part of the eighteenth century, and was only pulled down about 1877, when the mahogany doors, panelling, and chimney-piece were removed to a mansion in South Audley Street, where possibly they still remain.

Towards the end of his life Cardinal Manning attained a unique position, being looked up to as a man full of solicitude for his fellow-creatures. In private life, however, he had a somewhat cold and chilling manner.

"Why, what's the matter?" said a friend to an ardent Catholic, who, after he had met him in the street, was seized with a violent sneezing fit.

"My dear fellow," was the reply, "I have caught a bad cold—the fact is I have just shaken hands with the Cardinal."

Though the old style of parson was less of an ecclesiastic than is the new, quite a number of the old school of clergymen were really pious men, though they did ride to hounds and indulge in other social relaxations which their more austere successors would scarcely think of doing to-day. From one point of view this is satisfactory enough, but from another it seems probable that the Church has lost touch with

the realities of life, which after all are what it is there to deal with.

With the triumph of the High Church movement the old Protestant form of worship, with its lack of vestments and ceremonial, has become practically extinct, having been beaten out of the field by the Anglicans, whose ideas resemble those of the Church of Rome with certain drastic regulations made optional or left out.

Though the Roman Catholic religion has not gained ground among the proletariat, it has undoubtedly done so amongst the more wealthy class.

According to modern opinion, Rome is no longer capable of becoming dangerous. This favourable attitude towards the Papacy has unquestionably been greatly brought about by the sincere and whole-hearted devotion to their Faith shown by the English Catholics, a number of whom, like the Duke of Norfolk, have gained the real respect of the country.

Nevertheless, it is disquieting to remember that the Vatican never abates one jot of its pretensions, and where Roman Catholicism once obtains a solid footing never rests till the whole power is in the hands of her priests.

The advance of Ritualism, whatever it may have done in great towns, has not been popular amongst agricultural labourers, to a vast number of whom the services held in the dull, dreary chapels are far more attractive than the ornate services of the modern High Church, in which they feel themselves out of place.

Asked why he preferred chapel to church, a Norfolk labourer gave the following reply, which explains why so many of his class are Dissenters:

"When I goes to hear paarson," said he, "I must sit mum and take the jaw, but in chapel you can jaw back."

XII

MEMORIES OF MAYFAIR

(II)

IN the eighties there were many dandy soldiers in Society, some of whom, indeed, were more at home in drawing-rooms than in the field. One general, noted for his originality of dress and artistic attainments, rendered himself rather ridiculous during the Zulu campaign by sending home the most pathetic request to the War Office for condiments which had been omitted from his commissariat.

Another general, for a time commander of an army in the field in South Africa, was said to be happiest when acting as senior assistant in the organ-loft of St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

One or two were noted raconteurs, like General " Pug " Macdonnell, who was so popular with the then Prince of Wales.

A soldier of the younger school for whom a great future was foreseen was Lord Rosebery's brother, Colonel the Honourable Everard Primrose, who had been military attaché in Vienna and was afterwards associated with Lord Wolseley. Seemingly older than his years, he was a somewhat serious-looking man, who talked well and impressed his hearers with his good sense. Unfortunately, he died a comparatively young man.

Military men in old days were noted for their smart-

ness, and there was no mistaking officers of crack regiments as they strode down Piccadilly in well-fitting frock-coats and glossy top-hats.

A typical man about town of this style, Major-General Sir John Brabazon, died in September, 1922, at the age of eighty. One of the very last of the dandies, he adhered to the fashions which had been in vogue when he was a dashing young subaltern in the Grenadier Guards.

A tall, well-set-up figure to the last, clad in a tight-waisted frock-coat, loose trousers, and wearing a curly-brimmed top-hat of exceptional height, his was a noticeable figure in the West End. He made no concession to modern modes and never wore a dinner-jacket, being faithful to the swallow-tailed evening coat and white tie of his youthful days.

In addition to the costume, he retained the languid lisp affected by smart young subalterns of mid-Victorian days, a habit which had gained for him the nickname of " Bwab," as he was called by his intimates.

Though given to speaking of modern developments in a depreciatory way, there was nothing decadent about the General, whose social qualities had been recognized by King Edward, whose guest he had often been.

General Brabazon's military career had been varied. Originally in the Grenadiers, he left the Guards to join a regiment of the Line. Having, however, volunteered for the Ashanti campaign, he did so well that the then Prince of Wales insisted upon his taking a commission in the 10th Hussars. As a cavalry officer, General Brabazon had been much abroad, having served in India, Egypt, and the Soudan. At one time he had commanded the 4th Hussars and had been appointed full colonel of the 18th Hussars in 1913.

Up to the time of the South African War, the smart

old soldier was looked upon as a born cavalry leader, but by the time that conflict arose, though he served with the Yeomanry, he had become too old to take any conspicuous part as a successful commander.

During the Great War, owing to his age, he had to remain and chafe in his club, from which he watched the phases of the great struggle, wishing that he was thirty or forty years younger.

The loss of so many fine young fellows greatly saddened him, and in his last years he was apt to fall into pessimistic moods. Certain modern developments were also not at all to his taste.

The rise of Radicalism and the increase of restrictions in particular aroused his bitter ire.

" Damme, sir ! " he once said to the present writer, " this country has gone mad. I go into the Park on a Sunday afternoon and hear some Socialist scoundrel talking treason and making slighting allusions to the King. No one interferes !

" Then I go back to my club and find that I am not allowed to have a whisky-and-soda till a certain hour which some Jack in Office has laid down ! There's liberty for you ! "

The last time I met General Brabazon, though his moustache was curled as bravely as ever and his dress as immaculate as of yore, there seemed to be a certain weariness about him as if he felt that he had lived long enough.

I see him now, puffing his cigar and looking meditatively in the fire. There, possibly, he saw the faces of his old friends—jovial dinner-parties of long ago, the old Gaiety with its stalls full of kid-gloved dandies up from Aldershot " to get their hair cut," as the phrase ran—pleasant social meetings—charges at the head of brilliantly dressed troopers in the Long Valley, before Queen Victoria sitting stolidly in her barouche,

and many other vanished scenes in which he had taken part before old age had come upon him.

About the last of the old school of smart Victorian soldiers, his disappearance marked the end of an epoch which the present generation with its entirely different outlook does not care to understand.

A popular sailor in Victorian Society was Lord Alcester, who had commanded the British fleet at the bombardment of Alexandria.

A great dandy, who was known as the Swell of the Ocean, I can still see him in my mind's eye, strolling down St. James's Street with glossy top-hat and light-coloured kid gloves.

In Victorian days some men accustomed to the amenities of the West End grumbled a good deal if they found themselves obliged to leave it.

In the sixties, indeed, there was positive consternation among the officers of the Life Guards at their regiment being ordered to Windsor, and several of them were with difficulty prevented from resigning their Commissions.

"A damned nuisance," said a clubman who had received a foreign appointment, "I've got to go to Zanzibar; does anyone know where the beastly place is?"

"Oh, you'll be all right there," replied a friend, "it's a little island in the Indian Ocean, entirely surrounded by alcohol."

A number of the intimates of the Prince of Wales's youth were gay and debonair in their lives, but by the eighties most of them had disappeared or died. Some, like Walter Harbord and George Russell, had gone under.

Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, unlike most Royal personages, had indeed seen a good deal of real life, and the lessons of his early manhood had not been wasted, for in middle age he had become a

recognized authority upon social matters, and a competent judge of all deviations from the standard of conduct required from members of the English aristocracy.

The associates of King Edward's young days, however, were already men cast in a far softer mould than those who had preceded them, like old Sir Tatton Sykes, the well-known Yorkshire Baronet, who had invariably ridden on horseback from Sledmere to London and back, whenever he had occasion to visit the Metropolis, his rule being to ride to London and return as far as Barnet the same night. According to tradition, when a young man he had once set out to ride a race for a friend, and started home again immediately after weighing in, the distance being nearly 400 miles.

For seventy-four years—1789 to 1862—Sir Tatton had never missed a St. Leger; fitly enough, a horse called after him carried off this classic event in 1846.

Sir Tatton maintained a pack of foxhounds at his own expense until he had passed his seventieth year, and only resigned it into the hands of Lord Middleton on the determination of his son not to accept it. Sir Tatton, his man Snarry, and his horse, were all characters; this servant had been at Sledmere fifty-two years, and his master used to say that himself and his horse were 150 years old. Sir Tatton was an early-riser, often mounting before the sun had risen. Leading the life of an old English country gentleman, he never omitted attending the cattle fairs, and enjoyed enormous popularity amongst his tenantry and labourers. It was not an unusual thing, when there was no hunting or other engagement to call him away, to find Sir Tatton relieving a labourer at a stone heap or slashing a fence, while the labourer was sent to enjoy a flagon of ale. As a landlord, a

master, and a friend, Sir Tatton was much loved. "He never lost a friend nor made an enemy"—and was universally respected wherever he went. His son, the fourth Baronet, inherited none of his father's tastes, being a shy, retiring man, principally known for the number of great-coats which it was his habit to wear, and for the number of Yorkshire churches which he restored at his own expense.

His son, the late Sir Mark Sykes, was endowed with intellectual gifts of a very remarkable kind; a brilliant future undoubtedly lay in store for this young man had he not been cut off in his prime.

A feature of Society in the Mid-Victorian Age had been the wit who was asked everywhere and was accorded considerable licence.

A notable instance of this was Bernal Osborne, the son of Mr. Bernal, whose fine collection of *objets d'art* when sold in a great measure formed the foundation of that now at South Kensington.

Bernal Osborne as a young man had been intimate with Lord Winchilsea, then Lord Maidstone, a clever man with a pretty turn for verse. Both were men of high ability, though Bernal could not lay claim to the brilliant academic career of his friend. There was always an amusing rivalry between them as to the accuracy of each other's information, and "how many facts ahead now?" was the favourite piece of banter against Bernal in those days. A hunting ballad, written by Lord Winchilsea, gives a capital contemporaneous sketch of the Society in which Bernal was then a well-known figure.

"Come Bruncker, come Neilson, come Cooper, come Dunn!
Come Bernal, come Bayley, come every one!
Draw your reins, pull your hats down, and ride till you fall,
There's 'a chiel takin' notes and *Bell's Life* shall know all.

* * * * *

Where the ditches are deepest and ploughs most infernal,

Comes blundering on that strange fellow Ralph Bernal.
Sentimental at times, bilious often, and then
The hardest to rule of unsociable men,
But when weather is bracing, and dinner agrees,
I know of no man more adapted to please.
He can sing, he can talk, he can quiz, he can act,
He's a pretty tarnation smart hand at a fact.
His failings are these, he makes horrible puns
And sends *Bell's Life in London* account of our runs."

From "Laudes Pudlianæ," 1843.

As a young man, Bernal Osborne moved in literary as well as political society. His father had been an intimate friend of the Countess of Blessington, as well as a contributor to the fashionable periodical literature of which she was the originator. It was at Gore House, doubtless, that his son became acquainted with Count d'Orsay, by whose hand was executed a pencil portrait of Bernal Osborne, executed in the usual profile, which it is said was the only kind of portrait which d'Orsay could draw.

Bernal Osborne was an occasional correspondent of Lady Blessington's, who on one occasion asked him to bring her back a salmon from the River Suir, the river which runs through Clonmel and past Osborne's house at Newtown Anner. Forgetting his promise until he arrived in London, the latter went off at once to Groves', the well-known Bond Street fishmonger, and gave directions that the finest salmon in the shop should be packed up and sent to Lady Blessington. At the same time he wrote a note, saying, as an excuse, that the salmon, "though late, was *sure*." Groves, however, unfortunately sent not only the fish, but his card attached to it. Lady Blessington at once divined the situation, and with native wit, in acknowledging the offering, said that "a salmon from the Groves of Bond Street would no doubt taste quite as good as a salmon from the Groves of Blarney."

A master of ridicule and banter, Bernal Osborne had remarkable descriptive powers, hitting off by a process of mental photography men's characteristics and reproducing them with genuine dramatic instinct. For instance, asking once at one of his elections who was the author of a certain hostile placard, a friend tried to recall to Osborne's memory a man whom he had met in the streets a few hours previously. After a slight pause, suddenly remembering, he exclaimed: "Oh, yes! You mean that man with a Tyburn face." This description raised a general laugh, more especially as the individual in question had got a slight twist in his neck. This being mentioned, Osborne promptly added: "Yes, yes, my dear sir, as if the creature had been imperfectly operated upon!" The habitual keen observation which enabled him to characterize in this manner was also of extraordinary use to him in the making of election speeches, at which he excelled.

It was not for nothing that Bernal Osborne had acquired the nickname of "The stormy petrel of debate" bestowed upon him by Dr. Gifford, Editor of the "Standard," and on a platform or in the House of Commons his utterances were always decided in tone.

When standing for Nottingham, a great supporter of Bernal Osborne was an amateur politician named Billy Nicholls, by trade a successful Nottingham bookmaker, well known at race meetings throughout the Kingdom. Nicholls was a man endowed with a marked individuality of character, ready with a repartee or a bit of chaff; and hail fellow well met with every one, were he a peer or a peasant, he bandied jests indeed with the same alacrity as he booked a bet. Osborne had met him frequently at Newmarket and Nicholls proved a valuable political ally in Nottingham, where he had risen to the distinction of being a town councillor, and no one worked harder to secure the Member for

Nottingham's second return. A year after Osborne's defeat, Nicholls met the latter at Newmarket, and accosted him: "Look here," he said, "you must get back to Parliament; you're one of the right sort, and if money's all you want, why, look here (taking a bundle of notes out of his pocket), I can let you have £10,000, and as much more of the brass as you want."

Bernal Osborne was as quick in his sallies in the House of Commons as he was at a dinner-party in the West End.

When Lord John Russell brought in his Reform Bill in 1860, it was withdrawn with the excuse that it was "not a favourable opportunity." "We must wait," said Lord John, "for a breeze to carry a Reform Bill over the bar of the House of Lords"; to which Osborne retorted, "Let the noble lord beware that while indulging in the nautical amusement of whistling for a wind he does not invoke a hurricane. Do not wait for a row out of doors," he continued; "the people are prepared to accept a moderate, not an excessive, measure, because they are tired of seeing the game of cup and ball played with the Reform question."

In private life Bernal Osborne was rather fond of making some more or less dull individual a butt, and the habit followed him into his political life. In the House of Commons his principal butts were the humdrum doctrinaire Radicals, who had a profound horror of his penetrating arrows, which found out the weak joints of their philosophical harness. To keep him at arm's length they assumed very ceremonious airs, and always addressed him as "Sir." But it was of no avail. His sallies were inevitable, and he contrived many a laugh against a class of men for whom his strong practical mind had a good deal of contempt.

Pompous, solemn, or even serious people, Bernal Osborne was fond of assailing with the shafts of his wit. An old cousin of the writer, the Right Honourable Spencer Walpole, who as Home Secretary made a great mess by attempting to close the Park with the result that the railings were pulled down by the mob, was very austere in appearance, always wearing black clothes and a white choker. On him Bernal Osborne not altogether inappropriately bestowed the name of "The high-stepping hearse horse."

Mr. Spencer Walpole, indeed, certainly looked as if he was officially connected with elaborate funerals of the Early and Mid-Victorian Eras, which are now things of the past. The mutes with their hat-bands have entirely disappeared, together with other ornate trappings of woe.

The gentlemen in question, though it was their business to look sad, were at heart often genial men who were inclined to be quite chatty.

"A delightful day, madam," said one of them to a sorrowing widow, about to get into the mourning coach, "just enough wind to move the plumes."

The Victorians were fond of mourning and other trappings of woe, while very punctilious at being present at the burial of anyone they knew. A certain well-known man of pleasure, however, took quite a different view—"I never go to funerals," said he; "indeed, I should be well content not to go to my own."

The most curious incident connected with a hearse ever known occurred in the eighteenth century, when a young lady eloped from her guardian, who, being informed that she had taken the road northward, immediately set out in pursuit, and eventually found her in a *hearse*, with her lover on the box driving her!

Though, as he himself would disconsolately admit, Bernal Osborne was not taken as seriously as he could

wish in the House of Commons, he did some useful work there.

In the final settlement of the duelling question, for instance, he took a prominent part, having private as well as public reasons for being interested in the subject. The case, long since forgotten, of the duel between Lieut.-Colonel D. L. Fawcett and Lieut. Munro was the means of bringing the system before the public. Colonel Fawcett had been shot dead and his wife refused a pension on the usual grounds. In the House of Commons in 1844 Bernal Osborne took up Mrs. Fawcett's case with ardour, and in Supply moved to have the correspondence on the subject produced, in order, if possible, to obtain a remission of the order cancelling the pension. In this he was unsuccessful, but the discussion showed the anomalies of the military code of honour, and profoundly influenced public opinion, with the result that it grew to such an extent that gradually the duel disappeared from English social life.

During the debate Sir Charles Napier said there was only one way of putting down duelling. Duels should only be permitted if fought across a table. First let one pistol be loaded with ball and the other not, and let lots be drawn who shall have the loaded pistol. Then if that had no effect, let both be loaded with ball, and then let the gentleman who was not shot be hanged.

Notwithstanding his constant lamentations over the state of Ireland Bernal Osborne, when in a brighter mood, enjoyed life there in spite of Fenianism and the "state of the country." He had many warm friends, and he visited them frequently. He had a couple of race-horses training at the Curragh, and his farm at Newtown Anner supplied his leisure with abundant food for non-political reflection. Then Newmarket was a most favourable resort, and during the autumn racing

season he was a frequent visitor at various centres of sport. In fact, so welcome a guest was Bernal Osborne at English and Irish county houses that, were he so minded, he could have spent the greater part of the year in one long continued round of visits.

Nevertheless, he was essentially a man who loved London, and was apt to complain of the dullness of rural life.

Country life in his day had not been much affected by the introduction of railways, and sleepy little towns and villages remained pretty well as they had been during the eighteenth century.

One local fire brigade, indeed, was so leisurely in getting to the scene of any fire that it was currently reported to be in the habit of arriving only in time to see the foundation of a new house laid upon the ruins.

One of the many respects in which the Victorians differed from people of to-day was the habit of mapping out their lives and making plans a long time beforehand. As may be imagined, however, this practice was little to the taste of rapid young men about town!

One of the latter declared that his disinclination for "plans" had cost him a fortune.

Calling upon a very wealthy aunt from whom he had expectations, the latter said: "And what are you going to do at Whitsuntide, my dear Henry?"

"I really don't know; as a matter of fact I have only just passed through the troublesome time of Easter."

"You should copy my example; you know, I make my plans for parties at least three months before any given date."

"I know you do, my dear aunt," was the reply, "I know you do, and probably that's the reason that always makes them so dull."

"I couldn't help saying it," said the disinherited

heir, " though at the time I knew it would be fatal. Of course she never took any notice of me again and left her money in other directions."

A feature of those vanished days was the fondness of the public for conjuring entertainments.

Of a number of clever performers in this line Houdin, who made quite a sensation with his wonderful tricks, was the greatest.

Wizards would produce startling effects by comparatively simple means—one of them, who was in the habit of passing various articles into the pockets of members of the audience, had an arrangement with the man at the turnstile, who used to drop a watch into a visitor's pocket and then furnish the magician with the number of the victim's seat.

At the proper time the conjurer would tell the man to take the watch out of his pocket, and the latter would be dumbfounded at finding it there.

A well-known sporting character, however, having spotted how this trick was done, and having allowed the watch to be slipped into his pocket, contrived to pass it on. When called upon to produce it by the wizard, he told him that he was all wrong, and, challenged by the latter to say where it was, triumphantly produced it from the pocket of a member of the audience who was sitting in quite another part of the building.

This was a case of the biter bit—the conjurer could not understand what had happened at all.

To-day, when most young people as well as some old ones have gone mad on jazzing, even a first-class conjurer stands a poor chance of getting together a good audience. In the Victorian Era dances, besides being much fewer, were very different affairs from those of to-day—white gloves were *de rigueur* and programmes on which partners for the various waltzes, polkas, and lancers were carefully inscribed, universal.

The whole thing was more formal and ceremonious than is now the case, while many of the men were inclined to regard taking the floor as more of a duty than a pleasure.

Every one knows the old story of the Hussar subaltern who said " the tenth don't dance."

At that time no one could have foreseen the mania for dancing which has swept over great cities.

The craze for jazzing was years ago equalled by the popularity of the polka. At the time of the introduction of this now more or less obsolete dance " Polkamania " seized everybody.

" Punch," I believe, published a polka of its own, as did Albert Smith in a comic paper which at that time he was conducting.

A rather curious thing in connexion with dancing is that the swallow-tailed evening coat which at one time looked like being superseded by the dinner-jacket now fairly holds its own.

The Metropolis is, indeed, conservative as to male costume, the dress of men in London having varied less during the last seventy years than at any other period of European history.

It would be possible for anyone wearing the costume and hat of 1870 to walk down Bond Street and Piccadilly without attracting any particular attention. On the other hand, a gentleman in the attire which was fashionable in 1800 would have been followed by a crowd had he walked abroad in it in 1870.

The top-hat, of course, suffered an almost complete eclipse during the war, and it seemed at one time as if it would never recover its popularity.

Within the last year or two, in the evenings especially, it has once more come into favour in the West End, and there seems no reason why this undeniably smart piece of headgear, which has been worn for over a

hundred years, should not endure for another century.

Though the number of theatres has increased, it is doubtful whether club-men of to-day are as great patrons of the lighter forms of the drama as were their predecessors of thirty or forty years ago.

In those days, the Ballet was supposed to be especially attractive to old gentlemen, and the comic papers were never tired of poking fun at the bald-headed brigade, who flocked to witness the terpsichorean antics of some pet star.

The plastic charms of the chorus were considered a great drawing asset, and as a cynic said, "When the public seemed to think any burlesque or extravaganza too long, the manager put things right by shortening the dresses."

Young as well as old men about town flocked to the Gaiety in the seventies and eighties when the Sacred Lamps of Burlesque burnt so brightly.

Gone now are all the idols of the lighter stage of that date—Nelly Farren, Florence St. John, Kate Munroe who played in "The Merry Duchess," a piece which took its title from the racehorse-loving Duchess of Montrose, and Kate Santley, the one-time proprietress of the Royalty Theatre, who died when over eighty years of age in January, 1923, at Hove.

The latter had been a child actress with the Keans and was said to have been in the Mazeppa Company at Astley's with Adah Ida Menken, who attracted Dickens and Swinburne, and lies buried on the banks of the Seine.

Miss Santley's first appearance in London was in 1868 in "The Stranger," a burlesque written by Robert Reece for Miss Henrietta Hodson, afterwards Mrs. Henry Labouchere, who had turned St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, into the Queen's Theatre for her.

Those were the days when music-halls existed for

men alone, and those were by no means the only places to which ladies were not supposed to go.

To-day there is no form of public entertainment which they do not frequent—a great difference from the past, when certain restaurants were absolutely tabooed to them ; as for night clubs, even the most rapid young woman would never have dreamt of setting foot in one.

At the present time all this has been changed. Ladies dine alone with men, go to the theatre with them, sup with them, and finish the night at a dancing resort—and no one protests. If participation in all the pleasures of the male be one of the aims of female emancipation, the ladies have triumphantly gained the day.

While there are far more theatres in London than ever before, the quality of the performance on the lighter stage, at least, has certainly deteriorated. As the writer of a somewhat unconventional series of advertisements recently put it, one can hardly blame modern audiences for their slovenly attire—indeed, to dress in a manner appropriate to the entertainment they should really wear bibs and pinafores, suck lollipops, and carry rattles.

Fearful inanity, indeed, seems to be inseparable from the modern entertainment, which for no particular reason calls itself a *revue*.

A *revue* or review of what, I should like to know ?

As a matter of fact, anything like a real *revue* is impossible in modern London, where the slightest public reference to individuals lays a producer open to an action for libel.

Besides this, any allusion to current politics such as are made in Parisian revues is at once denounced as being in bad taste.

This also applies to robust humour—anything not up to the standard of refinement as understood in the suburbs being likely to be hissed off the stage.

In justice to the producers it should be noted that the futility of the dialogue and inanity of so-called Musical Comedy is often relieved by artistic scenery and really beautiful costumes. There is, indeed, more to gratify the eye than the intellect in most of these productions, an enormous sum being spent upon mounting, while the general level of beauty among the ladies is higher than was the case in the burlesques and extravaganzas of other days.

Whether such a vast expenditure of money is really necessary is another question.

That most artistic of productions—the Beggar's Opera—has attracted a never-ending series of audiences in spite of its very simple and inexpensive scenery.

In all probability a cleverly written revue with bright music, some slight attempt at a story, and a love-interest running through its various scenes would prove just as popular as the costly hotch-potch of meaningless magnificence which has to run six months before even the expenses of production shall have been paid.

Good songs, neat dancing, and witty dialogue must of necessity prove more attractive than costly costumes and elaborately built-up scenes.

A matter for congratulation is that both on the stage and in private life feminine costume has undergone a drastic change in style. Female dress in the Victorian Era was on the whole inartistic and ugly, women being swathed in a mass of skirts and generally given a poor chance of making the best of their charms.

Considering that in those days beauty was about all the majority of them had to fight with, they were extraordinarily backward compared with our modern girls, most of whom run no risk of getting into trouble

for carrying concealed weapons and leave little to the imagination.

The strange fashions of the fifties and sixties, and the craze for machine-made goods which followed the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1854, though generally accepted, evoked hostile criticism from a few people, who recognized the artistic failings of the age.

A writer in the fifties, speaking of taste, said : "There is no hope for us while dress is so hideous, while the senseless crinoline is worn, and the willow-pattern continues to reign supreme."

Why, however, he should have been so severe upon this pretty old-fashioned Chinese design it is difficult to understand.

People, of course, knew very little about anything Chinese in those days except tea, which according to a fashion which made some people call "gal" (girl) and "yallow" (yellow), was by some pronounced "tay." Though this sounds strange to our ears they were certainly right.

The first tea imported into England came from Amoy, where tea universally goes by the name of "tay." Everywhere else in China it is called "cha."

While only a few ladies smoked, the habit being considered rather fast, most men about town indulged in cigars. For a man to smoke a cigar in the Park, however, was almost an unforgivable offence. It was the late King who introduced a more tolerant attitude as to tobacco.

The exact date when cigarettes first began to be smoked in England is doubtful. The habit appears to have been in full swing at the time of the Crimean War, the writer having seen a letter of that date in which cigarettes were mentioned.

In the sixties and seventies ladies smoked them on the sly, feminine indulgence in tobacco being then

considered fast or at all events unladylike. Gradually one or two bolder spirits began to take a puff or two after lunch with the gentlemen, since which time the custom has become general, ladies now smoking openly in restaurants.

In the United States I believe any attempt to do this is still rigorously repressed, certain customs being still influenced by bourgeois ideas, which have become obsolete on this side of the Atlantic.

King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, exercised considerable influence on London Society, but one of the most revolutionary modes for which he was responsible was the introduction of the cigarette or cigar after lunch and dinner, an innovation which was a terrible shock to some of the old school, who made a practice of never even lighting a cigar till they had got outside their own front door, for fear any fumes of nicotine might bring the atmosphere of the tap-room into their houses.

To some extent he did away with the long sittings after dinner in which a previous generation had delighted. He also diffused a taste for the theatre, entertained popular favourites, and altogether raised the social position of the English Stage.

To the Prince was due the credit of having been one of the first to curtail the egregiously long menus through which it was once compulsory to wade—not that people ate all of the many unnecessary dishes which were brought round at a dinner-party, but they had to sit till the whole thing had run its course, and very tedious it was too!

The greatest innovation of all, however, was the welcome which H.R.H. accorded to visitors, especially ladies from the other side of the Atlantic.

The American invasion which has so profoundly modified English life dates entirely from this period.

Had the heir to the throne been more insular in his views, marriage with an American heiress would not have become a recognized method of reviving the family fortunes of impoverished patricians. On the whole the American girls who have married into the English aristocracy have been a success, introducing as it were new blood into Society's veins. In spite of a certain flippancy, they are frequently well dowered with common sense and easily adapt themselves to English ways.

In addition to this, there can be little doubt but that this incursion has improved the physique of the boys and the beauty of the girls in families formerly not remarkable for either.

It is probably American influence which has played the greatest part in producing the free-and-easy ways of modern Society.

In the eighties people were still punctilious about leaving cards and paying calls, while a big dinner-party was a very solemn affair.

One of the uncomfortable features of Victorian lunches and dinners was the way in which guests were squashed close together. Often there was scarcely room for people to move their arms, the idea being that too much elbow room did not promote sociability.

For some unknown reason a certain number of people did not provide napkins at lunch, a meal which then generally took place at two.

A Sunday luncheon party was, in the past, a regular institution at quite a number of houses in Mayfair.

Men about town in frock-coats and tall hats would stroll in as they pleased, afterwards betaking themselves to their clubs to read the papers or have a nap.

There was little else to do. Golf was, as yet, unknown to Londoners, and, except at one or two clubs,

neither cards nor billiards could be played on the Sabbath.

Nevertheless, few grumbled; habit is everything and most people were well enough content with the British Sunday.

People did not then make a practice of spending Saturday till Monday in the country, and there was a good deal of entertaining at the end of the week.

Lady Palmerston's parties at Cambridge House were generally given on Saturday nights. The desire to get out of London for the week-end is a modern development more or less due to the easier facilities of travel which are available at the present day.

Victorian hostesses did not like unpunctuality on the part of their guests, whom they expected to be in time for dinner or any form of social entertainment.

One lady had a very drastic way of reminding a late guest of his or her shortcomings.

If she gave a dinner-party and anyone was more than a quarter of an hour behind time, she did not wait, but put the absent guest's chair in the middle of the table, only allowing it to be removed when he or she had arrived.

Since those days, however, the incursion of Americans into London Society has introduced a number of habits which would formerly not have been tolerated.

Unpunctuality, which some transatlantic ladies appear to think rather fine, is one of them; like a number of other Yankee tricks, we could well have done without it.

A striking change in English social habits is that the London season has lost a good deal of the importance which was formerly attached to it.

In old days, once Parliament had risen, every one hastened to fly to the country or to the sea, while the West End became a city of the dead. The

deserted streets and the shuttered windows proclaimed that all who are not exactly " nobodies " were shooting in Scotland or touring on the Rhine; that they suffered from the blues in Italy, or that the trout suffered from them in Norway.

People of moderate means, however, rarely made excursions out of England in the winter.

Switzerland being then only visited by English travellers in the summer-time, and the present-day winter sports of skating, ski-ing, and tobogganing having not yet been added to the indigenous sport of overcharging in hotels.

People with a small fixed income, however, could then enjoy many pleasures denied to them to-day. In the autumn, for instance, they could go abroad and take a villa cheap, at some of the smaller French watering-places, which have now become as expensive as the rest.

Dinard is a case in point. Here several generations of retired English families were wont to spend the winter under agreeable circumstances, at very small expense.

A comfortable villa could be procured for a very small sum, and there used to be a regular English colony, mostly consisting of persons with moderate means.

Within recent years, however, all this has changed, the expenses of living are high, and villas command a fabulous price compared with that of other days.

Some few of the older British residents remain, because they own the houses they live in or have a long lease ; the colony, however, as a colony, no longer exists, for Dinard during its short season has become a little Deauville, with most of the amusements to be found at that gay spot. Everything has of course gone up in price, the only thing, indeed, which remains free

is the glorious view, which makes the place one of the most attractive resorts in France.

Nevertheless, Dinard is a delightful place, and a fortnight or so passed at one of its excellent hotels is a first-class tonic to mind as well as body.

The country round is especially attractive, while St. Malo is there to delight lovers of the past.

With a little more enterprise, the improvement of the golf course, and improved methods of getting there, Dinard should attract a far greater number of visitors than it does to-day.

English people should realize its many attractions. Setting aside the lovely scenery, the Casino with its spacious Baccarat- and dancing-rooms, bands, and theatre is a most pleasant place to pass one's afternoons or evenings; while one or two of the hotels are luxurious beyond anything dreamt of when Dinard was a quiet little resort. Altogether this pretty resort, if judiciously kept up to date, should have a future of great prosperity. But its quiet old days when retired generals and colonels could live on very little are irrevocably gone. Its future lies in another direction.

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